WEEK
ENDING
FEB. 14, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER
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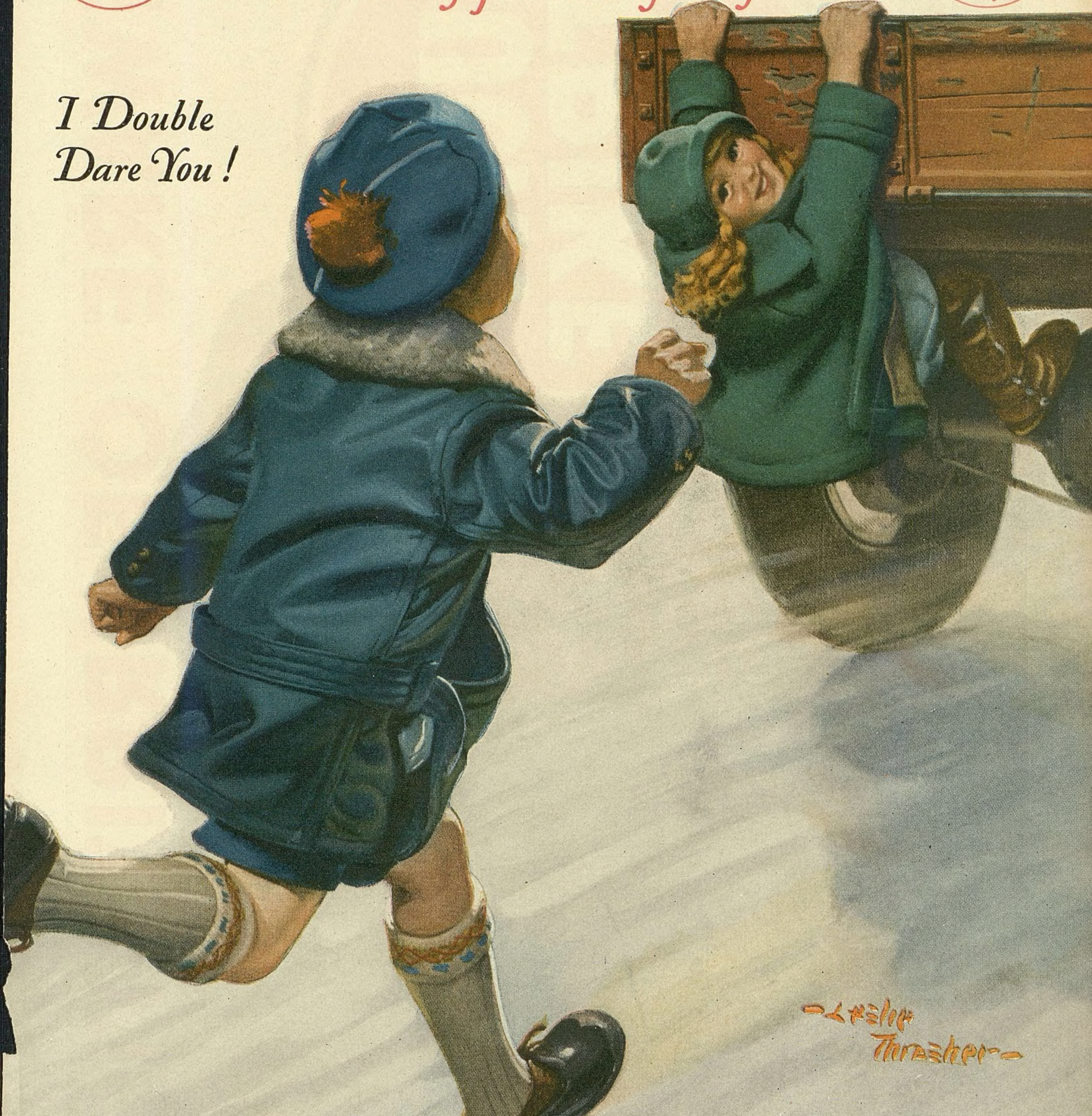
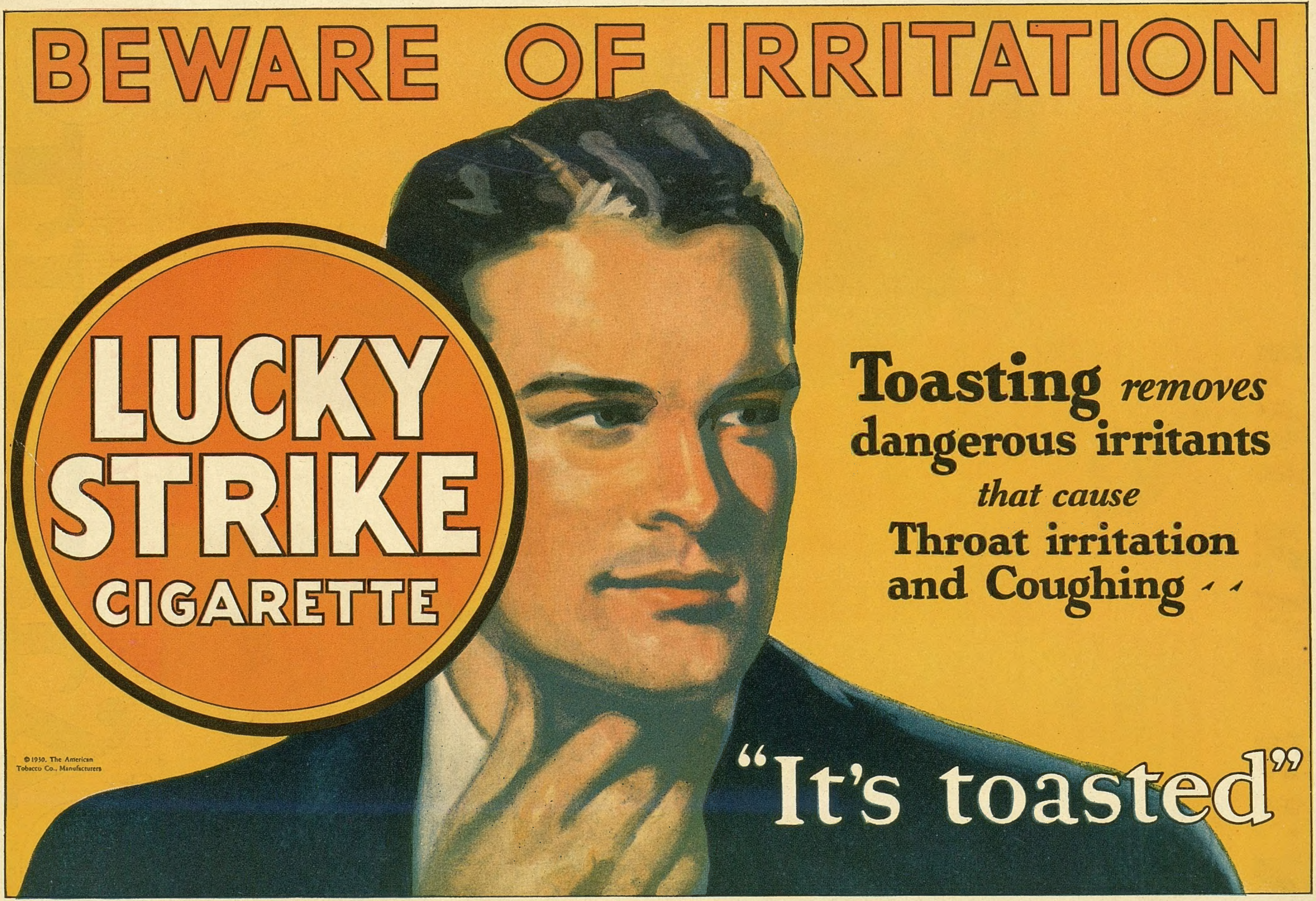
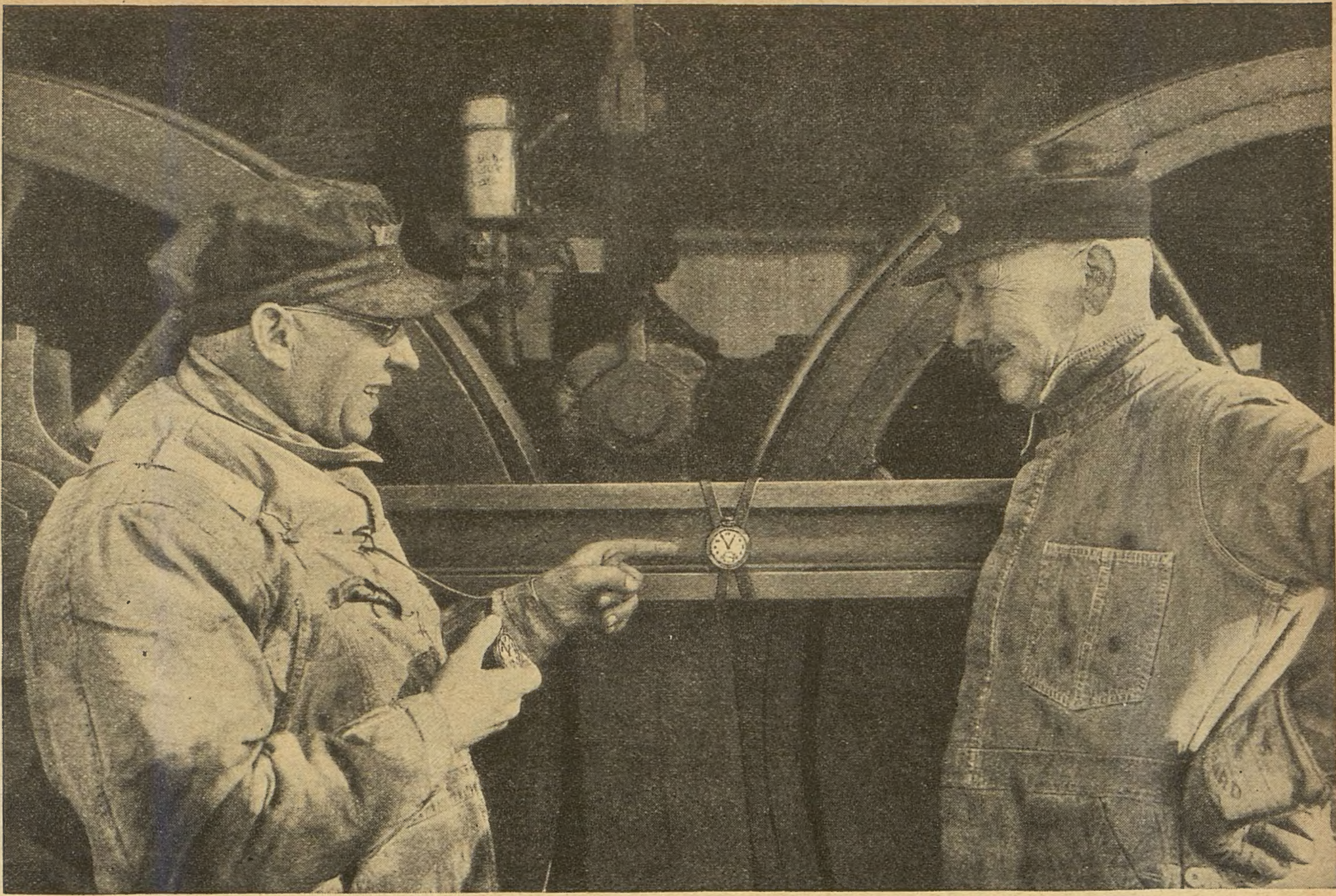


*I Double
Dare You!*

SAX **ROHMER** ~ SAMUEL **TUPPER JR.** ~ HELEN **HATHAWAY** ~ ROBERT **BENCHLEY** ~ ALEXANDRA **KROPOTKIN**


BEWARE OF IRRITATION
LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE
Toasting removes dangerous irritants that cause Throat irritation and Coughing
"It's toasted"

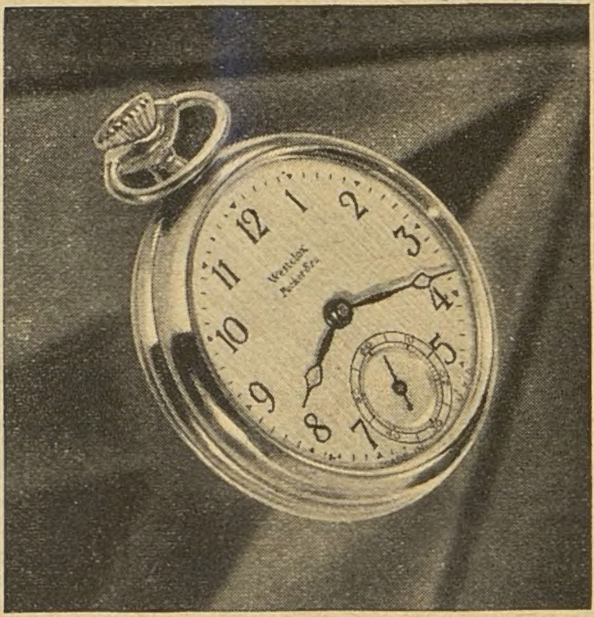
© 1930. The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers



Pocket Ben, securely bound to the drive shaft of the Baltimore & Ohio "Capitol Limited", ready for his 150 mile ride.

POCKET BEN RIDES THE DRIVE SHAFT of "THE CAPITOL LIMITED"

and still keeps time!



Pocket Ben, $1.50

A sturdy fellow, yet no other low-priced watch is smaller or thinner than he. He comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, antique bow and crown, convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed, and made by that famous community of craftsmen who make Big Ben, the Western Clock Company of LaSalle, Illinois.

POCKET BEN's latest "thrill" was a ride on the drive shaft of the locomotive of The Capitol Limited.

On the stroke of 1:00 P. M., The Capitol Limited pulled out of the Baltimore & Ohio station at Chicago with Pocket Ben securely bound to the locomotive drive shaft. Three hours and seventeen minutes later, at 4:17 P. M., Engineer Martin brought his train into Garrett, Indiana. Here the train crew jumped out to see what had happened to Pocket Ben.

To their frank astonishment they found him still ticking away merrily! Despite the terrific pounding of the giant 180 ton locomotive at sometimes better than a mile-a-minute, a comparison with Engineer Martin's watch showed Pocket Ben had lost only six minutes in the entire trip. More than 150 miles—during which Pocket Ben endured approximately 41,000 revolutions of the massive steel drive shaft—and he came through still running!

That's why he's called the "shock-proof" Pocket Ben. And that's why thousands own a Pocket Ben no matter how many other watches they may have. He can always be depended on—anywhere, anytime, on hunting or fishing trips, when traveling. Whether the going is rough or smooth, Pocket Ben is always on the job.

Westclox . . . POCKET WATCHES . ALARMS . . . AUTO CLOCKS

POCKET BEN

FEB. 14, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8
No. 7

A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."* —*Stephen Decatur.*

SLAVERY

"You are the vanguard of the mighty host that fights for socialism—11,500,000 organized workers, 9,000,000 in the Soviet Air League and the Red Red Cross, 3,000,000 of you Young Communists, 4,000,000 Communist 'Pioneers' and more than 2,000,000 members of the Communist party. You are the future conquerors of capitalism. You will be masters of the whole world."

With these words the secretary of the Moscow Communist party wound up a speech at a congress of Communist youths on a recent day in January. On the next day word came from Moscow of one of the most remarkable orders ever issued by a government.

By this order anyone who ever worked on a railroad in Russia, no matter what he may be doing now, must be forthwith discharged by his employer, given two weeks' pay, and sent to a labor exchange to be put back on the railroads. If there is no railroad job for him where he lives, he will be sent somewhere else. No one is exempt except those "working for the national defense."

The Soviets did something similar on Russian farms last year, but this is considerably more drastic.

Now, if Russia by such means can get slave labor—or whatever you choose to call working just for a bare living, for the benefit of the state—the question for the rest of the world is how such an economic system is going to compete with those of nations in which people can go in for more than mere sustenance: for comfort and luxury and a little fun.

Nobody can be sure about that, but we believe our system is better. It offers so much more in the way of incentive that we believe it will compete successfully with the Communist system.

If it doesn't, and the Communist system survives in the long run, we shall see in the future a state in which everyone is a slave and there is no initiative or volition. A human being will be like a cow in a stall, which gives all its milk and gets only what it must have to eat.

We don't believe the Soviet idea will prevail, because it did not come by national evolution. It came as an explosion of a lot of idealists trying to enforce the Socialist religion as revealed in Das Kapital by Karl Marx on a nation. It happens, however, to be one of the world's largest nations—though Marx said it was one of the least developed—and it has the advantage, from the Communist point of view, of being inhabited by a mass of people of amazing docility. Most of them are willing to accept almost anything.

Well, it is interesting to see what will come. Evidently the Communists are going to carry things through to their logical conclusion. It is a small step from the industrial kind of warfare which occupies them now to the kind where they shoot and kill.

War always tests an economic system. War threw out the Czar, but it left our system and France's relatively stronger than ever.

It is not at all true, of course, that men progress steadily toward greater freedom. The freest man that ever lived—and maybe that is why we idealize him—was the American cowboy. The American business man after the Civil War and up to the time of the first regulation of utilities was much freer than he is today. The development of wealth was then the most rapid the country has ever known.

There was a lot of virgin soil, oil wells to be discovered, and the like. The cowboy rode the range and administered his own justice. The business man built railroads and opened up rich territory.

From those free times to the present in Russia runs the whole scale of human experience. Russia is to have the slavery of martial law, even in peace. People are to be assigned to work by the government, and can't choose what they want to do.

Of course we can't have a cowboy existence when there are no longer three square miles of land to a man. In cities we must have regulation, and we have in fact gone a considerable way toward common control. We have traffic cops and we regulate public utilities. Now statesmen are beginning to talk of newspapers as public utilities and of treating them as they are treated in Russia—which, if it is ever done, means the end of the freedom of the press and intelligent voting.

Our greatest step away from freedom no doubt is prohibition, where the state enters the home and dictates what's to go on your supper table.

Of course in this country we have rebelled against that, and successfully, but we have more vitality than the Russians. We think it important not to submit; they just take what comes.

Underlying it all is the doctrine of individualism, which allows man as much liberty as possible. What is to be its fate?

So far as we are concerned, we believe that death is better than slavery.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

COTY – FRANCE

FACE POWDER

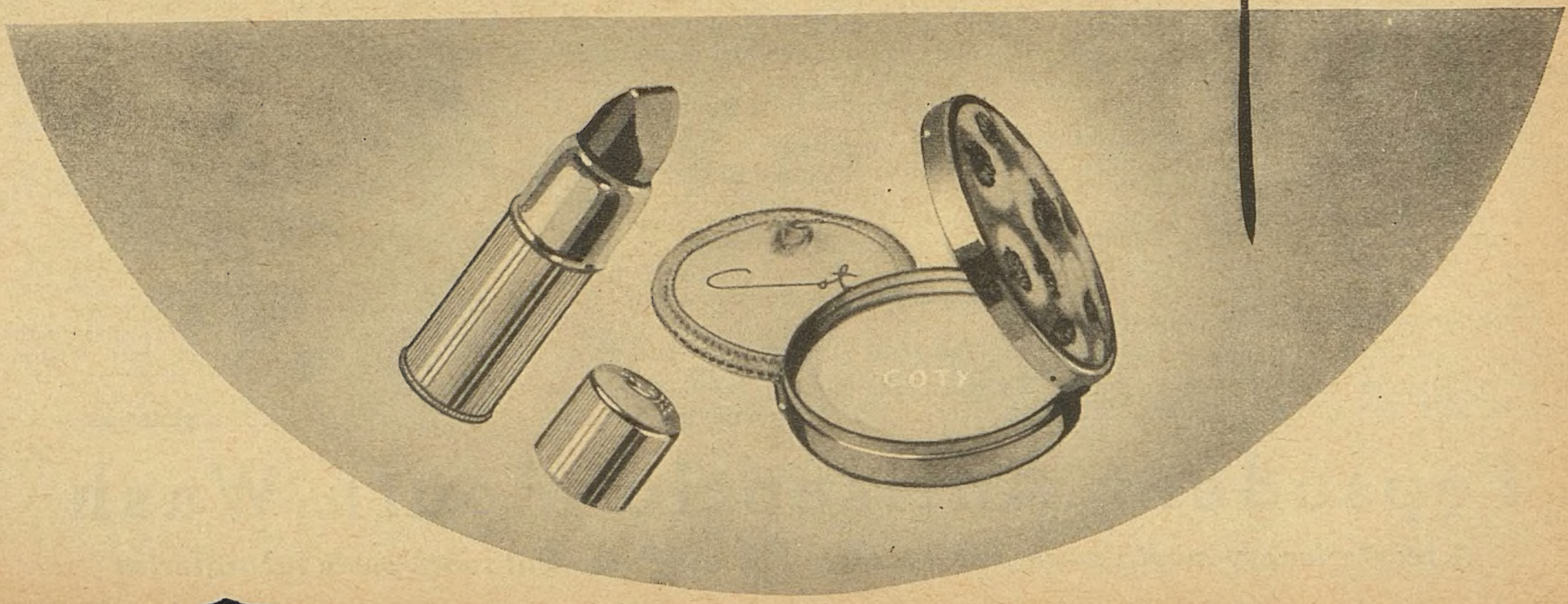
Above all others, it beautifies — because of its infinitely finer texture—because of its exquisitely keyed shades—because of its delightful, individual flattery—in short, because of its perfection. Twelve color-perfect tones. Standard size box . . $1.00 . . Double size. $1.50.

And this perfection is duplicated in the shades and texture of Coty Compacts—in the satin smoothness of Coty Lipstick (Permanent) whose radiant color accent lasts faithfully thru all gay lip adventures. Artistically encased . . . Each $1.00.

LIPSTICK and COMPACT

Light—Medium—Dark Nine True Shades

Coty



Newly discovered! Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills germs 5 to 11* times faster!! checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than other leading antiseptics!!!

A REVOLUTIONARY antiseptic mouth wash that destroys germs *5 times faster than the most effective on the market—11* times faster than the popular favorite you probably have been using."*

That is the impressive statement of two well-known bacteriological laboratories after exhaustive tests on Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germ infections and diseases. It combats, instantly, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash is 220 times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, *safe* and *soothing*.

Instantly after using, *95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed*. Their number is still reduced *70% at the end of two hours' time*—that is far longer acting than any other leading mouth wash known.

"We find," states one laboratory report, "that Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (*M. Aureus*) *in 5 seconds*—faster even than is claimed for any other mouth wash. Tests prove that it kills in 5 seconds germs that cause *pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever*, and many others.

Checks bad breath

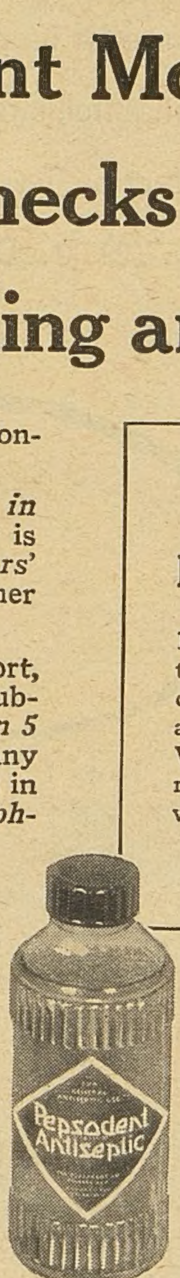
With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath *1 to 2 hours longer than other leading antiseptic mouth washes.*

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle.

Consult Your Physician, Dentist

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from minor causes. If after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash bad breath persists in returning, seek medical advice to locate and remove the cause.



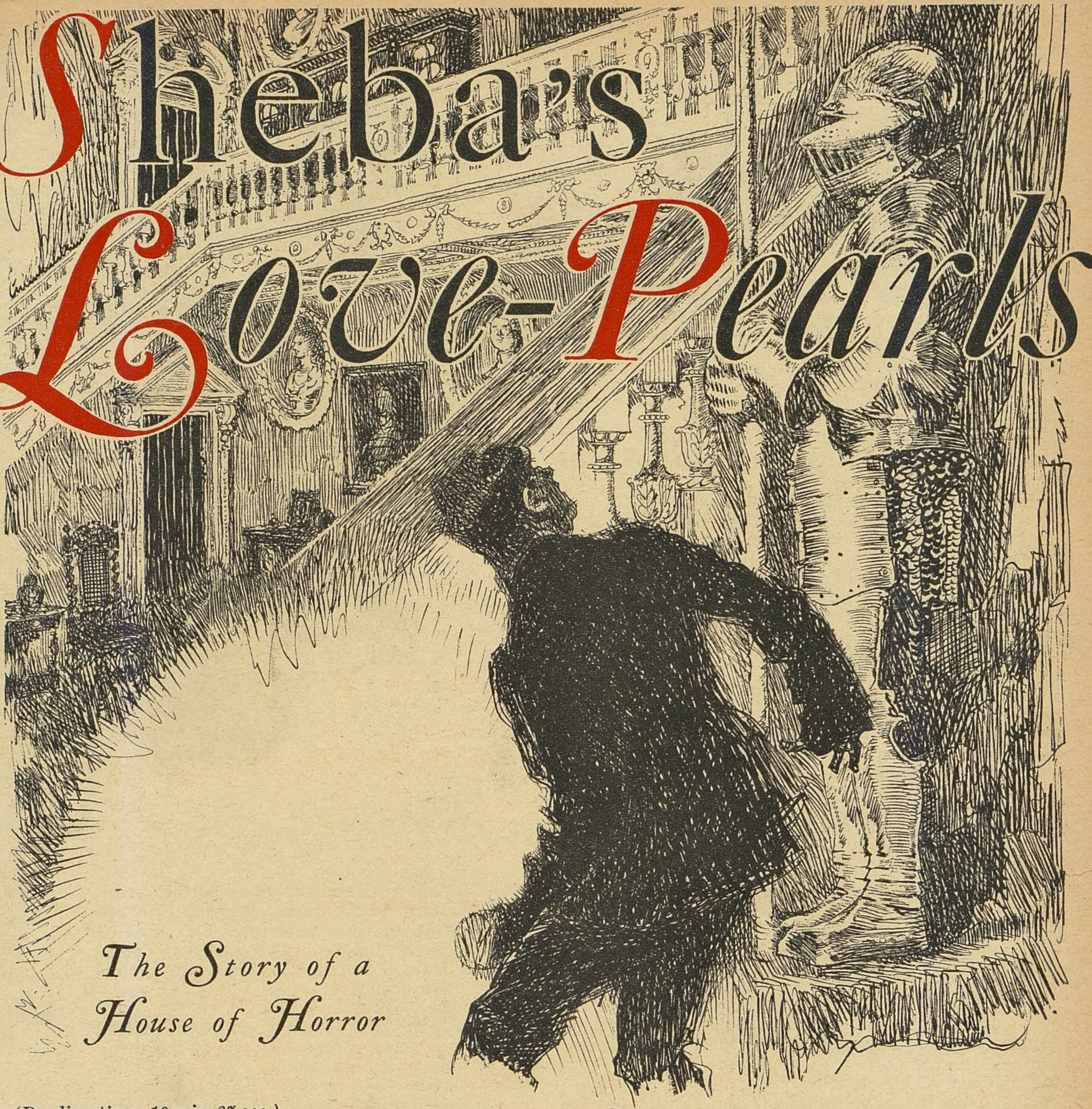
Costs ¼ as much

Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence tests have been made in dilutions used most commonly. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is highly germicidal mixed with 3 to 4 parts of water. It goes many times as far as those mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH.

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

Sheba's Love-Pearls



The Story of a House of Horror

With the subdued light he surveyed a magnificent staircase.

By

SAX ROHMER

an Englishman whose real name (as you may not know) is Arthur Henry Sarsfield Ward. When he is not traveling he lives in Funchal, Madeira. His tales of Dr. Fu Manchu made him famous in 1913, and he has been writing mystery stories ever since.

Pictures by ORSON LOWELL

(Reading time: 19 min. 37 sec.)

"SPIKE" JONES lay hidden in young wheat waiting for two lights to go out. It was deadly quiet; and he slowly puffed at a rank pipe, its glowing bowl cupped in his battle-scarred hands.

This was a queer game for a man reared in that hard world which surrounds a prize ring: to lie in soft wheat amid the absolute peace of a drowsing countryside. Everything seemed detached—but watchful. There were queer bird sounds, and, more disturbing, sudden swift rustlings through the young grain. Rabbits, maybe. He didn't know.

It was hard to believe, even now—what The Ferret had told him. He couldn't remember a lot of it at all, particularly that part about some foreign prince; but he had the plan of the house, had it by heart; and The Ferret never let anybody down; unless . . .

She lived there alone—there in that dim, rambling mansion. The old ex-butler and his wife occupied the lodge. Spike was waiting for their retirement. "The lodge gates have never been opened since the boy's body was carried through. . . ."

Lady Apthorpe was harmlessly mad; since the death of her only son, the lonely widow had never left the grounds of Kingswood Hall. All the staff had been dismissed, except her former butler and his wife. Perhaps she had always been mad, this much-courted Russian dancer who had married Lord Apthorpe when her public had begun to tire and lovers had grown scarce.

The family jewels were mortgaged—and held by the mortgagee. Spike was quite clear on this point. But the rope of golden pearls, the famous Apthorpe necklace, valued at twenty thousand pounds, remained at the hall.

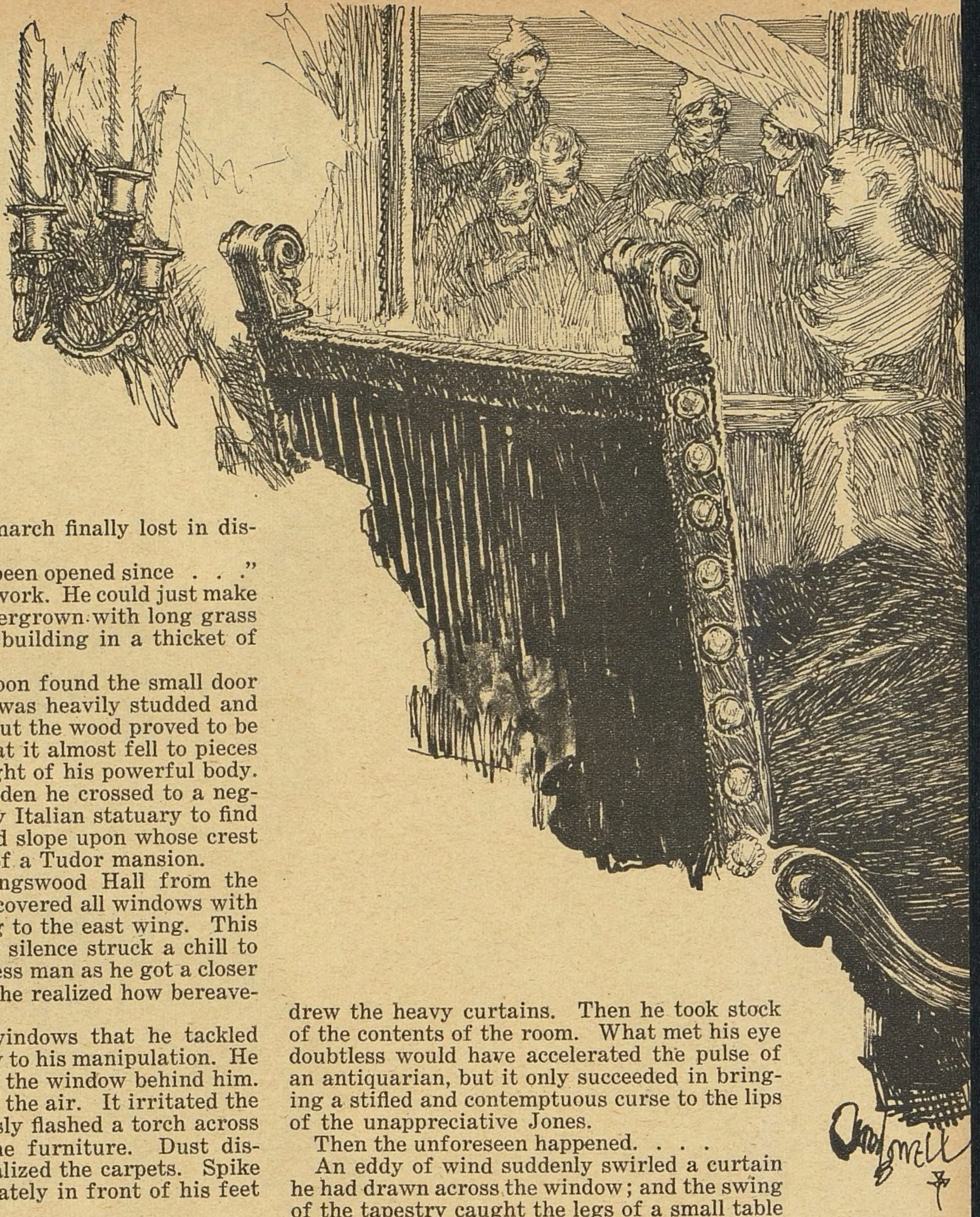
"For sentimental reasons, no doubt"—Spike could see the big, hectic eyes set in a chalky mask which was the face of The Ferret, hear the velvet voice—"because

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHEBA'S LOVE-PEARLS
Continued from page seven

of certain memories, Lady Apthorpe has not only retained the historic pearls; she frequently wears them in her wanderings about this deserted house. . . . My terms are thirty per cent, whether you bring the stuff to me or to someone else. . . . Don't take firearms. . . . This plan is absolutely accurate. . . ."

The lodge lights went out.



II

LOFTY iron grillework—a pair of solidly wrought gates—barred the drive. Heavy buttresses of masonry flanked the creeper-entangled mesh, and from either buttress stretched an uneven line of ancient brick, its tottering march finally lost in distant tree-cast shadows.

"The lodge gates have never been opened since . . ."

Spike peered through the fretwork. He could just make out a carriage sweep heavily overgrown with long grass and weeds, and, right, a squat building in a thicket of neglected shrubs: the lodge.

Pressing to the west, Spike soon found the small door marked in red on his plan. It was heavily studded and reënforced with great hinges; but the wood proved to be so impregnated with dry rot that it almost fell to pieces under the carefully applied weight of his powerful body.

Through an overrun rose garden he crossed to a neglected bowling green guarded by Italian statuary to find himself at the foot of a terraced slope upon whose crest reclined the slumbrous beauty of a Tudor mansion.

Spike warily approached Kingswood Hall from the rear. He noticed that shutters covered all windows with the exception of those belonging to the east wing. This immense place and its brooding silence struck a chill to the heart of the physically fearless man as he got a closer view of the ravages of time, as he realized how bereavement had set the clock back.

The second of the French windows that he tackled yielded quietly and satisfactorily to his manipulation. He entered a large room and closed the window behind him. A musty, confined smell hung in the air. It irritated the back of his throat. He cautiously flashed a torch across the floor, then quickly over the furniture. Dust disguised the tapestries and neutralized the carpets. Spike directed a shaded beam immediately in front of his feet and crossed to the door.

He switched off the light.

The door proved to be unlocked; and quickly passing through he found himself in a lofty hall. Rooms opened to right and left and he briefly explored them, only to find the same state of decay, the same draping of dust. Portable silver had been removed. He decided to try his luck upstairs.

Returning to the hall he softened the ray of his torch by wrapping a dirty handkerchief over the lens. With the subdued light he surveyed a magnificent staircase that led to the floors above, an innovation of the third Lord Apthorpe. Two figures clad in rusty armor and holding lances in their mailed fists gave him a definite shock as they were quickened to grotesque menace by the probing light.

He made a noiseless passage up the stairs and gained the gallery. This gallery had an arched doorway at either end.

The door on his left was unlocked. Soft-footed, he entered. He found himself in a large room—a room that was lived in. Here, in sharp contrast to the musty apartments below, everything was spotlessly clean. There were open periodicals on a table beside a couch.

A light, cool breeze gently stirred the pages of one of them, and Spike saw that French windows giving on to a balcony were half open. He walked across and quietly drew the heavy curtains. Then he took stock of the contents of the room. What met his eye doubtless would have accelerated the pulse of an antiquarian, but it only succeeded in bringing a stifled and contemptuous curse to the lips of the unappreciative Jones.

Then the unforeseen happened. . . .

An eddy of wind suddenly swirled a curtain he had drawn across the window; and the swing of the tapestry caught the legs of a small table supporting a vase of roses. With a noise that sounded in his ears like booming of thunder, the table capsized. There was a crash of broken glass.

Spike switched off the torch. He stood rigid. Taut with suspense, the following thirty seconds represented half an hour to the man waiting with grimly set features in that darkened room, his brow furrowed in savage despair. He had just relaxed tensed-up muscles when the sound of a gently turning lock disturbed that ghastly stillness.

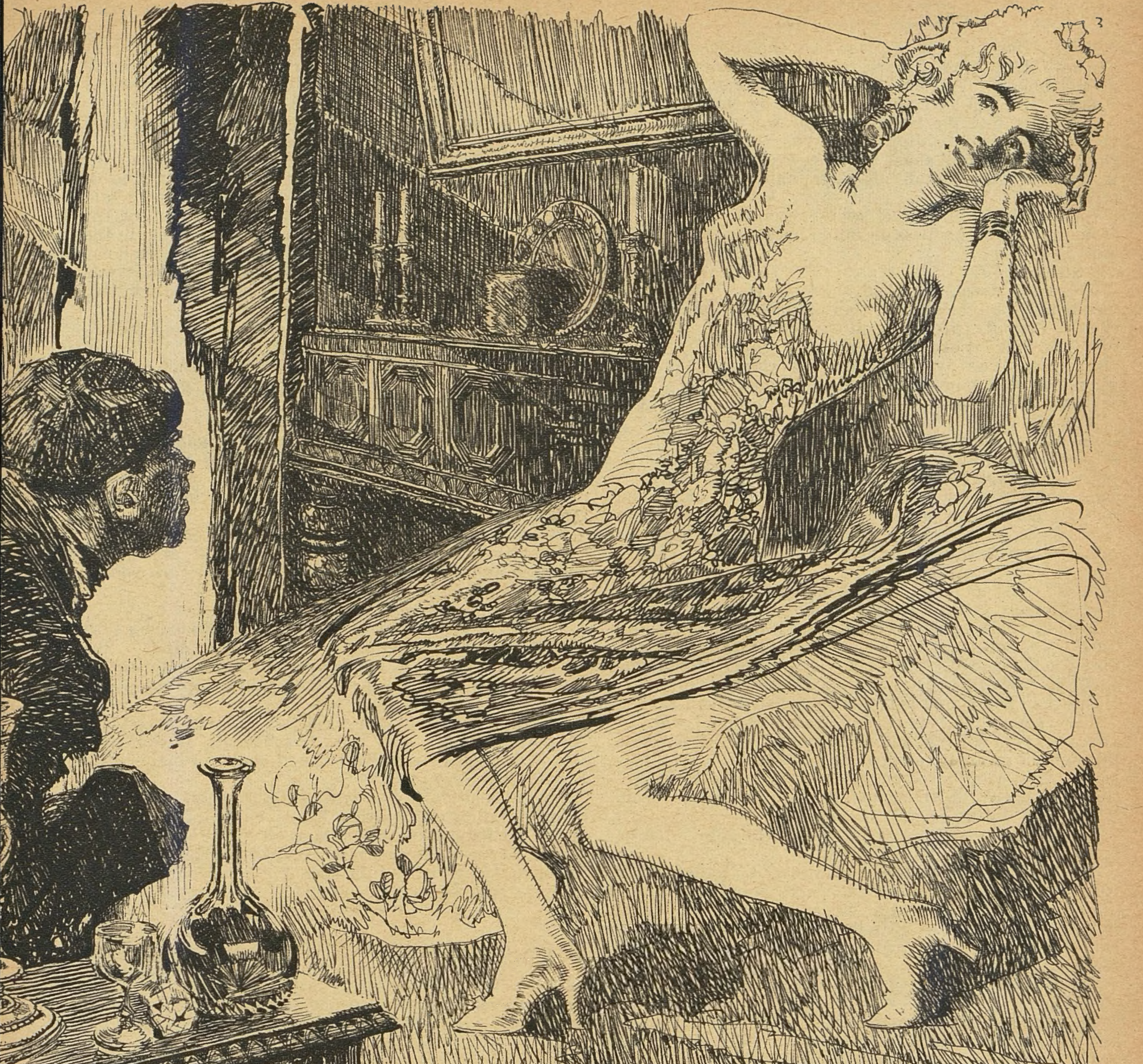
Spike, facing the door, unconsciously fell into the natural pose of a boxer. He automatically raised himself on his toes to test his balance.

A faint streak of light split the black recess harboring the door. It held the eyes of the watcher hypnotically—that thin shaft growing ever brighter and longer. A soft footfall!

He sprang forward and wrenched the door open, at the same time drawing back his powerful arm to strike. Then his fist dropped to his side.

III

THE old lady raised her heavy silver candlestick and by the light of the candle calmly inspected the grim figure confronting her. Not a tremor shook her thin hand. Her sharply chiseled features were expres-



Lightly humming a refrain which he could barely follow, the fairylike form began to dance in the moonlight.

sionless. Large dark eyes questioned the intruder.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded coldly.

Spike, in the ring, had always been notable for direct methods; and now, clearing his throat:

"I've come for the Apthorpe necklace," he said.

"For the Apthorpe necklace?" she echoed. "That is really extraordinary on your part. Definitely odd. Do you know to whom you are speaking in this way?"

"Yes . . . your ladyship."

"It seems that you are quite an unusual type of burglar, although one would scarcely gather such an impression from your appearance. I was just forming the opinion that you were a workingman of some description—possibly a plumber. You see, I always imagined a burglar to be a person having a certain crude intelligence. Your deplorably shaped skull tells me that you have no intelligence at all."

Spike's thick fingers began to twitch convulsively. This old woman was treading on a sensitive corn. Lack of intelligence (somewhat differently defined) had terminated Jones' professional relations with no less than three managers.

"But," she added, raising the candle higher and surveying him critically, "your body has a certain brute beauty. You might be a gladiator . . ."

Spike grabbed her thin arm and swung her close. His little eyes glared evilly, as:

"Listen!" he growled. "I ain't no bloody gladiator, and I ain't a fool, neither. Come off the comic perch or I'll wring your neck. Where's the pearls? D'you hear? Where's the pearls?"

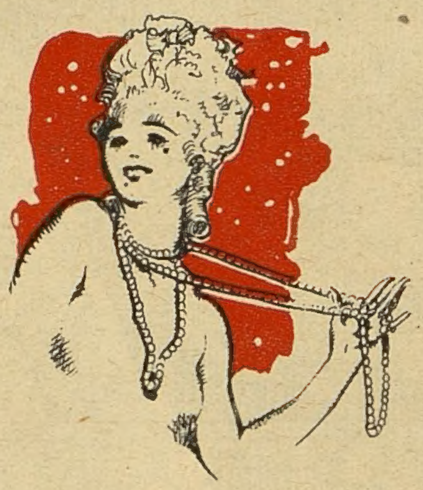
The old lady closed her eyes, but never winced. Then she opened them again, giving him glare for glare.

"You uncouth beast!" she said coldly. "You are hurting my arm. Turn your head aside. Your breath smells

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHEBA'S LOVE-PEARLS
Continued from page nine

of beer. Don't you know, poor clod, that Sheba's pearls can never be stolen? Release me!" She spoke the words as a command. "Release me! I will talk to you, since I must. But you have nothing to gain by violence. You could never find the pearls without me, and even if I showed you their hiding place, you could never take them." A wild light shone from her eyes. "Sheba's love is greater today than all your animal strength."



Spike relaxed his cruel grip—recoiled from the light of madness gleaming in those dark eyes.

"Sit down!"

Spike sat down. He had suddenly remembered the terrible affliction of the recluse. Insanity provokes either fear or pity. To Spike it brought fear . . . but, also, recognition awakened his low cunning. He must humor this mad old woman —that was the way.

A faint smile flickered across her features as she watched him capitulate. She stepped across and set the heavy candlestick on a table in front of him, at the same time drawing up a small high-backed chair and seating herself opposite. For a few moments there was silence, each staring into the face of the other, a strange scene strangely lighted by the flickering candle.

"YOU must understand," the old lady began conversationally, "that I am not used to meeting strangers. It is many years since I received a guest in this house. In fact"—she reflected, and madness leapt again into those great, sunken eyes—"the last visitor from the outside world to cross this threshold was an undertaker."

The man shuddered and the black-clad woman smiled.

"You should not fear death," she continued, "when of your own free will you enter his house. You have stolen through the grounds and doubtless through several of the rooms. And what have you encountered? Death. Everything is dead. Apthorpe is dead. Francis is dead. Kingswood Hall is dead."

Spike shuddered again. His nerve was going, and he knew it.

"I'll tell you a secret, gladiator. I—Lydia, Lady Apthorpe—am also dead! Yes, there is only one thing of life in this place of death: Sheba's love-pearls! There indeed is radiant life! Life that never withers or grows old—for love memories can never die—and no one can steal them!"

"Can't they!" Spike growled stubbornly. "We'll see about that!"

The woman in black compressed her lips for a moment and stared at the flame of the candle. Then she leaned over toward the man and scanned his face anxiously.

"Perhaps it is ordained," she said, "that you should take away those fires of life from this house of death. You may have come, an ignorant bearer of the Summons."

She closed her eyes and was silent—silent so long that Spike began to grow impatient and uneasy; then:

"*He* has spoken to me," she went on softly. "I am to give you the symbol. There is always love—and the pearls are lonely. I think I am glad."

She opened her eyes and looked at Spike with a sort of sweet submission. He felt at ease again. His luck was in, he reflected. This job was money from home.

"The jewel which you call the Apthorpe necklace," she continued, "is really a string of golden pearls—quite the oldest in the world—which Solomon gave to the Queen of Sheba when she left him. Each pearl was a memory—the memory of a golden hour. Menelik, the son of Sheba and Solomon, inherited these love-pearls, and they remained in the possession of the kings of Abyssinia for more than two thousand eight hundred years. . . ."

Spike listened without understanding. But he recognized certain names, because The Ferret had told him the story already—the white-faced Ferret who had been to college, who knew everything: the histories of county families, and the record of any man known to the police.

"Marsarina—that was my name before I married Apthorpe—Marsarina danced one night in Vienna. I was beautiful, my burglar. I had danced for the public of every capital in Europe and privately before kings. Some of them had loved me. That night in Vienna I performed a poem of movement—'the birth of passion.'"

She was no longer addressing the man who watched her; she was remembering aloud.

"*He* was there—the crown prince of Abyssinia—the only man, gladiator, I ever loved. And he was so dark that some dared to call him black! For the second time in history, the love-pearls of Sheba left their home in the East. As they came to me, so they shall go! You must be my audience—just as it was that night in Vienna, when I danced before many men but only for one."

She rose, placing a thin hand on Spike's shoulder and patting it gently. Then in silence she walked to a sideboard and returned with a decanter of port and a glass.

"I shall not be long," she said. "I am going to put on my old dancing costume and to disguise the ravages of time—so that you will be the last person on earth to see Marsarina dance. Help yourself to wine and wait for me."

Spike aroused himself from a sort of stupor, and:

"You're not going to try and work off any funny business and do me down for the necklace, are you?" he demanded.

He made a movement as if to rise.

"Wait for me," the woman repeated imperiously, with a swift return to her earlier scornful manner. She crossed again to the sideboard and lighted a pair of candles that stood there. Then, taking up the silver candlestick from the card table:

"I have said that you shall see what you call the Apthorpe necklace. My word is sufficient. If your mission is to take it from this house, I shall not hinder you. Remain where you are."

Candle held aloft, she crossed the room and went out.

Spike hesitated, gnarled hands clutching the chair arms. He listened to the sibilance of light receding footsteps. Then, taking his pipe from his pocket, he laid it on the table, and lifting the decanter, considered its ruby contents against the dim light.

IV

FIVE, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed in silence broken only by the sighing of the fitful breeze and occasional swish of the heavy curtains. Spike grew more and more uneasy. He had been a fool to let her out of his sight. He might have known.

Suddenly the door swung open.

The man in the chair gave an involuntary gasp of amazement, clenching his hands and half rising. Utterly lacking in imagination, he believed for a moment that he had nodded and dreamed.

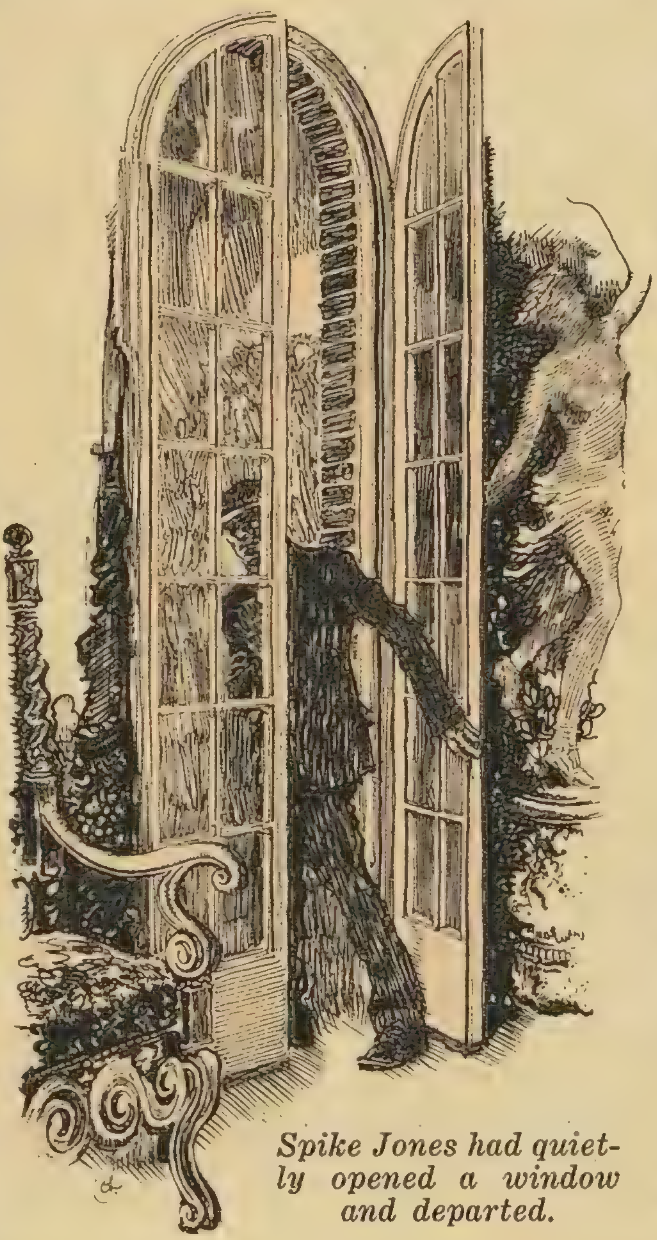
A girl whose delicate face possessed a strange, haunting beauty stood framed in the doorway! She was arrayed in a lavender-tinted billowing dress of brocaded silk, the soft sheen of which glowed dully in the candlelight. The wistful face peeped out from a mass of powdered hair piled high over the piquant features, whose sweet demureness was accentuated by two beauty spots. Slim white arms were extended in an attitude of supplication—and from whitened hair to tiny gold-shod feet this was a figure of some old-time dream. Then:

"I have returned," she said, "as I promised! Don't speak. Sit still and watch Marsarina dance."

Running across the shadowed room, she threw back the heavy curtains. The moon hung pure in a cloudless sky. Then, darting to the sideboard, she blew out the candles. . . . Lightly humming a refrain which he could barely follow, the fairylike form began to dance in the moonlight.

Dipping and swaying, she swept a provocative fan in his direction as she whirled and pirouetted past. Once she stooped swiftly to the shattered bowl and tossed a red rose to her audience. Sometimes she quickened those noiseless steps, so that she seemed to float like thistledown, and at other moments the measure grew almost imperceptible except for movements of alluring arms, beribboned, supple, and white. Her tiny feet twinkled so that the watching man was dazzled . . . until, with an ultimate gesture of exquisite abandonment, she dropped exhausted in a curtsy.

Spike rose unsteadily and raised the frail figure. He looked incredulously at the painted face, the cleverly whitened arms. It was amazing—uncanny—the old, wizened woman beneath that cunning mask of youth.



Spike Jones had quietly opened a window and departed.

She was trembling from her exertions. He supported her to the armchair from which he had arisen and she sank down weakly, a pathetic figure.

“I *will* say—” Spike began.

“Don't speak,” she whispered breathlessly. “Light a candle. I will show you Sheba's pearls.”

“I've got an electric torch—”

“Light a candle!”

Spike lighted one of the candles on the sideboard.

“Come. Marsarina has danced for the last time.”

Candlestick aloft, she turned toward the open door, went out, and crossed the gallery. Spike followed.

Another door was opened noiselessly. The white-crowned woman turned to Spike and laid one finger on her lips, enjoining silence. He found himself in an immense apartment with high, raftered ceiling which the light of the solitary candle barely reached. The windows, which were uncovered, admitted bright beams of moonlight. A dense darkness cloaked the farther side of the room, out of which ghostly pillars of a four-poster bed arose and were lost in the gloom of a great canopy.

His guide seized his hand and bent close to his ear.

“I have kept my word, gladiator,” she whispered softly. “She died tonight and her soul entered my body! For one hour I have been Lydia Marsarina! Look! . . . Sheba's pearls!”

The suddenly frightened man craned forward as the candle was outstretched.

The huge high bed was occupied!

Its occupant was a little, old, gray-faced woman, her eyes set in a ghastly, glassy stare, and around her neck, winking and flashing in the light of the candle, was a rope of wonderful pearls!

V

A SHRILL scream of laughter broke through Spike's stupefaction. The palms of his hands were wet. He wanted to run, but seemed to be stricken motionless. The woman holding the candle laughed on, and:

“Poor fool!” she cried. “You are afraid of death! You came to rob Lady Apthorpe—well, there she lies!”

Spike dragged himself back—and back. He began to turn, when, cutting through the sudden silence—for the demented woman had ceased laughing—came the unmistakable and unforgettable note of a police whistle!

That sound restored him to clarity as no other sound could have done. In three strides he gained the nearest window and looked down on a tangled wilderness below, wild and desolate under the cold light of the moon. . . . The whistle again! . . . Nearer . . . figures moving through the shrubbery . . . toward the house.

He was trapped!

He leapt for the bedroom door.

“Take the pearls! You came for them and you must take them!”

He fought with the desperation of fear to relax lean arms suddenly entwined around him. But they seemed to possess a serpentlike strength. He wrestled his way through the door and out to the gallery. At the head of the stairs he made a final effort to dislodge the screaming figure that had fastened upon him. Her white wig was dislodged and he pulled her head backward by the scanty gray hair until he could seize her throat.

He flung her violently from him.

Breathing heavily, he saw her body strike one of the lower stairs and then roll slowly, a crumpled heap, to the floor. For a moment he hesitated, then started to run down. His only chance was to break his way through the cordon that he guessed had been drawn around Kingswood Hall.

Too late!

AT the very moment that he reached the bottom, a door was thrown open and the hall invaded by men in uniform.

Spike stood dully at bay. He was done—caught with two dead women in the house. Tears of self-pity came to his eyes as he visualized the injustice of the sentence he already heard pronounced. He had not meant to throw the woman down the stairs. But no one would ever believe it.

A sergeant who seemed to be in charge hardly noticed him as he turned the body over and looked at the painted face.

“Broken neck,” he pronounced. Then, glancing up at Spike: “Did she fall downstairs?”

“No, she didn't!” Spike answered savagely. “I threw her down—but I didn't mean to. She was struggling with me at the top.”

“Well, she won't struggle any more, poor old thing!”

The dust-coated hall had filled with men in uniform, and:

“All clear boys,” called a constable. “We've got her. This man nobbled her first, so you'll want his name.”

An ominous figure—a warder if ever Spike saw one!—came forward with a man in plus fours who carried a notebook.

“Been with us in the asylum for nearly twenty years, sir. A curious case. Used to be a dancer and went potty over some love affair. She belonged to the company of the famous Madame Marsarina, who became Lady Apthorpe—and who in my opinion ought to be in our charge as well. But that's neither here nor there. Lady Apthorpe used to allow her to come here, with an attendant, of course, to visit her: I'm speaking of the time before the son died. She practically had the run of the house. And it used to make her happy to dress up in stage clothes belonging to her ladyship and pretend she was at the theater again.

“When the house was closed to her—and to everybody else—it preyed on her mind. She was always talking about ‘the great Marsarina.’ She idolized her, and knew her history backward. Well, it seems she was waiting her chance. She got out this morning, and—there she lies. There's a reward of five pounds. Where's the man who found her?”

But Spike Jones had quietly opened a window and departed.

And upstairs, in her wide, high bed, Lydia, Lady Apthorpe, Marsarina, favorite of kings, lay at rest, Sheba's love-pearls still clasped about her stringy throat.

THE END

Is Another WAR

III—*The Danger on the Danube*

By

E. ALEXANDER POWELL

(Reading time: 16 min. 23 sec.)

IN this issue of Liberty Colonel Powell turns on to mid-Europe the spotlight with which he has illuminated, in his two preceding articles, the war-danger zones created by Polish aggrandizement—on the Baltic and in Upper Silesia—and by Franco-Italian rivalry centering about the Adriatic sea.

> They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils. . . .
>
> —William J. Marcy, in the United States Senate, 1832.

BEFORE Congress, on February 11, 1918, President Wilson, in enunciating the war aims of the allied and associated powers, solemnly declared that "peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were chattels or pawns in a game."

On July 4 of the same year the President further declared that the ends for which we were fighting included "the settlement of every question, whether of territory or of sovereignty, of economic arrangement or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned."

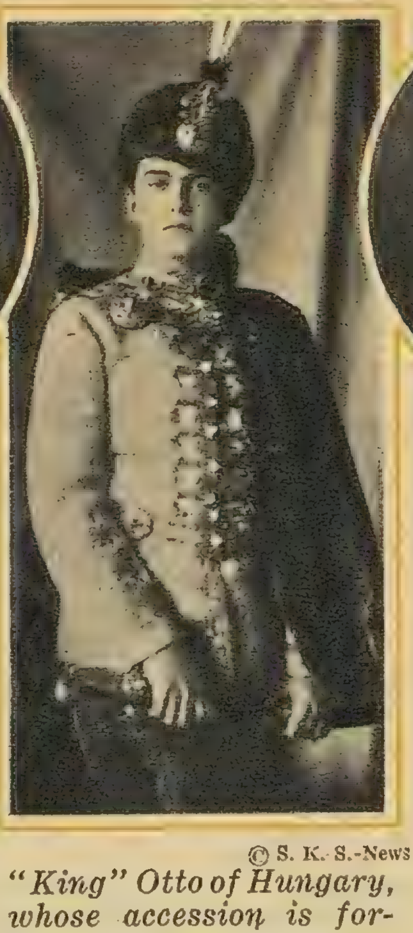
In those two declarations the President voiced the sentiments of all the people of the United States and they were unctuously subscribed to by our European allies. But, once the war was won, they were treated as contemptuously as the German chancellor treated the Belgian "scrap of paper." Had these pledges been respected the map of Europe would not have been the political crazy quilt which it is today and the peoples of Europe would be sleeping more soundly o' nights.

It is my purpose in this article to show you what has happened in the valley of the Danube, and what is likely to happen, as a result of those assurances having been cynically disregarded by the European statesmen; to sketch for you in simple, everyday terms the perilous situation which has been brought about by a "settlement" which has settled nothing.

In order that my picture may have a proper background I beg that you will bear with me while I recall certain facts which you have perhaps forgotten.

By the Treaty of St. Germain Austria was deprived of seventy-two per cent of her territory and seventy-five per cent of her population. In the words of the Encyclopædia Britannica, the territory left to the newly formed republic "consists of some of the poorest and most mountainous areas of the former Austrian Empire . . . only about one-third is under cultivation; another third is covered with forest, and the remainder is largely mountainous."

King Carol of Roumania, standing for Balkan sanity.



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"King" Otto of Hungary, whose accession is forbidden by nearly everyone but the Hungarians.

Underwood & Underwood

King Alexander, who is also dictator of Yugoslavia.

By the Treaty of Neuilly Bulgaria, while losing only three per cent of her population, lost more than twelve per cent of her territory. On the west she ceded to Yugoslavia a strip of territory which brought the Bulgarian capital within range of Serbian guns; on the south she surrendered to Greece her Macedonian territory, including all access to the Ægean. And the following year, at the Conference of San Remo, at which Bulgaria was not represented, she was ordered to hand over to Greece the whole of Western Thrace.

By the Treaty of Trianon Hungary lost sixty-two per cent of her Magyar population and seventy-one per cent of her territory. To quote again from the Britannica, "The Treaty took from Hungary all her gold, silver, copper, salt, and mercury mines; all but one of her iron mines; her largest and best collieries; and eighty-six per cent of her forests." The beneficiaries of this wholesale dismemberment were, as everyone knows, the Czechs, whose chief service to the Allies consisted in their disloyalty to Austria; the Roumanians, who did not enter the war until it was half over and then met with a series of crushing defeats; the Serbs, who from the outset battled heroically but unsuccessfully; and the Italians. It will be seen, therefore, that Italy alone could with justice quote the maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils."

THE colossal amputations performed upon the defeated Danubian countries has placed upward of five and a quarter million Germans (that is, Austrian Germans), nearly three million Hungarians, and not far from a million Bulgarians under alien rule. These nine million-odd human beings were not consulted as to their fate, mind you. Save in a few insignificant instances they were not permitted plebiscites. On the contrary, and in direct defiance of American pledges, they were "bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were chattels or pawns in a game."

Nor did the troubles of these unhappy chattels end with their enforced change of nationality. Under their new rulers many of them have been subjected to tyranny and oppression compared with which the British treatment of the American colonists was considerate and generous. Moreover, the small areas left to Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, with a combined population of about twenty million, have been so completely stripped of their natural resources, so hemmed in by economic and political barriers, so effectually cut off from access to outside markets, that the most these people have to look forward to is a

Coming Soon?

© Press Illustrating Service

Roumanian troops entering what was Hungary to seize the spoils of war.

© Keystone

Yugoslavian soldiers on a land-grab raid into Austria after the war. They were forced to leave, however, for the boundary was fixed south of Ferlach, in Carinthia, where this picture was taken.

struggle for bare existence.

As a result of this unjust and unintelligent "settlement" we find today in the basin of the Danube, that mighty waterway which is Europe's Mississippi, close to thirty millions of Austro-Germans, Hungarians, and Bulgarians who, impoverished, oppressed, and discouraged, are sullenly biding their time. It is a dangerous business to leave such a cancer gnawing at Europe's very intestines.

To overawe their disarmed but resentful neighbors, and to keep their own huge minorities in subjection, the beneficiary nations have become armed camps, their frontiers strung with barbed wire, patrolled by soldiery, and sprinkled with machine guns, with large garrisons everywhere. Of course they vehemently deny every imputation that they are nervous or that danger threatens. Why, then, do Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Yugoslavia deem it necessary to keep nearly 600,000 men under arms?

The situation would be sufficiently alarming if only the six nations directly involved were concerned. But it became positively perilous when two of the Great Powers, Italy and France, began using these smaller countries as pawns in the desperate game they are playing with the overlordship of Europe as the stake.

Italy has shrewdly turned to her own account the discontent which exists in Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria. She has not only encouraged them to press for a revision of the peace treaties on the plea that even vanquished nations are entitled to justice, but she has come out openly as their champion.

BUT the whole foreign policy of France is based on the dictum that the peace treaties must not be altered by the dotting of an i or the crossing of a t. Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Yugoslavia will naturally resist to the utmost any attempt at revision, and in France they have a powerful and enthusiastic supporter.

There you have the gist of the whole Danubian question—a question which has bedeviled and perplexed the League of Nations; which has turned all of southeastern Europe into a hotbed of animosity, resentment, suspicion, and fear; and which, if an intelligent and reasonably fair solution is not soon found, may well bring on another war.

Mark you, now, I am very far from maintaining that there should have been no territorial adjustments after the Great War. The Czechs, the Roumanians, and the Yugoslavs were perfectly justified in demanding that those sections of their peoples who had been for centuries under foreign domination should be restored to their respective motherlands. That was right and proper. And I am equally willing to admit the impossibility of drawing boundaries which would have accomplished this without inflicting certain hardships and injustices on the peoples concerned, for in many cases the populations are inextricably intermingled. The point I am trying to make,

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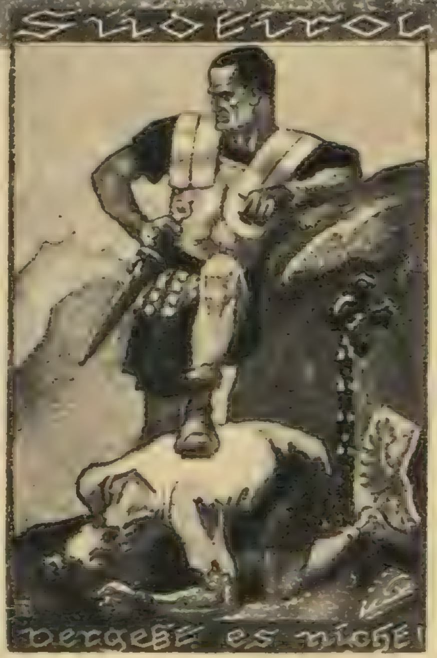
rather, is that the present frontiers were fixed on no principle—ethnic, economic, geographic, political, or of equity—which would make for security or permanence. On the contrary, they were dictated in the main by animosity, vindictiveness, chauvinism, and greed.

The unintelligent manner in which the new boundaries were drawn has resulted, as might be expected, in gross abuses and enormous economic difficulties. Let me illustrate this with a few examples.

By the Treaty of St. Germain Italy was awarded that portion of the Austrian Tyrol now known as the Upper Adige for no other reason than because the Italians demanded a stronger strategic frontier. There could be no ethnic claim to it, for the population was overwhelmingly Teutonic: 215,000 Austro-Germans and only 22,000 Italians. Notwithstanding the repeated assurances of the Italian government that the racial culture of these unwilling subjects would be protected, their treatment soon became oppressive. A small but illuminating incident is that of the confiscation without compensation of the entire property of the Austrian Alpine clubs in the new Italian territory. The Tyroleans protested vehemently, but the League of Nations was powerless and the severity of Italian rule increased as Mussolini developed his power. That this severity has been noticeably relaxed during the last year is not due, I suspect, to any softening of the Italian heart, but to Mussolini's recognition of the fact that Austrian friendship is indispensable if he is to succeed in his scheme of organizing an anti-French bloc.

Two bits of propaganda here. Above we see school children, once Austrian, dancing about the Italian flag. The picture was issued by the Italian army. While below--



We find the Austrians take a different view of the Tyrolean occupation. From a Viennese postal card.

A glance at the map will show you why the friendship of even so enfeebled a country as Austria is essential to the realization of Mussolini's plans. For you will note that the Austrian Tyrol forms a wedge between Italy and Germany. In the event of war Italy would have to depend upon Germany for her coal and iron—and the most direct and practicable route for the German coal and ore trains would be across the Tyrol and over the Brenner Pass.

BY the Treaty of Trianon, nearly three million Magyars, as people of the original Hungarian stock are known, were handed over to Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Yugoslavia. Let us see how this wholesale transfer has worked out.

Consider the case of the miners of Salgótarjan. The town in which they live is now in Czechoslovakia, whereas the entrances to the mines in which they earn their living remain on the Hungarian side of the line. So every morning when they go to work they have to present their passports, duly viséed, to two sets of frontier officials, and they have to repeat the performance every evening when they go home. Imagine the same rule applied to every person who lives in Brooklyn or Jersey City but works in Manhattan!

On the new Hungarian-Roumanian frontier is found another case in point. Here the arbitrarily drawn boundary separates a farming community from the fields where the farmers pasture their cattle. So—believe it or not—every cow has to have a passport! The numbers on these bovine passports must correspond with the numbers burned on the animals' hoofs. It is the duty of the frontier guards to see that a cow is turned back if its papers are not in order. Should a calf be born on the Roumanian side of the line its Hungarian owner could obtain possession of it, I assume, only by an appeal to the League of Nations.

Another illuminating case is provided by Pécs and Szeged, in the south of Hungary. Pécs has coal, and Szeged, an important industrial city, has factories which require coal. The distance by railway between the two places is only about eighty miles, but the railway twice crosses the Yugoslav - Hungarian frontier, so that coal sent by that route would have to pay an import duty each time. The only way, therefore, for the Szeged factories to obtain Pécs coal is via Budapest, which entails a detour of something over five hundred miles. Again to employ an American parallel, it is as though Scranton coal, in order to reach Philadelphia, had to be shipped via Buffalo.

The fairest and most practical of all the pacts imposed on the defeated powers is, on the whole, the Treaty of Neuilly with Bulgaria. The result is that Bulgaria is more relatively prosperous than any other ex-enemy state and has been able to pay her liabilities without making the League her receiver and manager, like Austria and Hungary, or adopting a disguised form of this liquidation, as Germany has done under the Dawes and Young plans. Which proves that fair-dealing, even with a vanquished enemy, pays in the long run.

YET the Allies are not justified in patting themselves on the back over their generosity to Bulgaria. The Treaty of Neuilly explicitly promised Bulgaria an outlet to the Ægean, her entire littoral on that sea, including the port of Dedeagach, having been handed over to Greece. But this pledge, like so many others given by the victors, has been cynically disregarded. Furthermore, the Bulgarian population placed under Yugoslav rule complains incessantly of injustice and oppression; thousands have escaped into Bulgaria as destitute refugees; while armed bands have been formed to protect those who remain in Macedonia against Serbian oppression. Under Yugoslav rule in Macedonia and Greek rule in Thrace the Bulgarian churches and schools have been suppressed and every effort has been made to stamp out the Bulgarian tongue and sense of nationality, all this, of course, in direct defiance of the minority clauses in the peace treaties.

"But," I hear you say, "why don't these oppressed minorities appeal to the League of Nations? That is what the League is for, isn't it?" (Pardon my smiling.) No matter how altruistic were the aims of those who founded the League, it is not an agency for righting wrongs and insuring justice. On the contrary, it has become, in effect, an instrument with which certain of the victors in the Great War purpose to keep the vanquished in permanent subjection and inferiority. An incident illustrative of its workings occurred while I was in Geneva in September, when the Hungarian minorities in Roumania appealed to the League to redress their grievances. The president of the League Council, M. Titulescu, is a Roumanian. Did he permit the appeal to be acted upon? He

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists

. . . no other complexion soap ever had such unqualified approval from these physicians

And *I'd* like to be sure you realize something important — that this approval of Camay comes from the only real complexion authorities: licensed physicians who have specialized in the care and treatment of the skin.

After careful tests on all the different kinds of skin, 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America unanimously recommended soap and water as a necessary part of skin care. And they gave Camay the highest approval as a proper soap for even the most delicate complexions.

If you'd like special help and complexion advice, write for my free booklet "Face Your World with Loveliness." Just address me at Dept. YLL-21, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

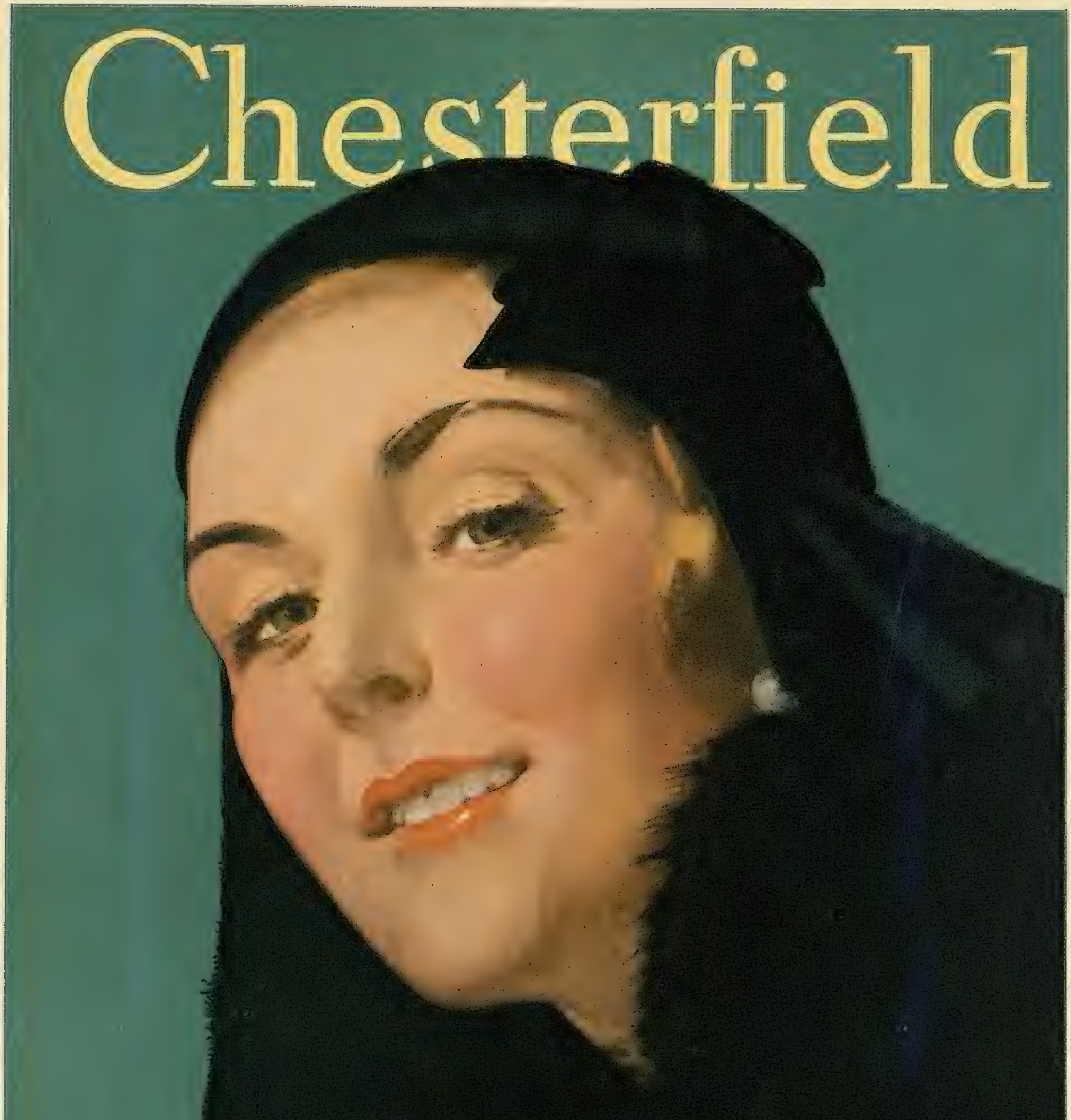
The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

CAMAY [CALLED CALAY IN CANADA] IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP—10¢ A CAKE


Chesterfield
THEY HAVE A WAY WITH THEM
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

You don't have to learn to like Chesterfield. First-quality Domestic and Turkish tobaccos mellowed and cross-blended to give smokers a cool and comfortable smoke—a cigarette of milder and better taste—that's "the way" with **CHESTERFIELD.**

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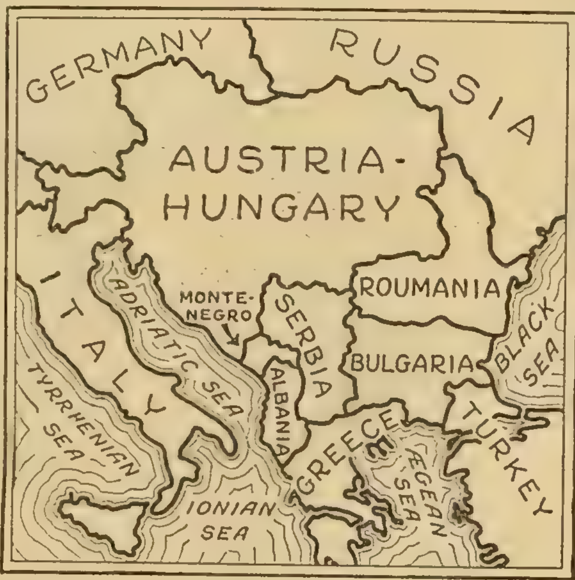
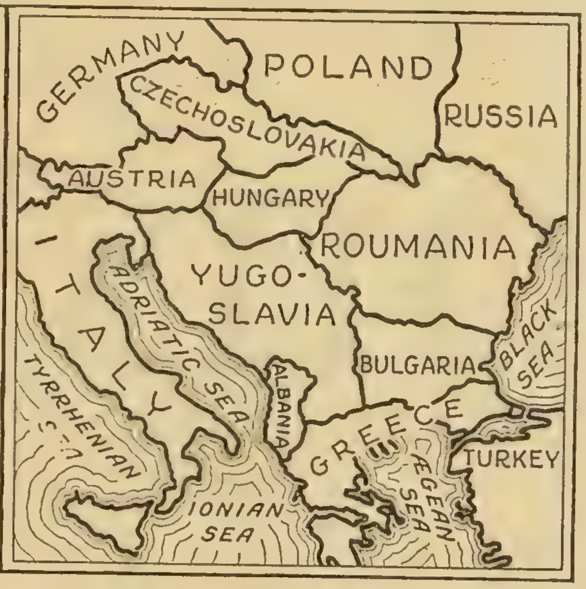
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

did not. Instead, he summarily disposed of the matter by announcing that he considered the appeal an insult to the League's intelligence and had consigned it to the wastebasket.

It is, I must admit, a gloomy picture that I have painted, yet I do not mean to imply that the Danube question cannot be settled without recourse to arms. Neither can it safely be dismissed. The matter of treaty revision must sooner or later come up for discussion and when it does the alignment will be France and her allies against Italy and hers. In a much nearer future than most people suppose, Europe must solve this problem, and its peaceful solution will require tolerance, political unselfishness, an exceptional breadth of vision, and a willingness to give as well as take.



How the Danube region looked in 1914, with Austria-Hungary's territory spreading wide.



How the same region appears now, showing who won the war of boundary treaties.

In my opinion, the greatest single obstacle to the stabilization of political and economic conditions in the Danube basin is the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, Eduard Benes, whose intransigence and vindictiveness have thus far blocked every step to effect a real reconciliation. He has threatened Hungary with invasion in the event of an attempt being made to place the young Archduke Otto on the throne of his fathers.

HE was instrumental in forbidding the Austrians to give to their new republic the name which they had chosen. By his influence in the League he has thwarted every attempt to obtain boundary revisions. And he has repeatedly announced that under no circumstances will Germany be permitted to effect *anschluss* with Austria —apparently unmindful of the fact that there is something supremely ridiculous in the spectacle of a country the size of Czechoslovakia saying "You shall not" to seventy million Germans and Austrians. When, a few months ago, that benevolent and sagacious old statesman, President Masaryk, intimated in a somewhat indiscreet interview that he favored a reconsideration of the whole Danubian problem, Benes and his chauvinistic adherents hastened to impugn the accuracy of the interview, intimating that President Masaryk was getting old and should not be taken too seriously.

King Alexander of Yugoslavia, a grave, preoccupied, somewhat taciturn young man (the loquacious Queen Marie of Roumania is his mother-in-law), is faced with so many internal problems owing to the rebellious attitude of the Croats and Slovenes that it is difficult to conjecture just how far he is prepared to go down the road of liberalism and reconciliation, for he is surrounded by Serbian fire-eaters. Perhaps I misjudge him, yet I believe that, were he to yield to his own inclinations, he would favor any equitable adjustment which would assure permanent security and peace.

I shall doubtless astonish most of my readers by expressing the conviction that one of the most hopeful indications of a new deal in the Danube country is found in the unexpectedly sane and conciliatory attitude of the errant King Carol of Roumania. This young gentleman, as I am well aware, has been universally condemned abroad because of his philanderings. But they, after all, are beside the point. England has had few stronger or abler rulers than Henry VIII, none with deeper political insight than Edward VII, yet by no stretch of the imagination could either be termed a model husband.

A LONG and exceedingly frank conversation with this boyish, tousle-headed, worried-looking monarch who descended so dramatically on his native soil last summer in an airplane, left me with the impression that he is genuinely anxious to work out a solution of the complicated minority problem which, while protecting Roumania's rights, would be fair to all concerned. He made a long stride in the right direction when he unceremoniously swept from the board of Roumanian politics his scheming and unscrupulous mother, the meddlesome Queen Marie, and along with her the whole of the reactionary and corrupt Bratianu gang. The years he spent in foreign exile enabled him to view the Danubian situation from another and more sympathetic angle than the Roumanian; and I am willing to hazard the prophecy that, if he can make his own choice, this young man with the lurid past will take the side of justice and liberalism.

The smug statesmen who for the past six years have been wrangling so ineffectually at Geneva over the question of disarmament have, it seems to me, approached the problem from the wrong end. *Armaments are not the cause of the existing resentment and fear, but the effect.* The causes—some of them, at least—I have tried to explain to you in this article. And it is no more possible to eradicate the causes of European unrest by disarmament than it is to cure a cancer by temporarily alleviating the pain. Let the doctors at Geneva cease prating about naval parity and budgetary restrictions and toxic gas and the question of reserves. Let them, instead, set to work removing the causes for suspicion and fear. Once these sources of irritation have been eliminated, the bandages of steel in which a suffering and terrified Europe has bound herself will be cast aside.

Colonel Powell's fourth and last article, dealing with Soviet Russia and Communism's menace to the outside world, will appear in the issue of Liberty for March 7.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the highest mountain in North America?

2—What does *ex cathedra* mean?

3—How many ounces in a gallon?

4—What is a Muscovite?

5—Which is farther west, Chicago or New Orleans?

6—What is the birthstone for February?

7—How many humps does a dromedary have?

8—What are concentric circles?

9—What does sexadecimal mean?

10—What is the name of the Danish national legislature?

11—What is *gaucherie?*

12—From what does the monkey wrench derive its name?

13—Who was President of the United States during the Spanish-American War?

14—What is *Wanderlust?*

15—Who composed the opera Madam Butterfly?

16—What letter occurs most frequently in the English language?

17—Who was Demosthenes?

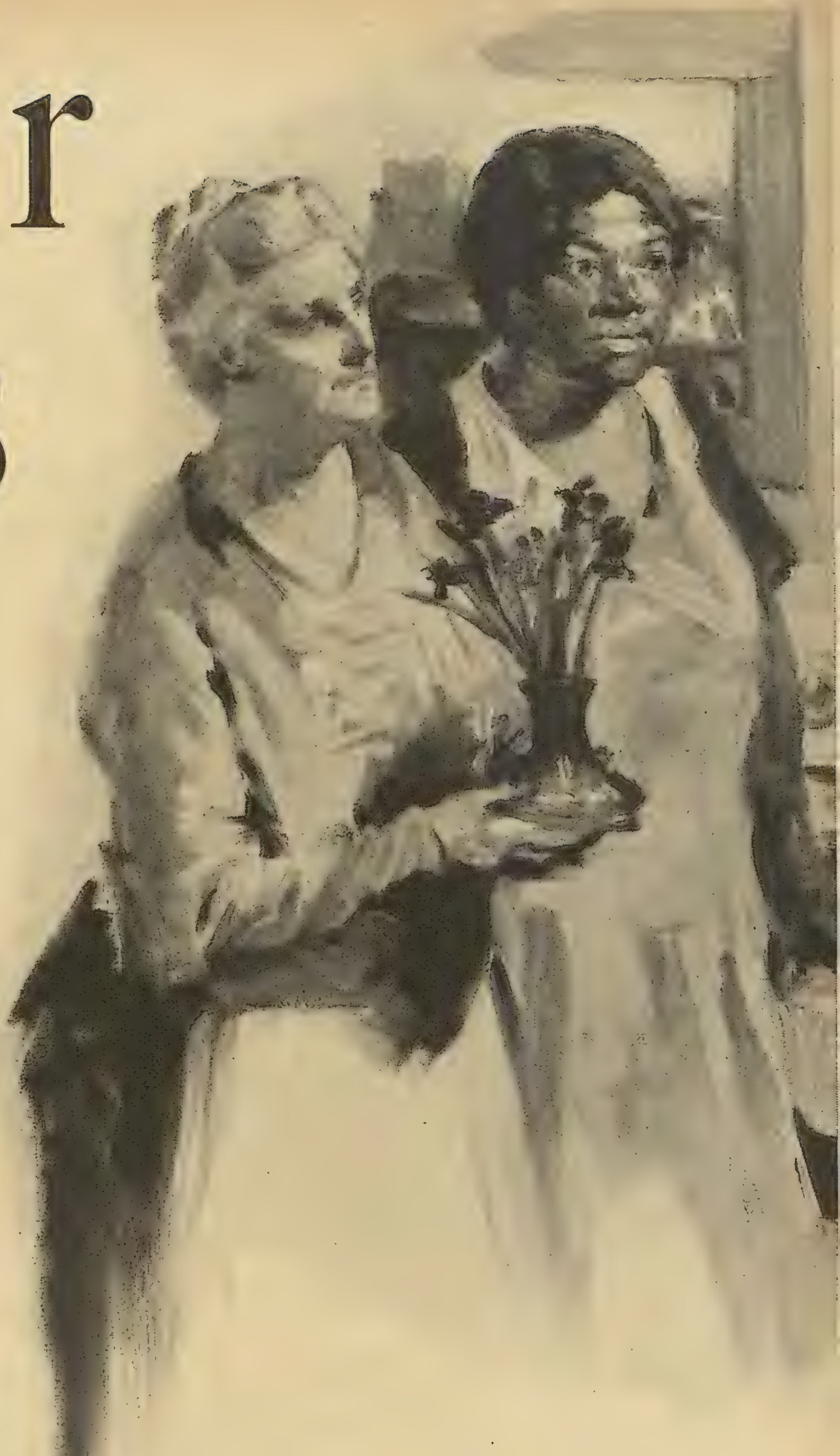
18—What two lakes are connected by the Welland Canal?

19—What is the minimum age requirement for a member of the House of Representatives?

20—What is the common name for cartilage?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-eight)

Their Sons



A Story of "Sisters Under the Skin"

By

SAMUEL TUPPER, JR.

who was born in Atlanta twenty-five years ago and is a graduate of the University of Georgia. He is in the fire-insurance business, but says he hopes to write novels. This is his first published story.

Pictures by L. R. GUSTAVSON

(Reading time: 33 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIS was Thursday, Cindy's afternoon off, but she had accommodated Mrs. Ramsay by changing days because Mr. and Mrs. Fleckring, visitors from New York, were coming to dinner.

All the afternoon would be spent in getting ready for them, for she and Mrs. Ramsay had put in a busy morning and finished all Cindy's regular work. Beds were made and clean towels and guest soap made ready.

She was always glad to do anything to help Mrs. Ramsay, whose interests were her own. All through the house she could feel the tension crackling through the air, meaning more important guests than usual.

So today there was a delicious smell in the kitchen. But as Cindy moved about, her good-natured, copper-colored face was twitching anxiously; her lips moved in an uneasy prayer. She could see that Mrs. Ramsay had noticed, and she would have to be careful. She had so much to worry her, so much to hide, that she couldn't tell anybody. Even the best white folks, like Mrs. Ramsay, couldn't have helped her if they knew.

Everything was different this afternoon. Usually she was so happy getting ready for a party, and so eager to have things just right. But now, opening the oven door to glance at the crisp brown breasts of the broilers, going to steal furtive glances out of the window, she wished, she wished this day were over.

Once she stopped, listening to be sure no one was coming. Then she hurried on stealthy feet down the creaking stairs to the basement, paused outside the locked washroom door, and whispered:

"Matthew!"

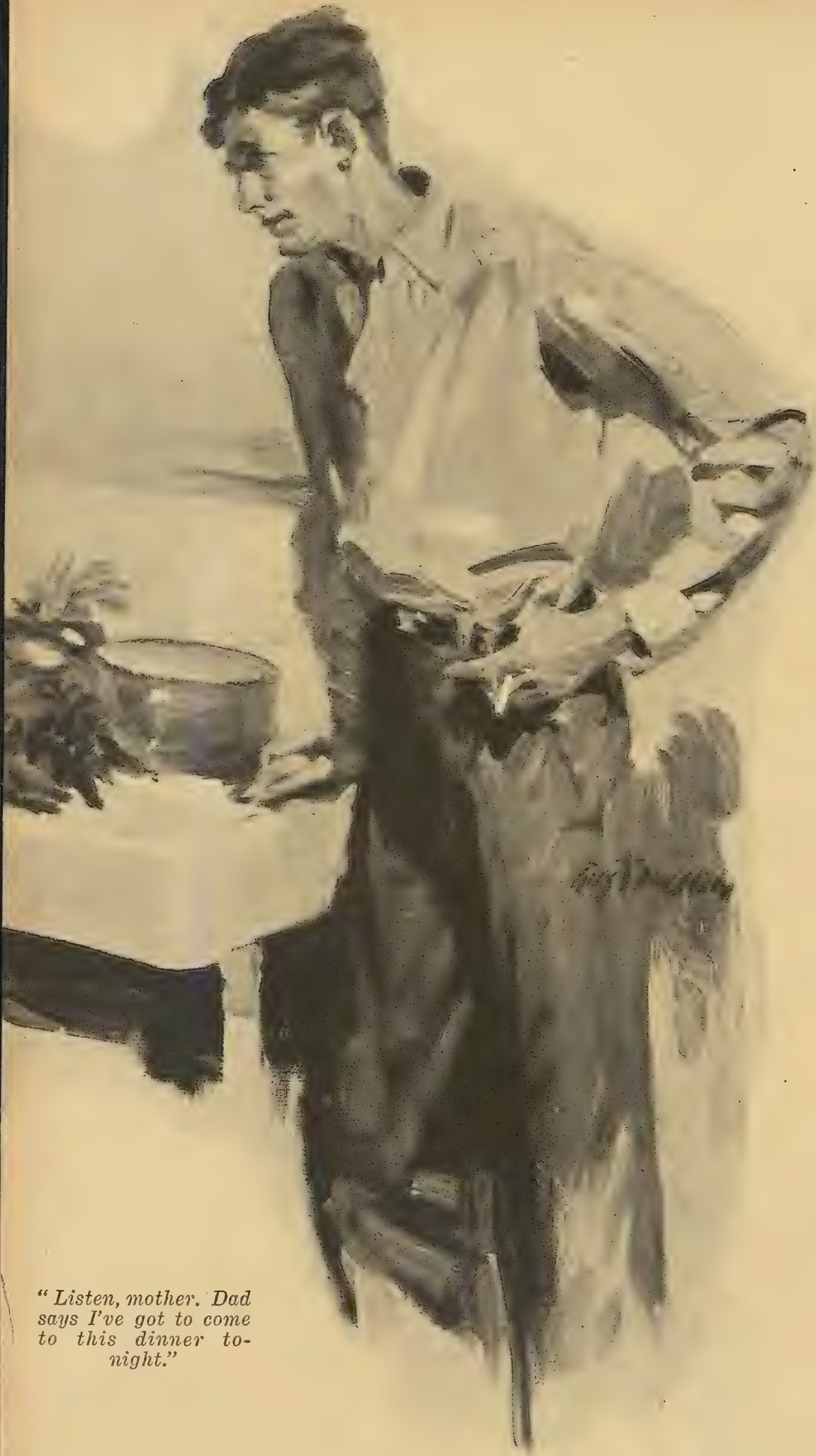
"Ma'am?" answered a thick voice behind the door.

"Don't you move! En don't you go near dat do'—you hear?"

"Yes'm." Then, after a little pause: "Is Maude come?"

"Naw—she ain't off from work yet. But she said ober de phone dat she'd come, sho'. So don't you move till she does. We'll fix it someways."

He did not answer. She was struggling to make him easier in his mind, to keep her own fear out of her voice. Looking anxiously over her shoulder, she stole back up the steps. The sharp light after the dark cellar dazed her,



"*Listen, mother. Dad says I've got to come to this dinner tonight.*"

startled her, so that for a moment she couldn't remember what she had to do next. Oh, yes, she remembered. She must get out the best china and wash it, for Mrs. Ramsay had been positive about that yesterday afternoon. That was before Matthew had come to her to be hidden, snatching her out of sleep to collect her muddled thoughts.

Yesterday afternoon it had been very different.

"Oh, we havin' a real party!" Cindy had exclaimed joyously. "Den you'll want me to fix caviar, en dat little fish rolled up in toast—how you say you call it?"

"Anchovies. No, just caviar with the cocktails this time, Cindy. We want to have everything nice, but just plain. We don't want Mr. and Mrs. Fleckring to think that we—that we're putting on airs."

"Yes'm." This was a disappointment. "Can't fix it like we have Miss Ellen's weddin' dinner last fall?"

"No, we can't have things that fancy this time." Mrs. Ramsay raised her gray eyes to the servant's, and a pretty dimple cut into her thin cheek, making her face softer and younger. Cindy was glad to see her smile. She had looked so worried lately. Had Mr. Hugh been running the car too fast again, and getting his father after him? He was a nice young man, but kind of wild.

ANYHOW he was home now for the spring holidays, where she could watch him sometimes. His mother always was glad when he was near by, even though it meant being kept on edge defending him from his father. They didn't understand each other very well; they couldn't approach each other the right way sometimes.

She had to admit that life was more peaceful when he was away at college. But she loved him so much that she could hardly let him out of her sight, although he caused her such anxiety. A sudden thought of him while she was playing bridge could sweep the cards into a red and black blur. She would lie awake at night, telling herself she wasn't worried, not turning on the light because he might come in and resent her watchfulness, listening for the final spurt of the motor before he sent the car coasting into the garage.

And now she must plan this dinner for the Fleckrings—something else to worry about. She looked up at Cindy and said in a burst of confidence, "This Mr. Fleckring is a big man from New York, and he's come down here to see if he likes the way Mr. Ramsay runs the store."

That *was* something to worry about! Cindy listened attentively to orders and hurried to obey them with a little important frown. She would do everything to make the visitors enjoy their dinner, and she hoped they would like Mr. Ramsay! If he would just let himself be a little *easier* with people!

"Look like she don't want things fixed fancy, but I has to get all de best china down from off de shelf en wash it. En now she gointer have in dat maid Ida to serve—like I couldn't cook dinner for five peoples en serve it myself. Ida, she always have to act so big!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

She could see that Mr. Ramsay was worried too: by his forgetting to say good morning to her at breakfast, by the little frown on his face, by the way he kept taking out his watch and forgetting to look at it. And he had been cross last night at dinner.

“Where's Hugh tonight? Doesn't he ever stay at home? You'll have to make him be here tomorrow night, Esther—those Fleckrings would think we were trying to insult them. Not that he'll be much help unless he just happens to take a notion to. He'll probably kick about it, and make a bad impression on them. But that's because we never made him mind.”

“That means *I* never made him mind.” She smiled into his anxious eyes. “Leave him to me, Arthur. He just has to be handled right.”

“You shouldn't have to handle your own son—”

“Nor your husband,” she had retorted; “but I have to, just the same. Now, don't worry so, dear; just leave everything to me. Good gracious! They're not going to fire you!”

“No-o. Still, with these people, you never can tell. Remember, Esther, no frills for tomorrow night. We want them to see we have just a simple, easy sort of home life, nothing for show.”

He did not understand her smile.

“Oh, they couldn't think we did anything for show! Now read your paper, and leave everything to Cindy and me.”

So now Cindy was getting the dinner ready while Mrs. Ramsay went out to buy flowers. Time was moving so slow; she wished there would be something more to do until her daughter came. Maude could always think of some way out of trouble. She had never been wild like Matthew, and you could always depend on her. But she worked in a hotel, and couldn't be here before five anyhow.

Interruptions came now and then: the clothes from the cleaner, and the bang of the screen door as Mr. Hugh let himself in. But between times it was lonesome in the kitchen, listening to the clock and the dripping faucet, and once a step— No! She was mistaken again.

She heard a sound of scraping on the back stairs and looked out. Lula, Mrs. West's cook from across the street, was coming up the back stairs for a visit on her afternoon off, swinging Mrs. West's old beaded bag so much like that lady herself that Cindy chuckled.

“Go on 'way from here!” she grumbled to herself. But really she was glad, for the kitchen had begun to crouch, to creep forward and close about her as if it were alive.

LULA was dressed in Mrs. West's cast-off finery to go out: almost popping out of a black satin dress and a tight black cloche hat pulled by force down to her eyes. It was hard to tell where the clothes left off and Lula appeared, except where her white eyeballs rolled and where her white cotton stockings strained between the straps of her black slippers.

Cindy greeted her cordially.

“Come in, come in en sit right down, Miss Lula, while I washes de china. Miz Ramsay's havin' a party tonight. Dat's why I ain't out.”

Lula sat down heavily in a kitchen chair and waved her yellow gloves.

“My, ain't it hot? Dey havin' a mighty fine singin' at church dis afternoon. Dat's where I'se goin' now. I ain't stayin' in Thursday for no white folks!”

“Go on!” snorted Cindy. “You ain't never had no real white folks.”

Lula leaned forward solemnly.

“I hears you had trouble about Matthew ag'in, last night, Cindy.” She paused, trying to make Cindy look her in the eyes. Cindy banged the oven door. “Look kinder like dat boy don't give you nothin' *but* trouble. Lizzie say he cut somebody up bad last night.”

“Hmph! Dat Lizzie! I reckon she talk like she know all about it.”

And she thought, “Yes, en you'd run like a rabbit ef I tole you I had him hid down dere in de washroom now.”

“Is de policemans catched him yet?” asked Lula eagerly.

“Naw, I don't know where dat boy is! Matthew didn't mean no harm. Dat waiter Jim, he talk back to him, en Matthew never would let nobody talk back to him. He just cut him up a little. He'll be all right. Matthew didn't set out to do no harm.”

Lula shook her head.

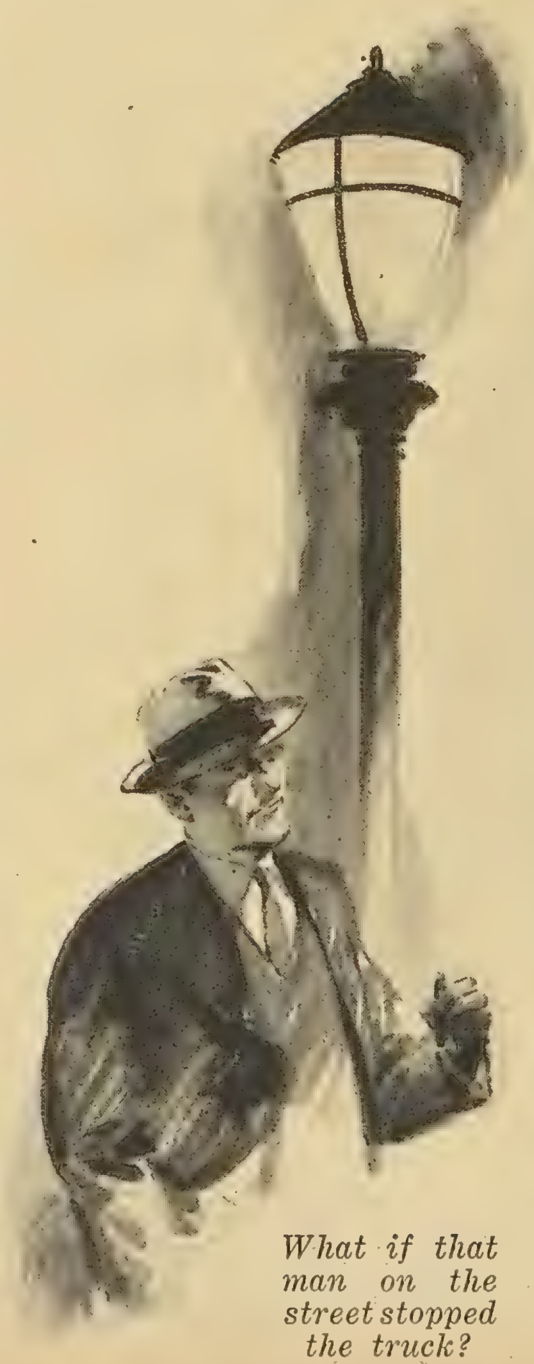
“Wild as a buck!” she said firmly. “Look like to me ef you'd bringed him up right he wouldn't all de time be gettin' in trouble. Look like all yo' chillun gives you trouble, or moves off somewhere where you don't know whut dey gettin' into.”

“YOU don't know nothin' about it, Lula,” said Cindy. “You don't know nothin' at all. Maude ain't moved away.”

“Well, I hope she don't have no cause to, but you can't never tell whut's comin' next. How she gettin' on workin' in dat hotel?”

“She doin' fine,” said Cindy proudly, feeling happy as she thought of her youngest. “She's comin' here late dis afternoon time she gets off. I don't reckon you kin stay long enough to see her.”

“Naw, I ain't stayin' in Thursday for no white folks! Whut Miz Ramsay ever done for you? I wouldn't take nothin'—”



What if that man on the street stopped the truck?

In the midst of these brave words the swing door opened, and Mrs. Ramsay came in with a handful of yellow jonquils. She was smiling. In spite of the impending dinner she could not help feeling happy because of the spring day, and her becoming new hat, and the thought that her own jonquils were beginning to shoot up like little yellow flames along the border of the front walk. She nodded to the two servants.

“Good evening, Lula. Isn't this a real spring day? Here, Cindy—just get me that green glass vase.”

“Oh, ain't dem pretty!” said Cindy, going to get the vase. Lula bridled.

“Dey sho' is! Cindy tell me you gointer have a party tonight, Miz Ramsay. Does you want somebody to come in en kinder help serve? 'Cause ef you does—”

Mrs. Ramsay shook her head, smiling but decided. She did not like Lula, who tried to put “ideas” into Cindy's head.

“No, thank you, Lula; I already have Ida engaged to come in at six. There, that looks pretty, doesn't it? Is that Mr. Hugh I hear coming downstairs, Cindy?”

Cindy listened.

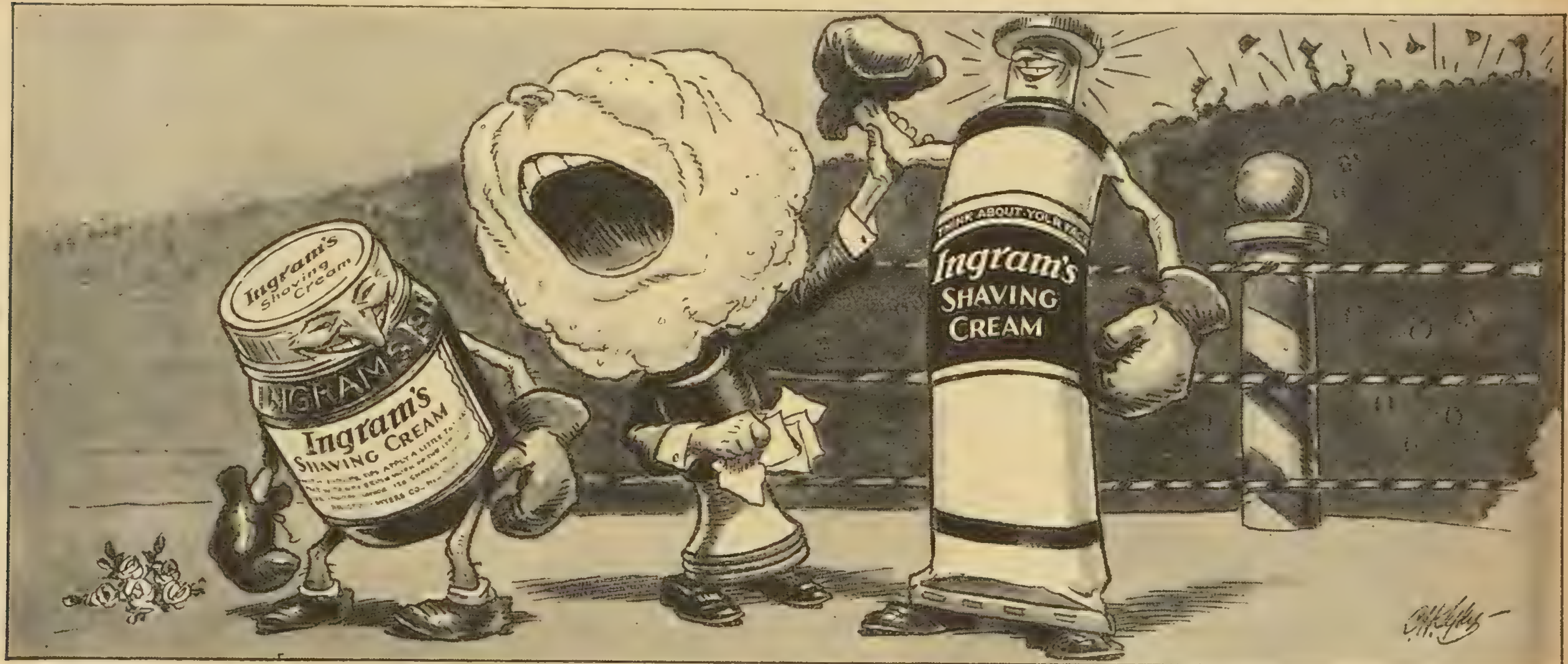
“I don't hear nothin'—but I heared him come in a little while ago.”

She turned to the sink to wipe the wet bottom of the vase, and Mrs. Ramsay saw that her big hand was shaking. Poor old thing, what was the matter with her now? Something was on her mind, and this was the very time that all her attention would be needed. She mustn't fall down on this dinner.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

the Winner

OF THE HOT FIGHT ABOUT COOL SHAVES!



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VIRGIN ISLANDS, Herbert Grigg.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

As Cindy turned with the vase she started violently.

"Lawd, Mr. Hugh! You scared me, comin' in so quiet!"

"You must have a guilty conscience, Cindy, jumping that way."

"Nawsuh, I ain't done nothin' wrong, Mr. Hugh." She saw him looking about restlessly. "Here's a match—wait till I wipes my wet hands."

Hugh leaned against the sink and struck the match on the side of his trousers before he bent his head to light a cigarette. A lock of black hair fell over his forehead. As he blew out a cloud of smoke he looked up, and between him and his mother sprang a quick smile, like light. Anyone could have seen it and felt happier. Cindy smiled a little. Mrs. Ramsay felt so glad and reassured after the worries of yesterday and today that tears came in her eyes. There was nothing really wrong with her son. He never meant to do any harm. Why couldn't Arthur see?

"Listen, mother. Dad says I've got to come to this dinner tonight."

"Just for a little while, dear; just long enough to be polite. You can excuse yourself the very minute dinner's over if you want to."

He wrinkled his nose.

"Aw, but, mother! The gang's going out to Tony's to dance, and I don't want to sit here all night and listen to that old duck chin about how the store ought to be run."

"Oh, darling, don't some of those boys carry flasks?"

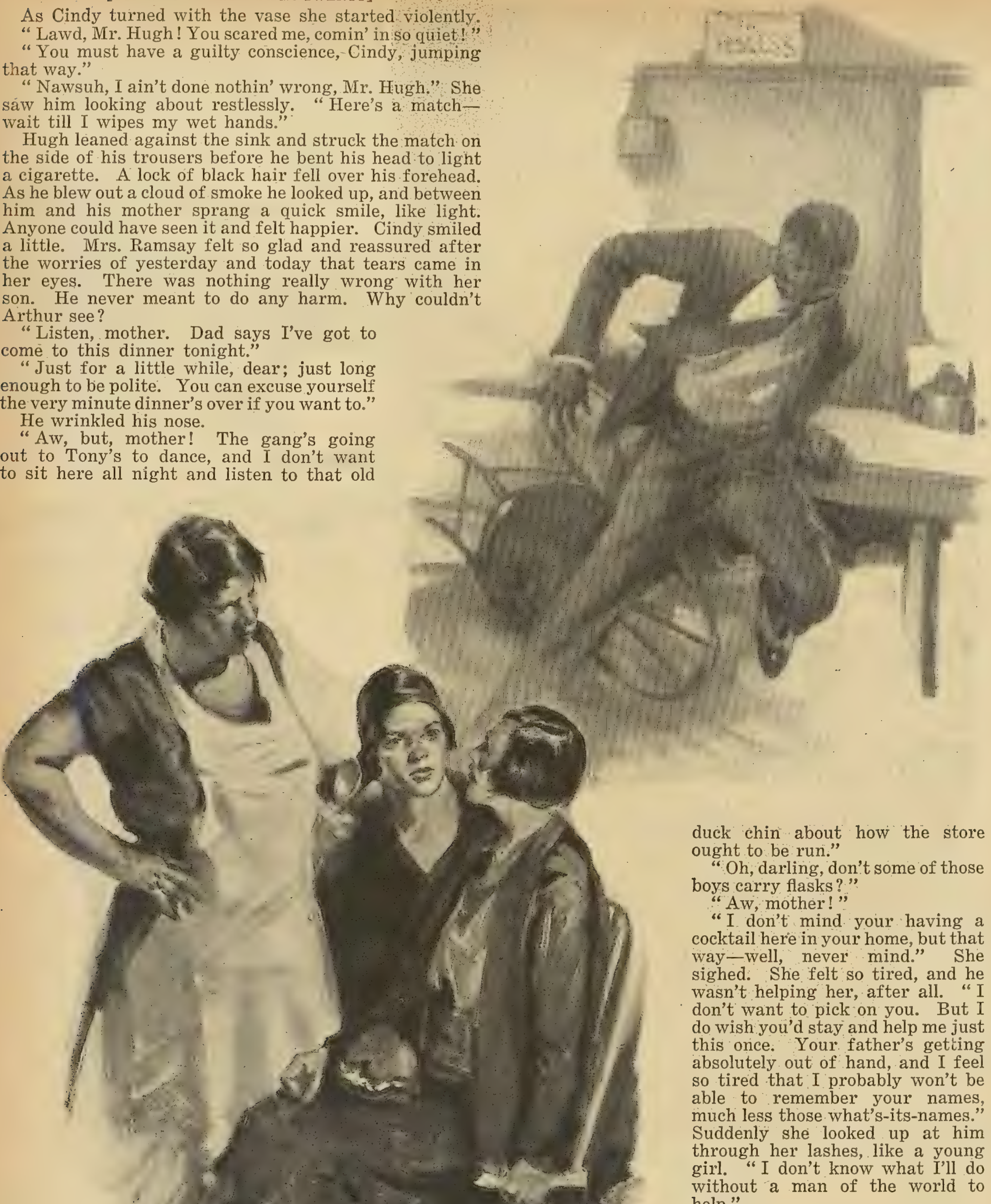
"Aw, mother!"

"I don't mind your having a cocktail here in your home, but that way—well, never mind." She sighed. She felt so tired, and he wasn't helping her, after all. "I don't want to pick on you. But I do wish you'd stay and help me just this once. Your father's getting absolutely out of hand, and I feel so tired that I probably won't be able to remember your names, much less those what's-its-names." Suddenly she looked up at him through her lashes, like a young girl. "I don't know what I'll do without a man of the world to help."

He gave her an astonished look, and burst out laughing. He came over to where she stood and took her by the chin.

"Hand him a line like that, and you'll get through the evening. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, mother? Making big eyes at me and coaxing, all the time that you're laughing up your sleeve. Well, this time!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]



"En soon as he drawed his razor on Jim he runned away."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

"You'll stay, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll stay, but it's only as a favor to you because I've known you so long, and all. You'll not find sons every day who do this, let me tell you. I hope you appreciate it."

"Oh, I do!" She took his hand. "All the same, you'll be getting a better dinner than you would at one of these old road houses; won't he, Cindy?"

"Yes'm," answered Cindy almost inaudibly, through stiff lips. Oh, what was the matter with her?

"Do you want me to wear my tux?" asked Hugh. "We may as well do the occasion up right if we're going to do it at all."

"Yes; dress up for them and give them a real treat. You look so handsome in it, so—what is it you young people say?—so smooth."

Hugh laughed at his mother's modern slang, and put his arm around her. They left the kitchen together, taking the vase of jonquils.

Cindy stood looking wistfully after them for a moment, then turned sharply and took the top off of the double boiler to look at the rice. Her eyes shot swiftly from Lula's mournful face to the window. Why didn't she go on to that singing? Mrs. Ramsay was lucky, the way all white folks were lucky, because she could bring her troubles out in the open. She didn't have to hide her son in a little hole like a wild animal, and be afraid to look at people because she might give herself away, and feel her heart jump up in her mouth every time she saw a man pass on the street, up and down.

Matthew had come to her last night instead of to his wife, scared nearly to death for all his cool manners. At this remembrance a wild happiness leapt beneath Cindy's fears. They'd get him away, some way. She had telephoned the news to Maude that morning in frightened whispers, and Maude had promised to be thinking hard all day. Maude always kept her promises. Maybe Joe—steady, stammering Joe who wanted to marry her—would think of something. But maybe it was best not to tell anybody.

She roused herself. What was Lula saying now?

"Look!" cried Lula, peering out of the window. "Yonder come Hattie. I thought sho' she'd be down to de singin', but I reckon— Howdy, Hattie. I heared you had trouble—"

"Sit down, Hattie," said Cindy gravely. She had never liked her son's wife, but she had kept it to herself; and there had been such peace between them that sometimes Hattie came to her mother-in-law with her troubles. And there had been plenty—Matthew out of a job and in debt, or mad because his wife was sick again, and refusing to let her go to her home in the country that she loved.

HATTIE sat down and bent to unstrap her tight shoes. She was a frail, light-colored woman with all the kink taken out of her hair. It was shiny, like horsehair. She had become so used to bad health and bed that she was never quite dressed, never quite buttoned and bound into her clothes. Holding a big iron spoon in her hand, Cindy stood and watched with distrust that bent, shining head, that drooping mouth, as she answered Lula.

"Yes, ma'am; I done have plenty trouble; but dat ain't no mo'n you kin expect—I ain't had nothin' else ever since me en Matthew got married."

"You ought to be 'shamed to talk dat way!" said Cindy, running water angrily into the sink. "Matthew always made good money, en bringed it home to you till you commenced gettin' sick all de time, en mopin' en moanin' round de place."

"Kin I help it when I feels po'ly?" demanded Hattie. "Look like don't nobody care ef I live or die. En now dem policemans come astin' me where Matthew gone to. Act like dey don't believe nothin'."

"Whut you tell 'em?"

Hattie raised her head with slow defiance and looked her mother-in-law straight in the eyes.

"I ain't tole 'em nothin'. I don't know nothin' *to* tell 'em. Come bustin' into de house en wakin' me up—scared me so I didn't know whut I was sayin' part de time. Dey had dat man Lee wid 'em—de one dat run de resteraw. He show 'em where me en Matthew live. He tole 'em dat Matthew come into his place last night lookin' for trouble right from de start."

The three women bent closer together, a dark, listening circle.

"En he ain't look long befo' he find it. It was Jim, dat boy dat waits on de table. Whenever dey orders anything 'spensive like chicken, Jim go back to de kitchen en tell 'em just as soft, 'Chicken.'"

She paused.

"But when dey orders somep'm cheap like hot dawgs, Jim just don't move. He stand right dere at de table en holler out real loud, '*One hot dawg!*'"

Hattie made the room ring. The circle quivered and broke.

"My goo'ness, Hattie, don't shout so loud!"

"WELL, dat's de way he did to Matthew last night, en Matthew was settin' out to act big befo' dat high yalla gal, Mamie Rivers—I knows him. Lee say she was in de resteraw last night. So when Jim hollered out de order she laugh out loud, en Matthew didn't like it much. So he say somep'm to Jim, en Jim say somep'm back at him, en Matthew say somep'm back to Jim, en fust thing you know dey was wrastlin' all round de room, back en fo'th. Knocked ober two tables en smashed up dishes—Lawd! En den Matthew draw out his razor en cut him one swipe—right across his th'oat!"

For a moment her gold tooth flashed proudly, for she was as excited by the story as the other two. But now an ominous note crept into her lowered voice.

"En soon as he drawed his razor on Jim he runned away—ain't nobody at de resteraw know where. I thought mebbe he come here. But de fust thing I knowed about it was after I was in bed last night—knock! knock! on de do', loud enough to break it down. I gets up en opens it, en dere was two big policemans!"

"Whut dey say?"

"Well, one of 'em comes up to me en say, 'Now we know you got him hid—where is he?' He say, 'We already seed him come in, so ain't no use you hidin' him.' Let on like dey already seed him, tryin' to scare me. For a while dey act like dey wouldn't believe me, no matter whut I tole 'em. En so finally I say, 'Nawsuh, I swear to God he ain't round here!' En den I tole 'em me en Matthew is parted."

"Parted!" cried Lula.

"Yes, ma'am. Look like it ain't no use us tryin' to stay wid each other no longer. I goin' back to de country to live wid my auntie dat wants me—like I was doin' when Matthew took en made me marry him en come here. I goin' back. You kin tell Matthew ef you sees him."

"How I gointer see him when he's runned away?" cried Cindy angrily. "Well, I don't know whut to say to you, Hattie; I sho' don't. When I was young peoples didn't go round gettin' di'vo'ces en quittin' each other whenever dey took a notion. Dey stayed by one another den, good times or bad. 'Whom God is joined—'"

Hattie looked away uncomfortably. She had never been able to stand up to her mother-in-law; she couldn't even help liking her. Even now she didn't want to hurt her if she could help it. What could she say?

After a moment of thought she rose to her feet and shuffled into her shoes.

"Well, me en Matthew is parted," she repeated stubbornly. "You kin tell him ef you sees him. Look like—well—" she broke off and turned away from Cindy. "Is you goin' to dat singin' at our church, Miss Lula?"

Lula heaved herself up from her chair.

"Yes, chile; you come en go wid me—it do you good. Time we on our way now." She opened the door. "Good-by, Cindy; things sho' do look bad. Lemme know ef anything else happens."

"Good-by," said Hattie very low, but Cindy clattered a pan and pretended not to hear.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

Clean inside-well outside!
THEY LOOK IT
and
so can You!

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NOT even a tumble bothers you, when you are full of vital joyous health! Lucky people who have discovered the simple, natural way to keep well! Do you want to know how they do it?

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health

Remember two things, if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results over night. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

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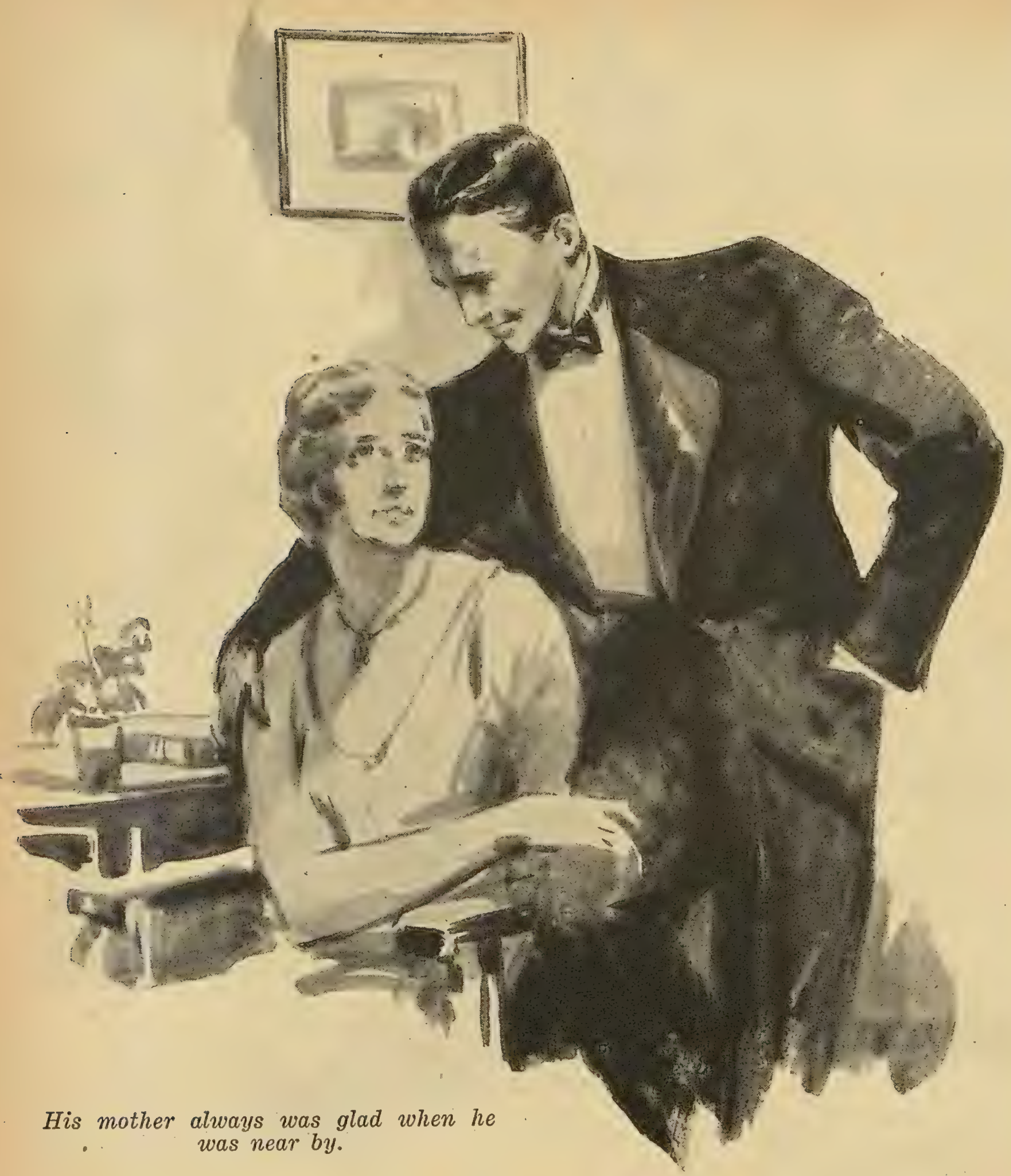

His mother always was glad when he was near by.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

"Good-for-nothin', stuck-up thing—quittin' Matthew when hard times come! Well, he ought to be glad to get shed of her."

She stood and watched the two women until they had limped away in their tight shoes. As they passed out of sight the dread, the loneliness, came and took her by the throat again.

"Dat man done pass de house three times," she mumbled. "Oh, God, lemme get him away from here! Don't let 'em catch him! He didn't mean no harm."

SHE set plates on the kitchen table and put the hearts of lettuce in them. Then she began to cut up celery and tomatoes in little white and crimson cubes for the salad. Trying to hum to herself, gripping the knife, she paused while she worked to listen. What would they do to him if they caught him? The clock ticked on, the water fell from the faucet, drop by drop. . . .

It was nearly five now, nearly time for Maude. Joe, the grocery-truck driver, wouldn't be free to drive her here, the way he did sometimes. It would take her twenty minutes by the street car to get here from town if she was lucky, ten minutes to walk from the car line.

She had finished the salad, and now there was nothing to do but listen to the clock.

At twenty minutes past five Maude hurried in, still in her neat black working dress, breathless from running up the hill. Her eyes flashed with excitement.

"Listen, mamma. Joe say he think mebbe he can get Matthew away from here. Is he still here?"

"M-hm. I kept de do' locked all day, en he ain't moved. Whut Joe gointer do?"

The front-door bell clashed through the house.

"Oh, Lawd, wait till I answers de bell—wait a minute."

MR. RAMSAY had forgotten his key again, and stood scraping his feet impatiently on the mat, getting ready to ring again. As she let him in Cindy pitied him for his worried face. She had to smile to herself as he threw his hat down on the hall table that she had dusted and straightened that morning. She moved it. The white folks had to be looked after first, she supposed; their troubles seemed to be more important. And they were so helpless.

"Cindy, be sure you have the lemons and things ready for me in the pantry in half an hour," said Mr. Ramsay. "I'm going upstairs and dress first. Is Mrs. Ramsay upstairs?"

"Yessuh. Look, Mr. Ramsay—ain't dem jonquils pretty?"

"M-hm." He looked at the green glass and yellow flowers, not seeing them. "Be sure you have the lemons ready, Cindy. In half an hour."

"Yessuh."

She ran back to the kitchen. Maude was gulping down a glass of water from the sink, still breathless. The running water muffled the sound of her voice as she began to speak breathlessly.

"Listen, mamma. Me en Joe thought of a way we mought get Matthew 'way from here—but it gointer be awful hard. Is dat man still watchin' de house?"

"I reckon so. He pass by ag'in just a little while befo' you came. We could have had Matthew out of here long ago ef it hadn't been for him. Whut does you en Joe think you kin do?"

Maude lowered her voice.

"You'll have to help too. Matthew oughtn't to come here last night. Well, anyway, Joe thought mebbe he could drive dat grocery truck down in de back yard right to de basement. Ef we could get Matthew in de back wid de groceries, mebbe Joe could drive off down de road befo' dat man stopped him. Den he could take him to his folks in de country tonight. Kin you think of anything else, mamma? It's a big rist for Joe to run." The mother and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

She thought:
"Nice boy—but 'B.O.' makes you impossible."
Yet, to be polite, She said:
"I'm terribly sorry—but I won't be in any night this week."

Girls liked him at first

. . *but couldn't forgive "B.O."*

(*Body Odor*)

SHE HATED to turn him down again. He was good-looking, agreeable, just the type she liked. But . . . "B.O."—*body odor*. No, she couldn't overlook *that*.

Fortunately he discovered his fault later and the simple way to correct it. Today he's well liked—welcomed everywhere—engaged to the very girl who once thought him "impossible"

• • •

"B.O."—we *all* need to guard against it! Even in cool weather, when we don't realize we're perspiring at all, pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily.

We become so used to this familiar odor that we don't notice it in ourselves—never suspect we are offending. But the least trace of "B.O." is instantly apparent to others.

Why take chances—risk unpopularity—when it's so easy to be safe? Just wash and bathe with Lifebuoy, the delightfully refreshing toilet soap millions love. Its mild, abundant, *deep-cleansing* lather purifies pores—ends all "B.O." worries. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—which you'll quickly learn to love and which vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

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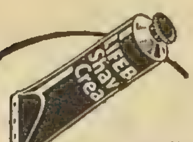

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Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor—

THEIR SONS
Continued from page twenty-six

daughter looked wildly at each other, and slowly Cindy shook her head. Suddenly Maude began to tremble.

"Oh, my God, but I'se scared!" she cried.

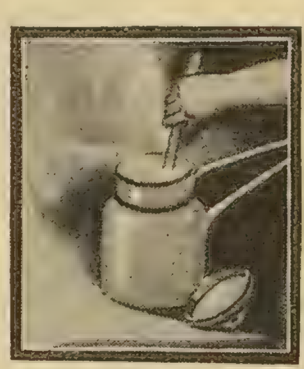
"Go 'long, gal, don't be scary!" said her mother briskly. "I 'preciate Joe doin' dis for us. En we has to do somep'm quick, 'cause I couldn't keep him hid down yonder one mo' day widout Miz Ramsay findin' out. When Joe comin'?"

Maude set the glass down on the sink with a clatter.

"Dat's where you has to help. He kin come ef you orders somep'm from de sto'—dey'll send him wid de order. Dat's de only way he kin get out wid de truck. Is Miz Ramsay got anything to order?"

"Naw—whut you think she gointer order dis time of day?" said Cindy scornfully. "She done had all her marketin' in by nine o'clock. I'll have to order somep'm. Lemme see."

Standing in the middle of the floor and twisting her apron in locked hands, she tried to think. Her lips moved, her eyes became fixed. The rush of thoughts and the pretenses, the interruptions and hurry of the day, had beaten her brain almost numb. Suddenly her face cleared.



"I know. You wait here, Maude—I'll be back in a minute."

Furtively she padded into the hall, her eyes on the stairs; then, with a quick backward glance, she darted into the telephone closet. What was that number? She fumbled the leaves of the directory, spelling out the names to herself. Before she could find it the number jumped back into her confused brain; she remembered. Her voice was so low as she spoke into the transmitter that the operator made her repeat it.

"Hello! Is dis Mr. Collins? Dis is Miz Ramsay's cook. I say dis is— Yessuh, dat's right. Cindy. Mr. Collins, Miz Ramsay didn't get no lettuce dis mawnin'. I forgot to put it on her list, en she's havin' a party tonight. Kin you send me a good head right away? Yessuh. Send it C. O. D. Nawsuh, don't put it on her bill. All right. Thank you, Mr. Collins. Good-by."

She slipped the receiver back on the hook. What if Mrs. Ramsay had picked up the receiver of the extension upstairs and heard her? Suppose they sent that other boy instead of Joe? What if that man on the street stopped the truck? She could see him, looming suddenly out of the shadows of the street and saying with curt authority, "Here! Wait a minute, you!"

She mustn't start thinking like that. She had better try to get her mind on the dinner. The next moment she burst into the kitchen, flapping her apron.

"Lawd, I ain't got dem lemons ready for Mr. Ramsay! En he always do everything sooner'n he say he is. Maude, don't look so scared! S'posin' de white folks saw you lookin' like dat? You go en put dat tray of glasses on de pantry shelf."

OUTSIDE the spring day was just beginning to turn dark, and the crickets beginning to cry. It was too dark to see the street except just under the light. She was almost calm as she squatted before the refrigerator on the floor of the back porch. She wouldn't think about Matthew again till Joe came. Lemons—one, two, three, four—the lattice door banged. She started, and one lemon leapt from her hand and rolled to the feet of the extra maid, who was standing in the door.

"You dropped somep'm," Ida told her. She did not stoop to help, but stood and watched while Cindy crawled like a crab to pick up the lemon. She stood up, panting and laughing.

"Howdy, Miss Ida. You lookin' mighty well. Come in en have off yo' hat."

"No; I'll go right up to your room and put on my uniform." She paused and looked at Cindy, as if wondering how far she could go. "Den dere won't be no need for you to even go in de dinin' room at all. You kin just stay in here en cook."

For a moment Cindy scowled. That was just like Ida! She wasn't even going to let her see the visitors or hear them talk. She'd a good mind to tell Ida— Then she bowed her head, beaten. She had forgotten that she was too tired and worried to enjoy the party anyhow. But she gave Ida a dark look.

"You talk mighty biggety now," she said to herself, "but you wait till next time when I ain't got somep'm on my mind. I ain't through yet."

Aloud she said, "All right, go on up. You knows de way to my room."

She kicked the door shut after the maid. Maude had put the tray of glasses on the pantry shelf and returned to the kitchen. With her hat still on she was sitting at the table, sitting very still and watching that little place on the street under the light. Cindy took the lemons to Mr. Ramsay, who was already waiting in the pantry, dressed for dinner, and tapping his foot impatiently.

"That's right, Cindy—here. Now bring me some ice."

She cracked ice and brought it to the sink to wash. Under the faucet it slipped coldly between her hands into the bowl. She took it to Mr. Ramsay, and after she had handed it to him she came back to the kitchen, frowning and wiping her wet hands on her apron. Everything was going to happen all at once now. Kneeling on the floor, she opened the oven and looked in. The delicious smell gave her a little comfort, but she really didn't know what she was doing.

Maude spoke hoarsely.

"Ef Joe—!"

"Hush yo' mouth! Mr. Ramsay mought hear you in yonder. When Joe comes in wid de truck, you stay in here en keep Ida from lookin' out en seein', you hear?"

IN the pantry Mr. Ramsay had finished mixing and was shaking the ice in the shaker—clink! clink! She stirred the rice in the big double boiler. Every grain must be white and separate, not gummed together. Wasn't Joe ever coming?

The door opened and Ida slipped quietly into the kitchen. She was dressed: neat black uniform, little white apron, tiny white cap, and stiff little smile. She was a perfect maid. She stood by the door and looked coldly at Maude.

"You seed my gal Maude when you was here befo', didn't you?" Cindy introduced them. "Did you find everything all right?"

"Yes, all right." Ida turned and looked over her shoulder as she heard a soft rush of wheels in the drive. "Whut dat comin' down de drive?"

Cindy looked.

"Oh, dat's de grocery truck. Sit down, I'll go."

But her feet wouldn't move. Joe was here, and this was the minute she had waited for so long. Why didn't she do something? Everything was coming at once now, and she was too scared to move.

Then her eyes met Maude's, and she saw that she was getting ready to keep Ida busy, putting aside her own fears. This roused Cindy. She plunged through the kitchen door and down the back stairs almost into the truck.

"M-m-m—" stammered Joe out of the dark.

"Here, Joe—drive up a little closer. Up to de basement do', ef you kin. Kin you?" She watched while he drove three feet forward. "Dat's right."

"All r-r-right?" asked Joe, leaning out and looking at the back wheels.

Now she forgot to be afraid. Her next movements were as simple, as automatic, as if she had been getting dinner. Her hand did not shake as she unlocked the washroom door, and pushed it open a little. For a few seconds she saw nothing but blackness. Then, with a little sharp gasp of fear, Matthew jumped to his feet.

"Dat's all right, son. It ain't nobody but yo' ma. You's been asleep, ain't you? Keep still. You don't want to bring Mr. Ramsay down here after you, does you?"

She laughed quietly, to reassure him. She wouldn't think of that man, marching back and forth, until Matthew was in the truck.

"Listen to me, Matthew. Joe done brought his truck right down here by de do'. All you has to do is step right in de back, en keep still till he gets you down de street, en tonight he'll take you to his family out in de country. Ain't Maude smart to think of dat? You kin stay dere en lay low en catch de train for Dee-troit. You kin wait a few days till dey stops watchin'—"

"But kin he— All right, mamma."

He answered her gently, like a little boy who depended on her to do everything for him. As he stood there pulling on his coat, screwing up his eyes and blinking at the light, he looked so young that she almost weakened again. She was letting him go. Nobody knew when she would see him again.

"Now, son, be careful—"

What could she tell him? What had she wanted to say?

"I don't reckon Joe's family has heard about you—en dat waiter Jim. Joe'll tell 'em somep'm. Here's some money."

She slipped a few bills into his hand, all she had except what she was keeping out to pay Joe for the lettuce. Matthew came to the door and patted her awkwardly on the shoulder.

"Well—good-by, mamma. Take care yo'self."

She clutched his sleeve.

"Matthew—you gointer do right ef—when you gets away from here, ain't you? You gointer be good—"

"Yes, mamma; I'll turn over a new leaf soon as I gets away from here. I didn't go to do no wrong."

"Co'se you didn't! Policemans ought not to hunt po' colored folks around en scare 'em to death. Dey always comes out better when you leaves 'em to deyselves. Dat waiter—he'll be all right."

For a moment he rocked her in his arms. He must go now, or that man out on the street would get to wondering and stop the truck. He stepped in and softly closed the doors.

"Be careful, son!" she whispered. "Here, Joe, here's de money for de lettuce."

If he got past that man on the sidewalk he would get away safe! She felt it in her bones. But if he didn't! Oh, why had she let him go? That man would come up, and stop them.

"Oh, God, please get my po' boy out of here!"

Slowly, slowly, the truck began to turn in its tracks, backing almost to the garage and going forward again, until it was pointed up the drive. . . .

THE Ramsays had almost finished dinner, and while she made serene conversation with her guests Mrs. Ramsay began to relax. The dinner had been good. Mr. Fleckring seemed to enjoy southern cooking. How many hot rolls had he eaten? Cindy certainly could make buttermilk rolls. Cindy again.

Well, everything else had gone beautifully. Now everyone was talking freely, and she could glance at her husband. He was satisfied and calm, proud of her and their son, and even more proud of himself.

She leaned forward and spoke softly to Hugh while the others were turned away.

"Hugh, if you'd like to excuse yourself now and join your friends it will be all right. I don't want to make you late!"

He shook his head and whispered back, "No, I got out of that all right. I'll stay all evening."

For Hugh, who never did things by halves, had been the greatest asset to the party. He had been charming and deferential, handing cocktails and cigarettes, neither shy nor bold, just nice, unspoiled, and boyish. She could almost hear her husband saying after they had gone, "Why can't you be like this all the time?"

She mustn't let him say it and spoil their beautiful evening. Now Hugh was making Mrs. Fleckring laugh. He hadn't bragged once about his sporty friends nor of how much they could drink. If only his father didn't say something patronizing and make him defiant—oh, there wasn't anything wrong with her son! When he got into mischief now and then he didn't really mean—

"You can't imagine how I've enjoyed these rolls, Mrs.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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GENTLEMEN: When we began Palmolive Shaving Cream we set up a policy that has played a major part in our success. Men are asked *not* to buy our product until they've tried it first at our expense.

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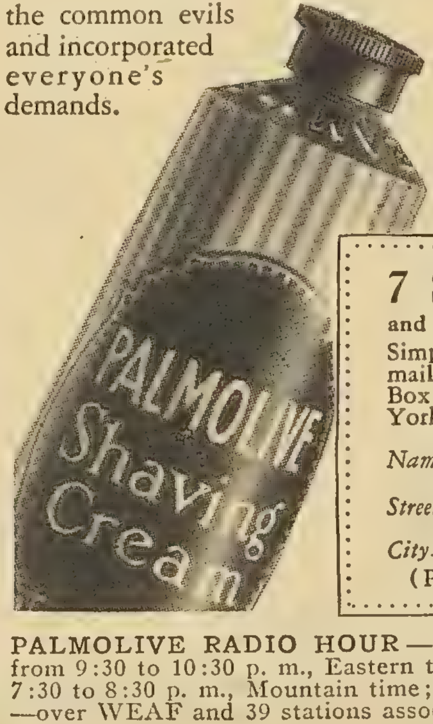

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A lovely outcast

Pleasant company always passed her by...but she never guessed the reason. She didn't know that unsightly teeth are offensive to others. And faithful brushing will never correct this condition—unless you remove the cause of stain, tartar discoloration and decay. Authorities call it Bacterial-Mouth. We all have it, and *only one* dental cream will remove it...That's Kolynos.

This new technique quickly makes Teeth Dazzling White

THERE is only one correct way to clean and whiten teeth quickly. That is the method long advocated by dentists and perfected by Kolynos...called the Dry-Brush Technique. But switch to Kolynos and judge for yourself. Use a half-inch on a dry brush twice daily.

You'll quickly discover that teeth marred by stain, tartar and decay, and denuded at their necks by receding gums, are tell-tale signs of carelessness. Teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades in 3 days! Gums will look firmer and pinker. Your mouth will tingle with a delightful, sweet taste.

Unique? Of course! There's nothing like Kolynos. When it enters the mouth it multiplies 25 times and becomes a pleasant tasting, antiseptic FOAM that permits the Dry-Brush Technique!

Aided by the dry bristles of the toothbrush this FOAM gets into and cleans every pit, fissure and crevice like no toothpaste you have ever used.

Ugly tartar is quickly dissolved. Acids are neutralized. Dangerous germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth are killed. *Teeth are cleaned down to the naked white enamel without injury.* And for 3 hours after each brushing this FOAM continues to clean teeth and combat germs.

Expect results in 3 days

Kolynos wins new users by comparison. No ordinary toothpaste can match its effectiveness. It permits the Dry-Brush Technique which keeps the brush bristles stiff enough to do the work they should do.

Introduce yourself to Kolynos. Start using it with the Dry-Brush Technique and within 3 days you'll understand why Kolynos is so popular. Get a tube of Kolynos from your druggist.

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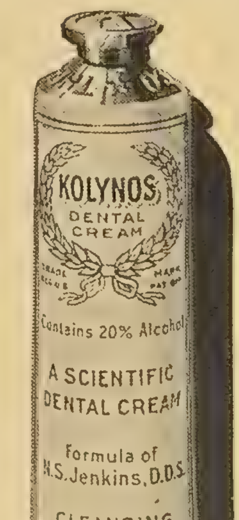


THEIR SONS
Continued from page twenty-nine

Ramsay," broke in Mr. Fleckring. "You don't get— What, Julia?"

"I said she could easily imagine by the number you've eaten," said his wife. "We've both put on two pounds tonight. If your wife were as good a provider as Mrs. Ramsay you wouldn't have a vestige of waistline."

"Oh, let me ring for a hot one. Please!"

"Oh, no!"

At last Ida had cleared away everything but the silver dishes of mints and the silver candlesticks, holding yellow candles with little flames bending softly in the breeze. But what was the matter with Cindy? She had let Ida serve the whole meal, and that showed she had no fight left in her. Usually she was so eager to see the guests. Something had been wrong with her all day; her mind had been miles away.

Was it that worthless son of hers again? He was always bothering her. Why couldn't she see he was worthless? But you couldn't expect the poor woman to be clear-eyed and calm about her son, with no prejudices, as she was with Hugh.

The swing door opened and the shortcake came majestically in. It was a miracle. It was as good as they had ever had, you could see at a glance. The red berries glistened in the whipped cream, like rubies on snow must be. Mrs. Ramsay looked up.

Above the shortcake was Cindy's happy face, beaming with the pride of an artist. She had forgotten to pin in those funny little ends of hair, but no matter! Whatever had been bothering her was all right now. Her eyes met Mrs. Ramsay's reassuringly.

The hostess relaxed with a little sigh. All was well with the household again.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Mother o' Mine

John was fond of using cosmetics. All other punishment having failed, his mother told him that he could not wash his face off before going out to play.

"What," he wailed, "go out like this and have the boys think I'm a mother?"—Mrs. R. G. Menefee, 2086 Richland Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.

* * *

How It Happened

Josephine had a pet lamb, Billie. We noticed that it showed signs of butting, but felt it would break her heart to separate them. One day she came in crying and rubbing her back and said:

"Billie ran up behind me and forgot to stop."—Mrs. R. L. Farmer, 451 Bluemont Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Manners for Men

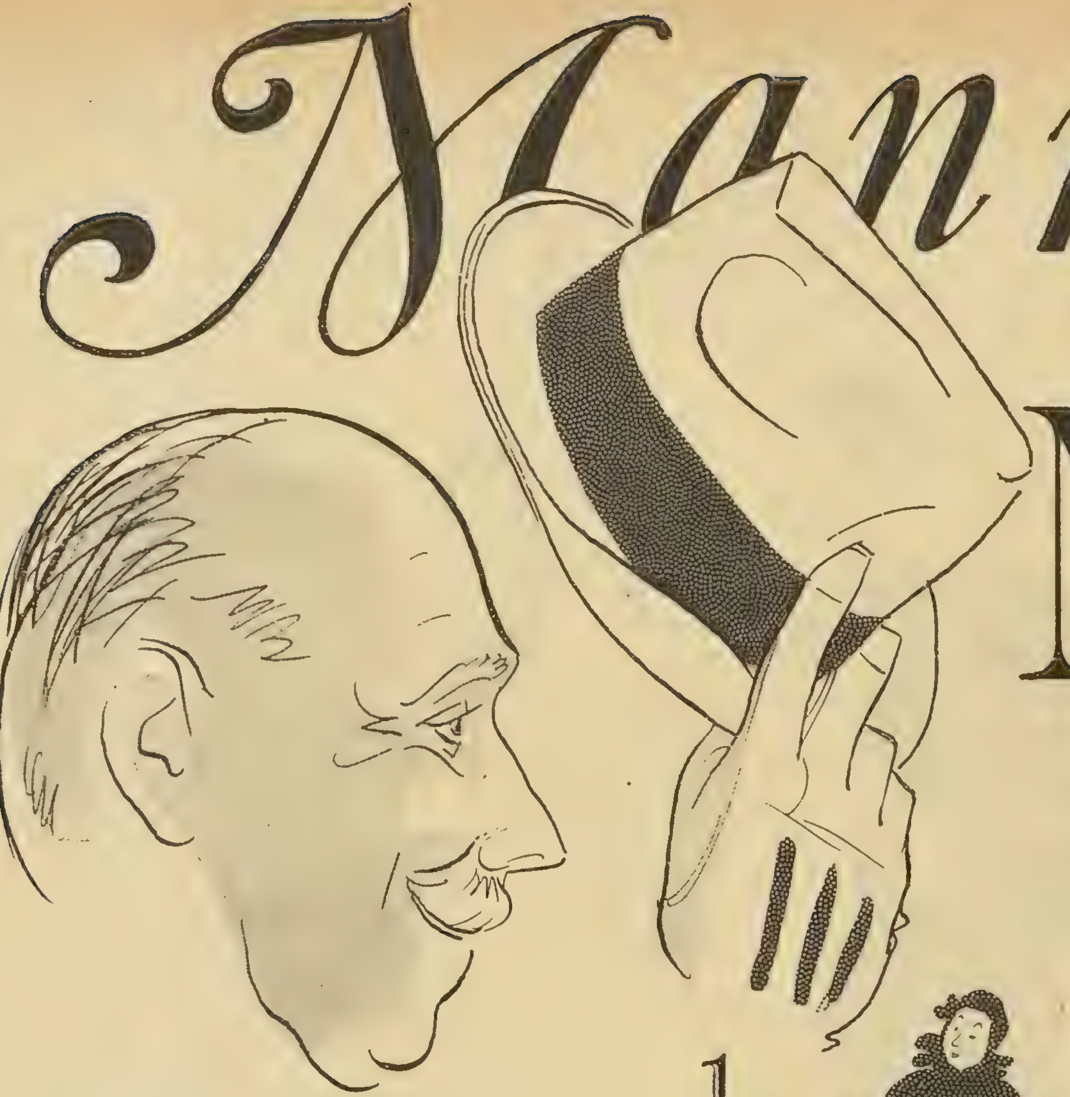
In Which the Lordly Male Is Spoken to More in Sorrow than in Anger

By

HELEN HATHAWAY

an authority on the variegated problems of behavior, who lectures at private schools and before women's clubs, writes on that subject and others for magazines, and is the author of a new book, What Your Voice Reveals. After her graduation from Vassar in 1918, she taught dramatics and manners in a fashionable New York school before turning to writing.

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE



Under certain circumstances it is obligatory for a man to tip his hat—

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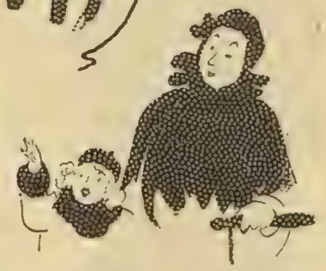

For example, meeting his small daughter.

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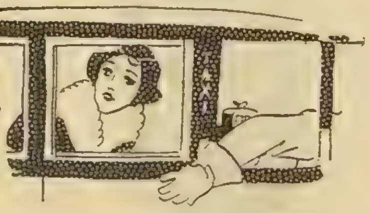

Joining or taking leave of a woman.

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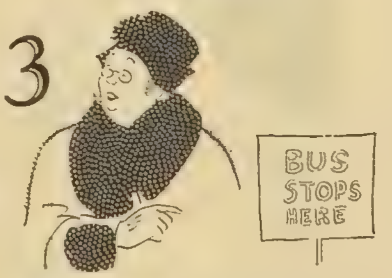

When he is spoken to by any woman.

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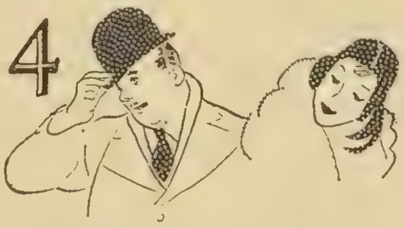

Meeting a man accompanied by a woman.

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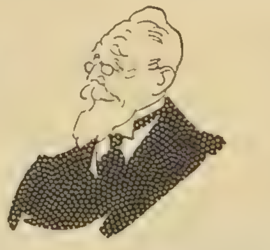

Meeting or leaving an elderly man.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 8 seconds.)

A THIRD of my correspondence, asking questions about etiquette, is from men. In response to a recent magazine article a dozen or more of them wrote me. A young man from rural Vermont, a Paris hotel clerk, a real estate dealer in Nebraska, the manager of a travel bureau in Hawaii, a prospective bridegroom from Connecticut, a rancher from the Philippines, a mounted policeman in Montana, a man who owned a poultry farm in upper New York, and an old gentleman of seventy who lived in Florida, were among them.

The Vermont youth had met a city girl "on his own camping ground," as he expressed it. He was to visit her in New York and was anxious about the frilly requirements involved in ordering a meal at the Ritz with the nonchalance of a man about town. The rancher, who had been exiled in the Philippines since his graduation from college, was coming back to the States, and he wanted to know about the changing styles in etiquette, so that when he arrived in San Francisco he wouldn't appear socially out of date. The man who kept chickens asked if he should wear a Tuxedo at a poultry banquet.

Not only are men interested in their own manners, but women are deeply concerned as to how they should act in situations in which men are involved. When the boy friend takes her home from the movies should she invite him in, or abandon him on the doorstep? is the query from one. How should she introduce her husband? is the information sought by another. And the man who is losing sleep trying to figure out just how courteous he may be to an attractive secretary without rousing her hopes for a wedding ring is matched by the business girl who asks how familiar she may permit a handsome boss to be, without offending him.

Now to get you men in a receptive mood and soften the criticism I feel I must make, I shall begin by telling you that the American man is the most considerate in the world. He is kindness itself at heart, a devoted husband; an overindulgent father —in fact, in all his personal relations he has the men of other nations beaten a mile. But he is careless to the point of crudity about little things. And we women don't like it. We are idealistic and what we crave is a Prince Charming. We are æsthetic too, and want an American with Chesterfieldian manners.

WE want you to harmonize with our interior-decorated houses, our de luxe motor cars, and our chic clothes. And when we don't get manners in keeping with the other luxuries you heap upon us we are bitterly disappointed.

That you are "short on manners" as a result of thoughtlessness, rather than intention, is obvious, because it is in such small details that you fail. But curiously enough it is the little things that are so important to women. And we really like you ornamental as well as useful and here are a few small courtesies that will add to your attractiveness.

Tipping and removing the hat are essentially man's prerogatives. They are the two

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social gestures he does not share with women. Except to take it off at the theater or a concert where she removes it at the behest of the law, a woman goes around at all times with her hat glued to her head. But in the case of a man it is not only part of his wearing apparel, but a vehicle through which he may express his gallantry. And the etiquette pertaining to it is very exacting.

Under certain circumstances it is obligatory for a man to tip his hat—and by tipping it we mean not just pecking at it, but lifting it completely from the head—

First, when he meets or passes any woman he knows—and this includes even his small daughter and the housemaid. In either of these cases this is not a gesture wasted, but a courtesy worth the trouble. A young daughter adores such a father; and the maid thinks twice before giving notice to such a really polite employer.

Second, whenever a man joins or takes leave of a woman in a public place he lifts his hat.

Third, when speaking or being spoken to by any woman, whether she be friend or stranger.

Fourth, in acknowledging the courtesy another man pays to a woman with him.

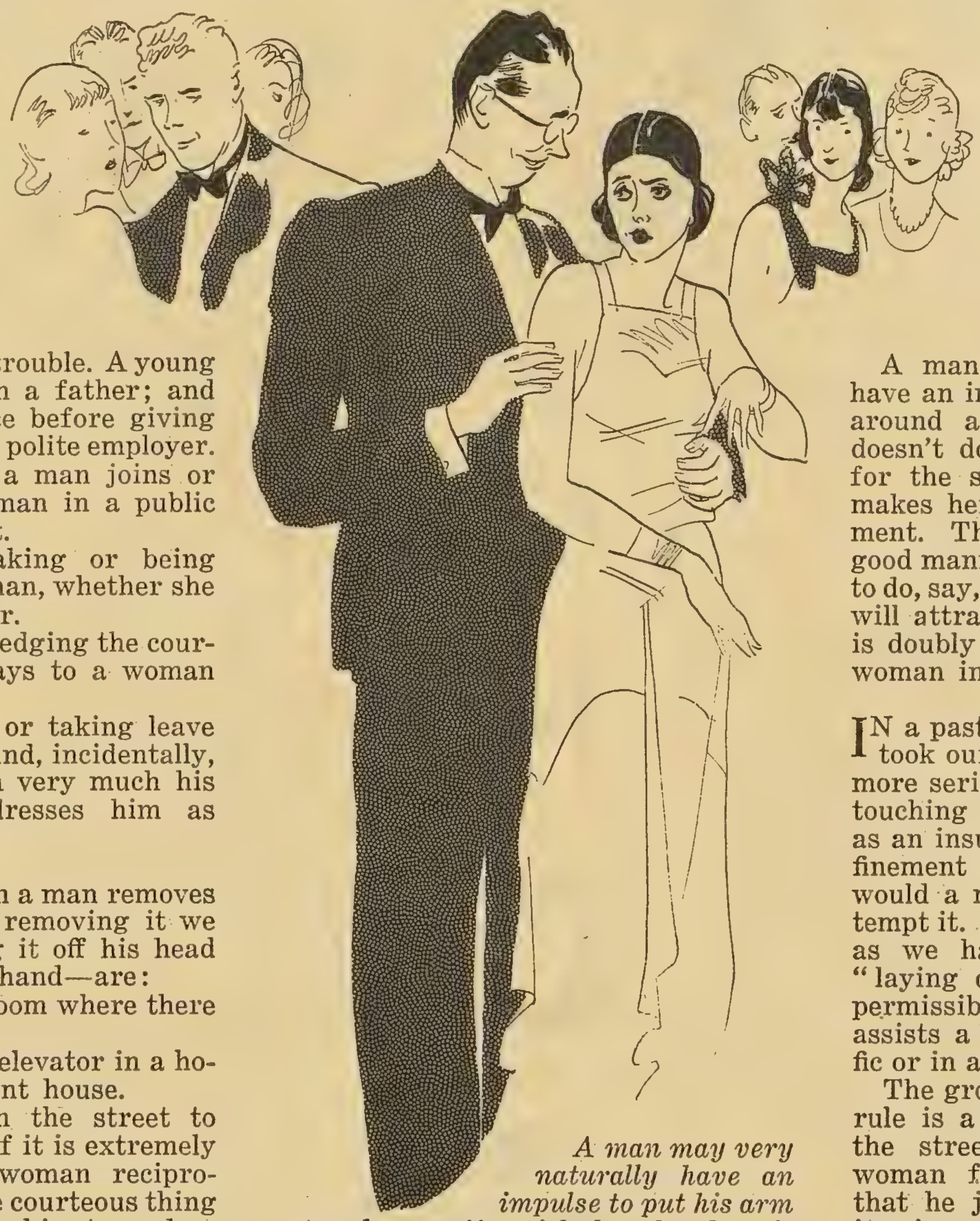
Fifth, in meeting or taking leave of an elderly man. And, incidentally, in the case of a man very much his senior he also addresses him as "Sir."

THE occasions when a man removes his hat—and by removing it we mean actually taking it off his head and holding it in his hand—are:

When entering a room where there are women.

When entering an elevator in a hotel, club, or apartment house.

When stopping on the street to speak to a woman. If it is extremely cold, however, the woman reciprocates with what is the courteous thing on her part, and begs him to replace it at once. Unless, of course, she is a heartless creature who wouldn't care if he caught pneumonia as the price of being polite to her.



A man may very naturally have an impulse to put his arm around a pretty girl, but he doesn't do it in a public place.

A man takes off his hat and holds it when the flag is passing or when the national anthem is being played. He pays the same deference to the flag and anthem of a foreign country. Our remissness in this respect was noted by many observers when the arrival of the French transatlantic flyers at Roosevelt Field was shown on the talking screen. There was plenty of shouting and there were phrases of welcome like "Great work, Coste!" and "Attaboy, Bellonte!"—but not an American hat was raised when the French tricolor fluttered in the breeze and the strains of the Marseillaise brought tears to the eyes of the aviators who had flown from Paris without a stop.

As a last tribute of respect to a distinguished person whose funeral cortège is passing, the hat is always removed.

There is a strict etiquette for men about smoking, even now when the majority of women have joined the ranks of the smokers, and think no more of a "puff in public" than of nibbling a sweet out in the open—which was once considered bad mannered.

Where "no smoking" is requested a gentleman never "lights up." If he meets a woman on the street or in a hotel lobby, he removes his cigarette from his lips before he lifts his hat.

When he stops to talk with a woman or walks along with her he does not smoke.

Greater than all the other crimes of omission and commission of which a man is guilty, is the one which makes a woman conspicuous in public.

A grand dramatic scene is always furnished in the movies when a man slugs another on the street because the lady with him has been annoyed, but the really correct procedure in this situation is to get the lady away from the scene of trouble as quickly as possible and then return and punch the other fellow's face if his actions warrant it.

A man may very naturally have an impulse to put his arm around a pretty girl, but he doesn't do it in a public place for the simple reason that it makes her the subject of comment. The alpha and omega of good manners in public is never to do, say, or wear anything that will attract attention, and this is doubly true when there is a woman in the case.

IN a past generation, when we took our manners and morals more seriously, such a thing as touching a woman was classed as an insult. No woman of refinement would permit it, nor would a man of good taste attempt it. And even now, liberal as we have grown, the only "laying on of hands" that is permissible occurs when a man assists a woman through traffic or in and out of a vehicle.

The grossest violation of this rule is a man's walking along the street hanging on to a woman for no reason except that he just feels like indulging in a familiarity which he has no right to force on her. On the other hand, if she wants to take his arm and be hauled along, etiquette permits her to do so, because she has precedent for her behavior in the decorous custom of elegant old-fashioned elderly women who walk to church on Sunday morning clinging to the arms of their silk-hatted escorts.

Don't touch—much less paw, or fondle—a woman in public, is a very good rule for any man to remember.

When and how to give his arm to a lady is more perplexing to many a man than the more momentous question of taking a girl's hand in marriage. And if he has been asked to be an usher at a wedding the disposal of his arm becomes terrifying. Shall it be the right or the left? A centipede with his hundred legs has far less trouble managing them than a man has directing the activities of his two ordinarily tractable arms. And if three women arrive in the same party, he feels woefully short on equipment.

But if he keeps his head an usher's arms will remain under control. On the arrival of a woman guest he offers his arm—either the right or the left—whichever is the more convenient—takes her wrap if she is carrying one—and conducts her to a seat while her escort follows behind. If several women come together he

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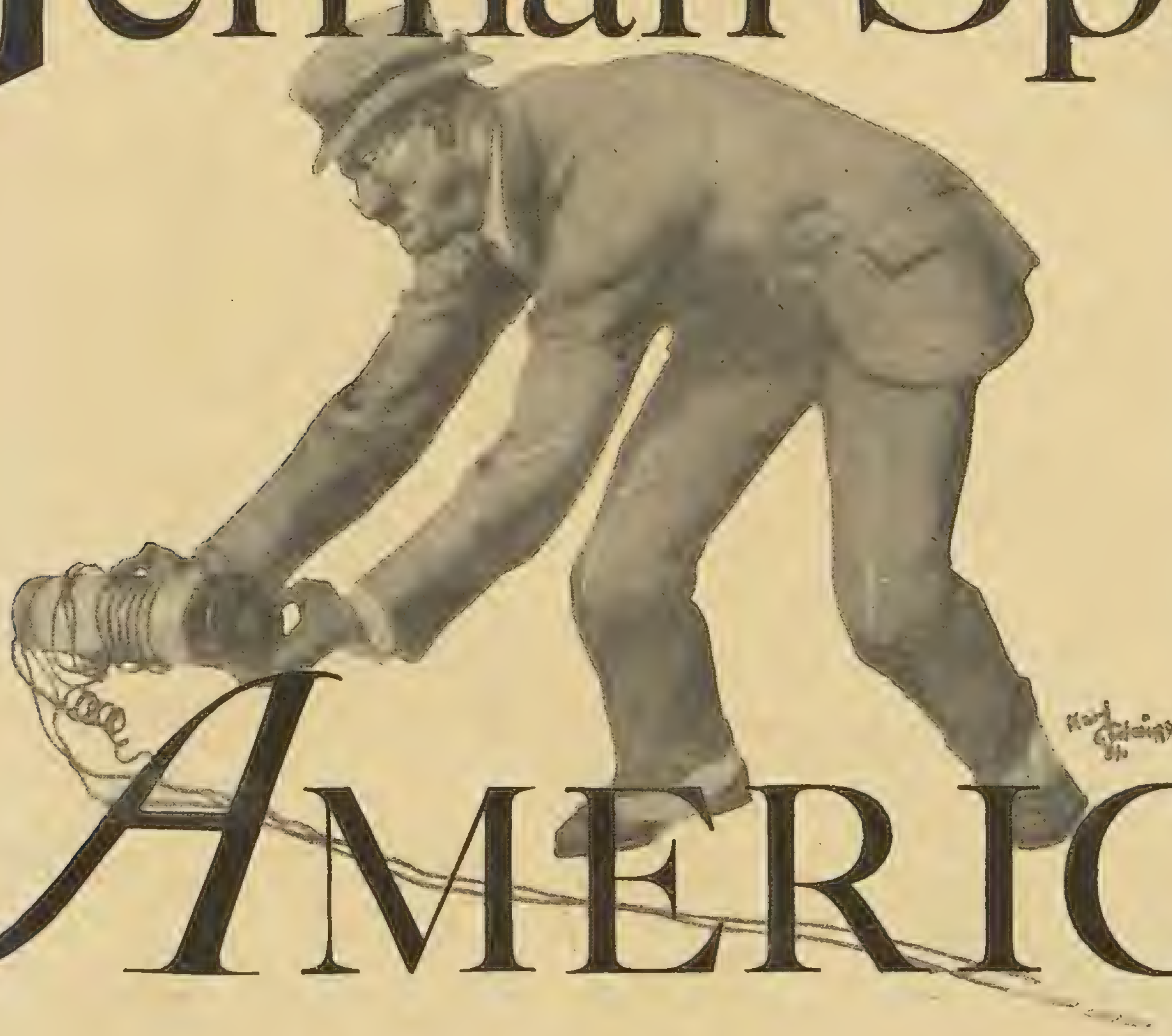
German Spies *in* AMERICA



THE TRUE ACCOUNT—now for the first time brought to light after fourteen years of research by the United States and other investigating authorities—of the workings of the German secret spy system in America from the outbreak of the World War to the entry of the United States, and thereafter.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND spent many months delving in government archives to obtain the most exciting and astonishing TRUE story of spy activities that has ever been written.

HERE are the first inside and complete accounts of the Black Tom and Kingsland explosions, the wrecking of bridges, the poisoning of animals, the introduction of influenza into this country, and other amazing phases of this undercover war—*including evidence to show that Thomas J. Mooney was not guilty.*

"GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA" BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S

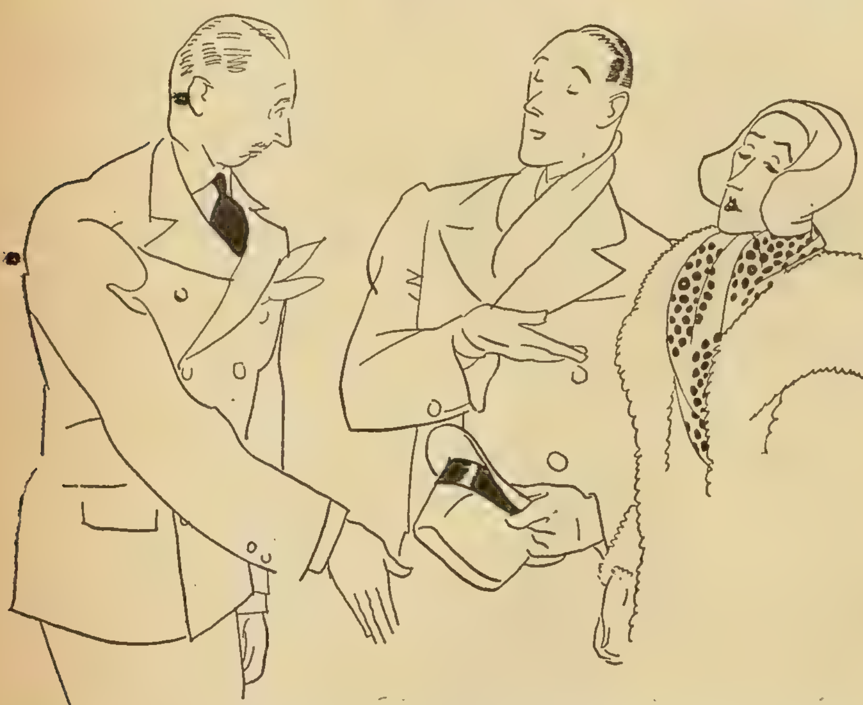
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

MANNERS FOR MEN
Continued from page thirty-two

offers his arm to the eldest. An usher flustered by his responsibility has been known to let a grandmother bring up the rear, because he could not tell from appearances the respective ages of the ladies. But the elderly woman in this instance was probably so flattered that she didn't mind the young man's breach of good manners.

At the formal dinner or banquet, the host offers his arm to the lady who is to be seated at his right, and leads the way to the dining room. With this signal each man finds his dinner partner, offers his arm, and follows in the line—the hostess and her escort coming last. At an informal dinner the man doesn't offer his arm to a woman, but walks at her side, or the entire party saunters in, the hostess and women guests going first and the men following.



A man is often left dangling in midair, not knowing what to do with his hand, while she makes up her mind.

Most men have the impression that the right arm is more important socially than the left. But this is a mistake. It ranks equally with the left—except on a very few occasions. The only times a man must have a lady on his right are when a father is taking his daughter to the altar; when the lucky bridegroom is taking her away from it. In Europe there is a saying that a woman seated at the left of a man in a carriage is "no lady," but in this country she can sit on the left in a taxi without damaging her reputation, or on the right without elevating herself socially. It just doesn't make any difference. When a man helps her into a cab she takes the far seat, and he takes the one near the right door, merely as a matter of convenience, but the places may be reversed for any reason at all.

In spite of the fact that a man can no more escape introductions than he can death or taxes, he goes through life dodging them, and if he is suddenly brought up with a round turn and is forced to introduce two people to each other he acts as if he had been placed on a hot griddle. A football captain who never falters in calling the intricate numerical signals that carry his team to victory on the striped field behaves like a tongue-tied idiot when he has to introduce the full back to a girl at the tea at the fraternity house that follows the game.

Yet any one of the formulas for introduction is absurdly simple. If you are a man of few words you can say briefly, "Miss Smith, Mr. Jones"; you can draw it out to "Miss Smith, this is Mr. Jones"; or if you are the "high hat" type, you may extend it farther to "Miss Smith, may I present Mr. Jones?" The important thing to remember, however, is the universal slogan for chivalry, "Ladies first."

In business it is superiors first. Just as in army circles you say, "General A, Major X," so, "Mr. Vice President, Mr. Office Manager," is the proper sequence. Men are very inconsistent in this respect. You can't imagine one of them preceding the president of his company into the room, or walking up stairs ahead of the general manager, but they often blunder by giving secondary place to an officer of the organization when introducing him to a salesman.

Even in introducing himself, which consists only in saying, "I am Mark Jones," a man frequently bungles by saying "I am Mr. Jones," thus crudely emphasizing his own importance.

Few men have any great difficulty in getting a wife, but many of them seem to be forever struggling with the problem of how to introduce her properly. An otherwise competent husband "slips up" when he decides to call her "the wife," "Jennie," or "the old lady" when presenting her to strangers.

To friends and acquaintances he should label her "my wife," to intimates and relatives he says, "Aunt Mary, this is Jane," and to servants and business acquaintances, "This is my wife, Mrs. Brown."

"Meet the wife" may be a good line in a play, or an adequate title for a vaudeville song, but it falls far short of what any wife has a right to expect when her husband is presenting her to an outsider.

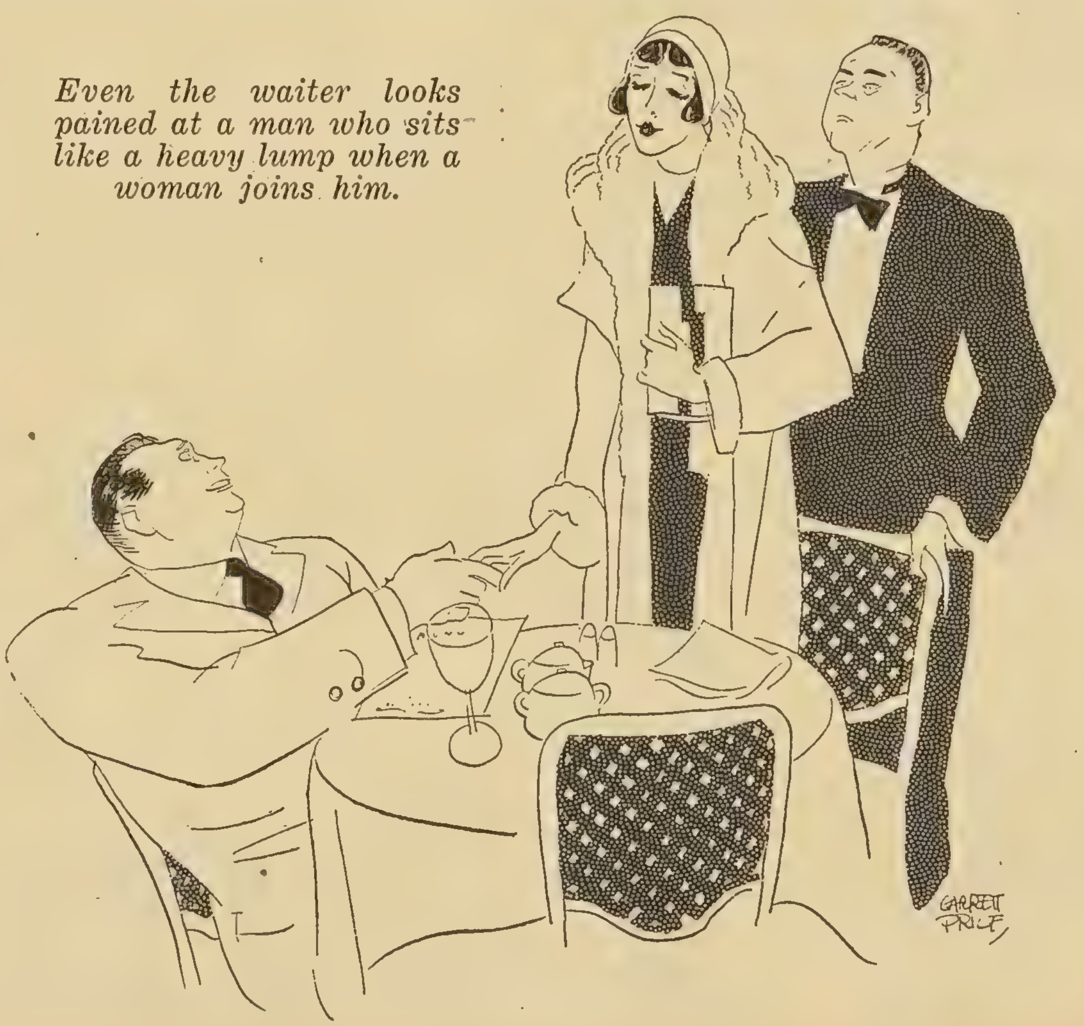
In introducing contemporaries, a certain amount of freedom is permitted, but it doesn't extend to saying, "Smith, shake hands with Jones," or "Mr. Smith, meet Mr. Jones." "Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones" is not only sufficient but correct.

Two questions connected with introductions—when to shake hands and when to rise—are as menacing to most men as fly paper is to a fly, and their flounderings when stuck are just as pathetic.

Although men are the hand-shaking sex and have plenty of practice, because they are always saluting each other with a clasp of the hand, there are few things they do so awkwardly or with less certainty when a woman is involved.

It is true that some of the embarrassment is caused by the woman. As it is her privilege to decide whether or not she will shake hands when they meet or are introduced, a man is often just left dangling in midair, not

Even the waiter looks pained at a man who sits like a heavy lump when a woman joins him.



knowing what to do with his hand, while she makes up her mind.

If after being seated at the table you are introduced to a man or woman removed from you by another person on the right or left, or to someone across the table, you should not create an awkward situation by shaking hands. Of course, if a hand is extended in acknowledgment of the introduction, you reach out and take it, at no matter what inconvenience to yourself or others. But if anything distressing happens—such as upsetting the centerpiece, or knocking off the eyeglasses of your neighbor, at least you have the comfort of knowing it isn't your fault but that of the other fellow who forced you to shake hands in order to show your own good manners.

A proffered hand must never be refused. The rule of etiquette in this matter was practically fixed when the Prince of Wales, probably for the first time in the history of royalty, shook the hand of a humble clerk who in a moment of embarrassment had extended it to him in greeting.

A MAN always rises to receive an introduction to a woman or to another man. This is one of the few etiquette rules to which there are no exceptions.

A woman also likes a man to rise whenever she has to leave the table, and to be on his feet to pull out her chair when she returns—even though she does happen to be his wife. Now, gentlemen, I grant you this doesn't mean that if your wife is playing waitress as well as presiding as hostess and has to get up several times in the course of the meal, you are to make a jack-in-the-box of yourself hopping attendance on her. Such an excess of gallantry would get on her nerves and annoy rather than please her. But suppose she is called to the telephone, she will certainly appreciate your rising, and seating her on her return. This little attention keeps her from being annoyed at the interruption, makes her crazy about you, and prevents her from comparing you unfavorably with the polite men she knows.

Nothing looks so lazy or *gauche* as a man at the restaurant table who sits like a great heavy lump when a woman joins him. Even the waiter looks pained and would doubtless like to take him by the collar and say, "Get up, you lazy lout, and show your manners, or else stay away from this high-class restaurant."

If your wife, after finishing the supper dishes, enters the living room where you are toasting your feet by the fire, the least you can do is to rise and place a chair for her. If a stranger came in you would extend her this courtesy. A very good rule for any man to follow is to be as polite to his wife as he is to the pretty woman next door.

The traffic rule with relation to pedestrians is that a woman has the right of way. In these less prudish times she precedes a man up the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

COLDS
fill handkerchiefs
WITH
GERMS

boiling water fails to kill them!

A handkerchief used during colds is unfit to be used again.

Avoid Reinfection
Use Kleenex disposable handkerchiefs

NOW comes dramatic proof of the importance of Kleenex during colds. Scientific tests show that these delicate tissue handkerchiefs may materially check the number of colds, and their duration.

For these authoritative tests prove conclusively that washing fails to kill the organisms associated with colds. This means your handkerchief may be a source of danger. Even after washing, it may hold the organisms Streptococcus, Staphylococcus, the deadly Pneumococcus and Micrococcus Catarrhalis.

Use Kleenex—then discard

When you use Kleenex, there's no possible danger of reinfection from handkerchiefs. You use Kleenex just once. Then you discard it forever. Germs are discarded, too.

You'll value the greater comfort of Kleenex. The tissues are exquisitely fine and soft. They are marvelously absorbent—seeming actually to soothe the tender, inflamed skin. There's no chance of irritation, as from the damp, soiled handkerchief. Kleenex is an economy, too—the cost is less than that of laundering.

The beauty use for Kleenex

These absorbent tissues are said by beauty experts to be the only safe and sanitary way to remove creams and cosmetics. They lift every trace of dirt along with cleansing cream and save your towels from cosmetic stains and grease.

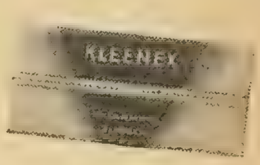
Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . or send the coupon for a generous sample free.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

Kleenex Company,
Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a trial supply of Kleenex.

L1-2

Name.................................
Street.................................
City.................................*State*.................
In Canada, address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.



FEEL MEAN?

DON'T be helpless when you suddenly get a headache. Reach in your pocket for immediate relief. If you haven't any Bayer Aspirin with you, get some at the first drugstore you come to. Take a tablet or two and be rid of the pain; take promptly. Nothing is gained by waiting to see if the pain will leave of its own accord. It may grow worse! Meantime, you are suffering needlessly.

There are many times when Bayer Aspirin will "save the day." It will always ease a throbbing head. Quiet a grumbling tooth. Relieve the nagging pain of neuralgia or neuritis. Check a cold. Even rheumatism has lost its terrors for those who have learned to depend on these tablets.

Keep Bayer Aspirin handy. At home, and in the office. Carry the pocket tin as insurance against colds. Gargle with Bayer Aspirin at the first suspicion of sore throat, and reduce the infection. Look for Bayer on the box—and for the word Genuine in red. Genuine Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart.

BAYER ASPIRIN

BAYER

MANNERS FOR MEN
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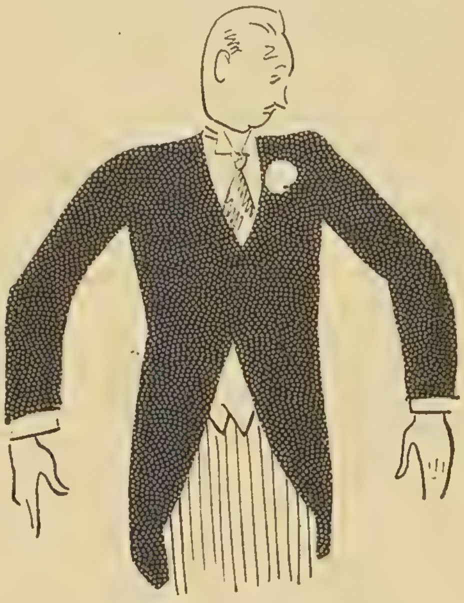
stairs. In the good old days, when to show an ankle was a crime, the order was reversed, and she stood modestly aside and permitted him to mount the stairway first.

In entering an elevator a man lets a woman go ahead of him, but in leaving it he steps out first, because he is nearer the door. This is a place where good manners give way quite rightly to expediency.

In entering a street car a woman also goes first, and the man gets off before she does to assist her in alighting. But this does not mean that he lifts her off as if she were a helpless cripple, or that he should translate this slight service into an embrace.

It is still the custom for a man to rise and offer his seat to a woman in a crowded street car. But in some of the large cities, like New York, the subway slogan seems to be "To the victors belong the spoils." And although I am an etiquette teacher I see no reason why the tired business woman should have a seat in preference to the equally tired business man. After all, he has paid for a place to sit as well as she, and it is a case of first come, first served. But I certainly think a man is a boor who doesn't give up his seat to an elderly woman or one with small children. And if he does see fit to part with it to a pretty girl, he should be generously thanked. I don't blame him for being furious if she flounces into it without a murmur of thanks and leaves him hanging to a strap.



Shall it be the right or the left?

WHEN a woman is the guest of a man, there is no question as to who pays the fare. He always does. But if he meets her by chance and has the coin ready, he includes her fare with his own, and she accepts the courtesy with a brief "Thank you" and doesn't argue about it.

A young woman undecided as to what is correct in the matter of paying her railroad fare writes, "I am invited to the university Prom. Am I supposed to pay my own fare on the train?" She certainly is. A young man's obligation doesn't begin till she reaches the college and if he is so "sunk" that he can't wrench himself away, and accompanies her back to town, she pays her return fare—just as he pays his.

A man will often ask, "When I am invited for a week-end, and meet by chance at the station a woman who is to be a guest at the same house party, should I pay her fare?" Most assuredly not. And I consider the girl who lets him do it something of a gold digger.

A question which a man very frequently asks himself when he receives an invitation for a week-end visit is, "Should I take a present to my hostess?" and the one that bothers him when he is ready to depart from her hospitable home at its close is, "Shall I tip the servants?" It isn't necessary, nor does a hostess expect a present, but it is a graceful little attention to remember her with a box of candy, a carton of her favorite cigarettes, the latest novel, or an order of flowers. As to tipping the servants, many hostesses object to it. But if you happen to know yours doesn't mind, and there is a chauffeur or a butler in her ménage, you may slip them the "one or two spot" that will endear you to them when you appear again. As a rule, a man doesn't tip the maids, however.

Good manners and money, besides being involved in paying a woman's fare and tipping the servants, are also to the fore when a man is confronted with the details of his own wedding. While the bride's parents shoulder most of the financial burden that their daughter's trip to the altar entails, there are, nevertheless, a few obligations that the bridegroom must assume. He must pay for the license, the wedding ring, the clergyman's fee, a gift for his best man and ushers, the bride's bouquet, and, if he isn't broke by that time, it is a thoughtful stroke to send a corsage to his mother and to his prospective mother-in-law.

More than one bridegroom has put this question to me, "I'm to be married in the evening. Can I wear a tux?" Most certainly *not*. Neither the bridegroom, his attendants, nor the men guests should ever appear at an evening wedding in a Tuxedo. If the wedding is informal, all the men wear dark sack suits. But if it is formal—with the bride in white satin, veil, and orange blossoms, all the men in the wedding party, as well as the guests, must don tail coats. For a formal day wedding, whether morning, noon, or afternoon, a man wears a cutaway. And with it always goes a bow tie, an ascot, or a gray four-in-hand. If spats are worn, they should be gray or buff. The more correct is a silk hat, but a derby is quite all right. A man wears a swallowtail—or clawhammer, as it is variously called—at the opera, a formal dinner, banquet, or ball, but at the theater a Tuxedo is proper unless he is going on to some formal affair afterward.

A letter came to me the other day from a woman who said she had bought her first evening gown, for which she had been longing for years. It was a lovely orchid taffeta, with silver slippers and everything else to match. "But," she wrote, "my husband won't buy a Tuxedo, though he can well afford it. Is it all right for me to wear my new dress to the theater and for dinner and dancing even if he goes in a business suit?" I wrote her to wear it by all means. But I felt like writing to her husband also, to tell him for goodness' sake to invest in a Tuxedo, because when a woman is dressing in evening clothes a man should wear them also. Besides, in this case, to have him correctly dressed would have probably given his wife the thrill that was coming to her after waiting thirty years for a party dress.

A MAN with well tailored clothes and irreproachable luggage will let himself down in the eyes of the hotel clerk and the bell boys if he doesn't know how to register properly after making an impressive entrance into the lobby. "John Jones, Philadelphia," is all he should write to identify himself. But you'd think data for a Who's Who was required from them, some men give so much information about themselves. There should be no honor title—not even Mr. before the name—nor should the street address of his home city appear after it. There is one exception to this rule, however.

A doctor in the middle west, who had just obtained his degree, wrote to ask me how he should sign a hotel register, and I learned on making inquiries at one of the best hotels in New York that the managers preferred a doctor to use his title so they could address him properly.

If a man is accompanied by his wife he should register for both. Hotels do not require individual signatures as banks do. The names appear "Mr. and Mrs. John Jones, Philadelphia," not "John Jones and wife." This latter form he reserves for his chauffeur or valet.

Don't sign the register in such an illegible hand that it takes a writing expert to decipher it. If the bell boy makes you furious by calling you Mr. Brown when your name is Snow, it is probably your own fault.

On signing letters the question of legibility is one of courtesy. It is an imposition for a man to scrawl his name at the end of a letter, so that the person to whom he has written has to waste his precious time trying to make it out. The only man who is justified in appending a signature that looks like the merry meanderings of a fly after he has taken a dip in the ink bottle is the one whose secretary types a duplication of his name underneath.

In all business letters—and social ones as well—unless they are intimate, a man signs his given name in full—eschewing initials. It is "John Manners," not "J. Manners." The prefix Mr. is never used to sign a letter, but

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your 5¢ can buy a Whole Lunch!

Planters
SALTED PEANUTS

Chicken Salad on Bread (CALORIES 189) 40¢

1 *bag* PLANTERS (CALORIES 208) 5¢

The Nickel Lunch

MR. PEANUT
REG US PAT OFF

To get Mr. Peanut's paint book for the children, send us 10 empty Planters bags or wrappers from Jumbo Block.

There is so much food value in peanuts that a 5c bag of *Planters* Salted Peanuts contains more calories than a helping of chicken salad and 3 slices of white bread.

But the chicken salad and bread would cost 40c at most restaurants, while *Planters* Peanuts cost 5c.

That's why *Planters* Peanuts are called "The Nickel Lunch."

Here is concentrated food value packed in with concentrated goodness, that keeps you trim and fit. First, only big Virginia Peanuts, top-notchers of the crop can bear the *Planters* Brand. Then, *Planters* has learned ways to toast and roast those whopping peanuts so as to bring out the last atom of flavor . . . learned how to keep them fresh and crisp . . . learned how to blanch and salt them to a Queen's taste.

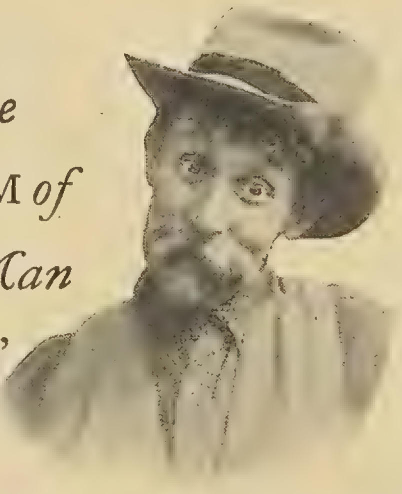
Be sure you are buying Planters Peanuts. Look for "Mr. Peanut" on the familiar glassine bag. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Toronto, Canada

PLANTERS
PEANUTS

Continuing a New Series by the Famous Author of "The Specialist" and "I'll Tell You Why"

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist tells about the REFORM of "Old Man Wheeler"



NEVER was a meaner feller than old man Wheeler. Sharpened the stumps so his hired hands couldn't sit down. Worked one wife to death an' married another. All the wimmin folks sez it wouldn't be two weeks till she dropped a powder in his coffee or torch murdered him. Sez if she did you couldn't git a jury in the county to convict her.

Well sir, two weeks went by an' he not only was alive but was seen to grin now an' then. Another week an' he was whistlin' at dogs an' smilin' at little children. Dug up the poison ivy he'd planted on his west forty acres an' constructed a free picnic grounds.

History sez every great feller was inspired by some woman, an' I figger it's true in old man Wheeler's case. Instead of poisonin' him his new wife gave him some little chocolate tablets.

"Chic" Sale

THOSE "little chocolate tablets" have become famous under the name of Ex-Lax. The Ex-Lax formula combines delicious chocolate with the well known scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose. It provides this favorite remedy of the medical profession in its most pleasant and effective form.

Ex-Lax is safe and effective for all ages—non-habit forming—convenient—delicious! Ex-Lax is sold by your druggist in handy tin boxes at 10c, 25c, and 50c.

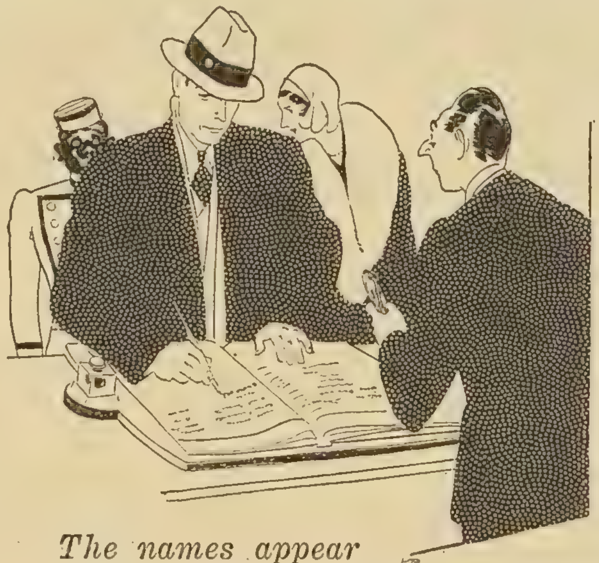
Write for Free Sample—
To The Ex-Lax Company, Dept. L-221, P.O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

MANNERS FOR MEN
Continued from page thirty-seven

in addressing an envelope its use is obligatory, unless the optional form, "John Manners, Esquire," or "Esq." is preferred. In addressing a letter to a physician, his name should be written either "Dr. John Smith," or "John Smith, M. D."

Left to his own resources in the selection of his visiting cards, a man often displays such weird taste that if he expressed himself half so queerly in the choice of his neckties he would stop traffic. If his card were being carried merely for identification, he might indulge his vagrant fancy for original effects in size, lettering, and wording. But when it is intended for social purposes, and is to mingle with other calling cards in fashionable homes, a standard style must be selected by the man who wishes to be correct.



The names appear "Mr. and Mrs. John Jones," not "John Jones and wife." And don't write illegibly.

A man's card is smaller than a woman's. Two to three and a half inches in length and one and a quarter to one and a half inches in width is the regulation size. The full name again appears here, without initials, and the "Mr." is also obligatory. Some smart stationers who are fussy about their reputation refuse to engrave a card without "Mr." appearing on it.

WHEN a father and son have the same name, the son's card should read "Mr. John Smith, Jr." or "Mr. John Smith, junior," and in the latter case "junior" is always spelled with a small "j" and in both instances a comma is inserted after the family name. Again the "Mr." is never omitted and the "Jr." is retained till the death of the father. A man's address may be engraved in the lower right-hand corner of the card. If he is a bachelor it may be that of either his home or his club, at whichever place he prefers his friends should reach him. Needless to say, calling cards are always engraved on the best white Bristol board—glazed or unglazed. And don't be stingy about the number you leave. There should be one for the hostess and one for her husband.

But more important than calling cards or when to use them is to answer your invitations promptly; arrive on time at any social affair; be agreeable under all circumstances, and coöperate with your hostess for the pleasure of even her unattractive guests.

SHE will appreciate it if at the end of the party you ask her if she would like you to take one of the ladies home. In these days of feminine emancipation, girls come to social affairs unattended, and depart alone, with no reflection on their popularity. But if you offer to go home with one of them, it will be considered a courtesy. However, if a woman lives so far away that taking her home would mean that you couldn't reach your own domicile before dawn, she should tell you frankly. A compromise in this situation would be to put her in a taxi or see her safely aboard the train.

And here is one last little tip. It is to use these good manners at home as well as in public or at a party. Your long-suffering mother, wife, or sisters will be as responsive to your courteous attentions as anyone.

If you don't believe it, ask any woman. More tears have been shed over men's lack of manners than their lack of morals. More meals have been spoiled by the family grouch than the man who fails to provide enough bacon. It is the man with the charming ways, not the good provider alone, who snatches *the* girl and leads her to the altar. It's good manners that we women fall for every time.

THE END

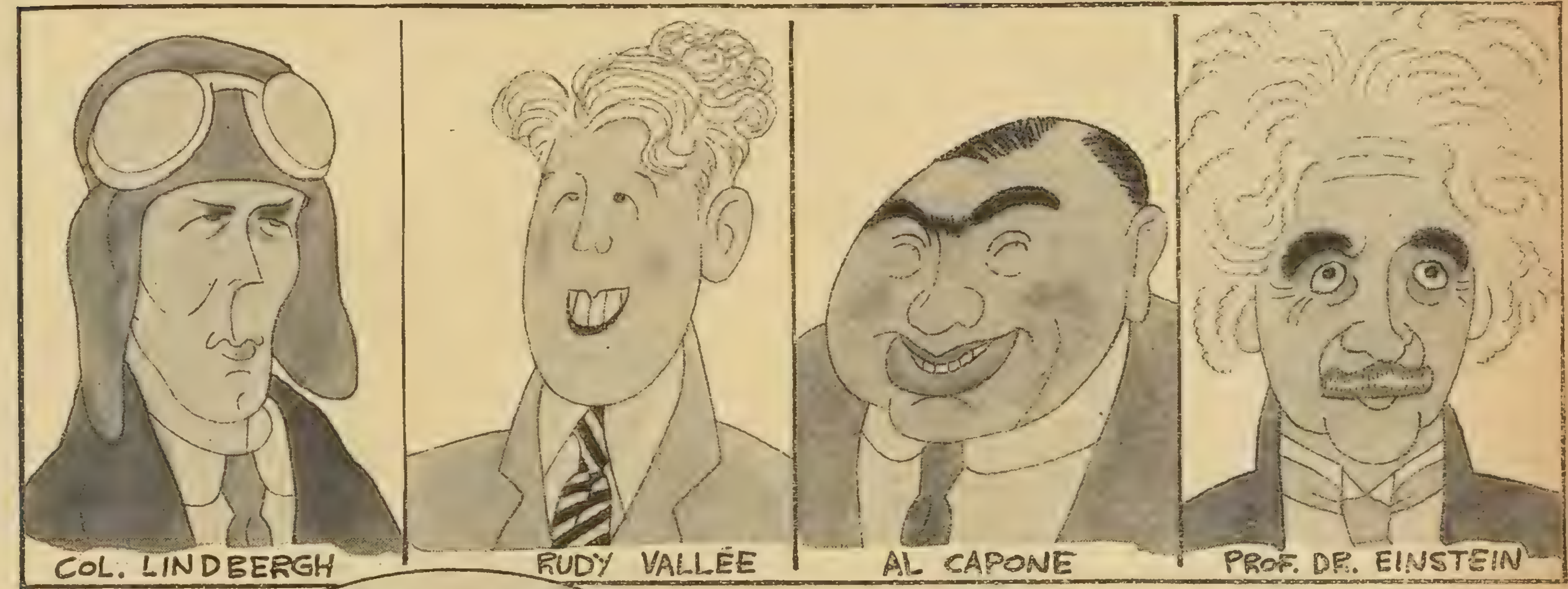
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 17

1—Mt. McKinley, in Alaska.
2—By virtue of office; with authority.
3—One hundred and twenty-eight.
4—A Russian.
5—New Orleans.
6—Amethyst.
7—One.
8—Those which have a common center.
9—Sixteenth; pertaining to sixteen.
10—Rigsdag.
11—Awkwardness; tactlessness.
12—From the name of its inventor, Charles Moncky.
13—William McKinley.
14—Strong longing for wandering or traveling.
15—Giacomo Puccini.
16—The letter E.
17—An Athenian orator.
18—Lakes Erie and Ontario.
19—Twenty-five years.
20—Gristle.

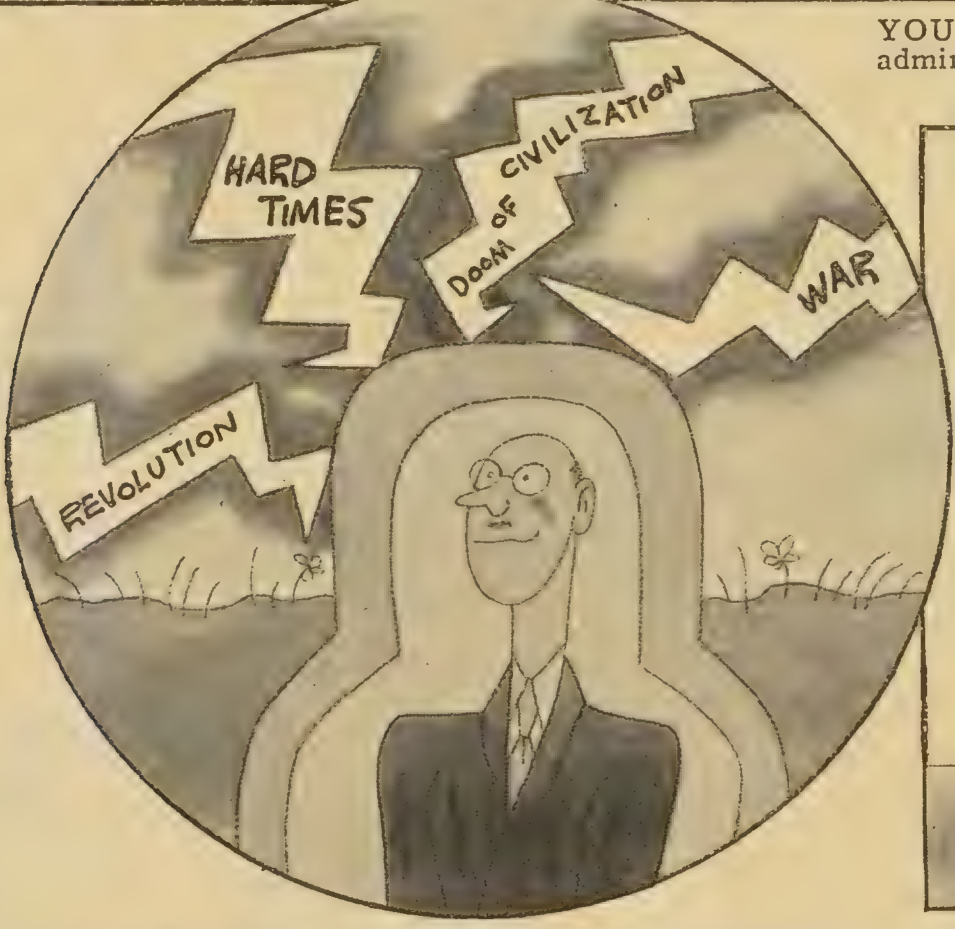
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

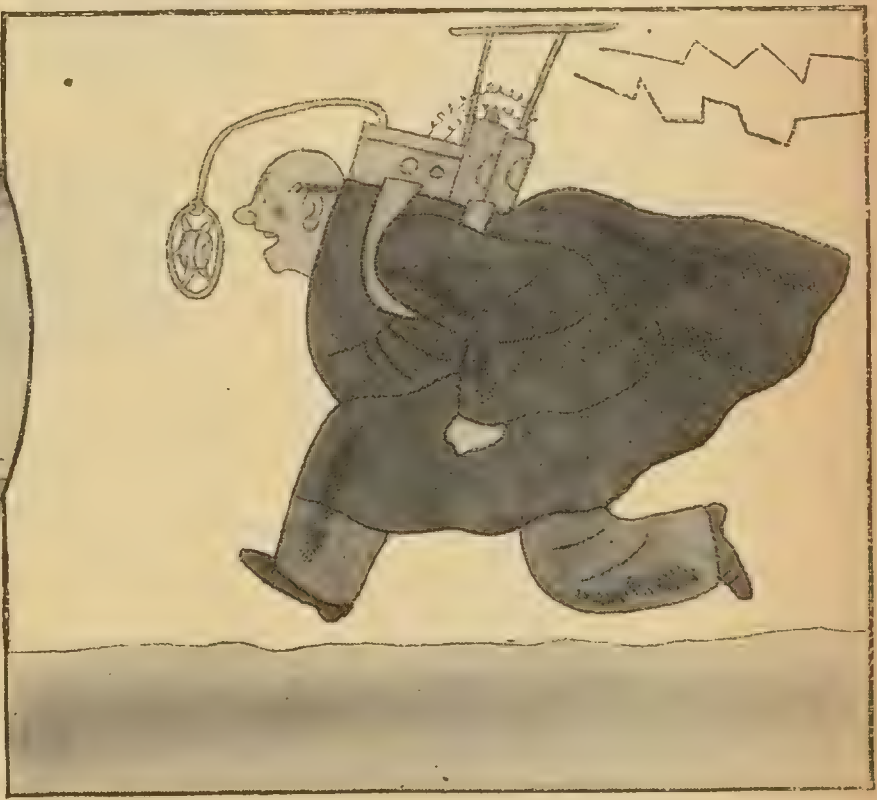
By RALPH BARTON


COL. LINDBERGH
RUDY VALLÉE
AL CAPONE
PROF. DR. EINSTEIN

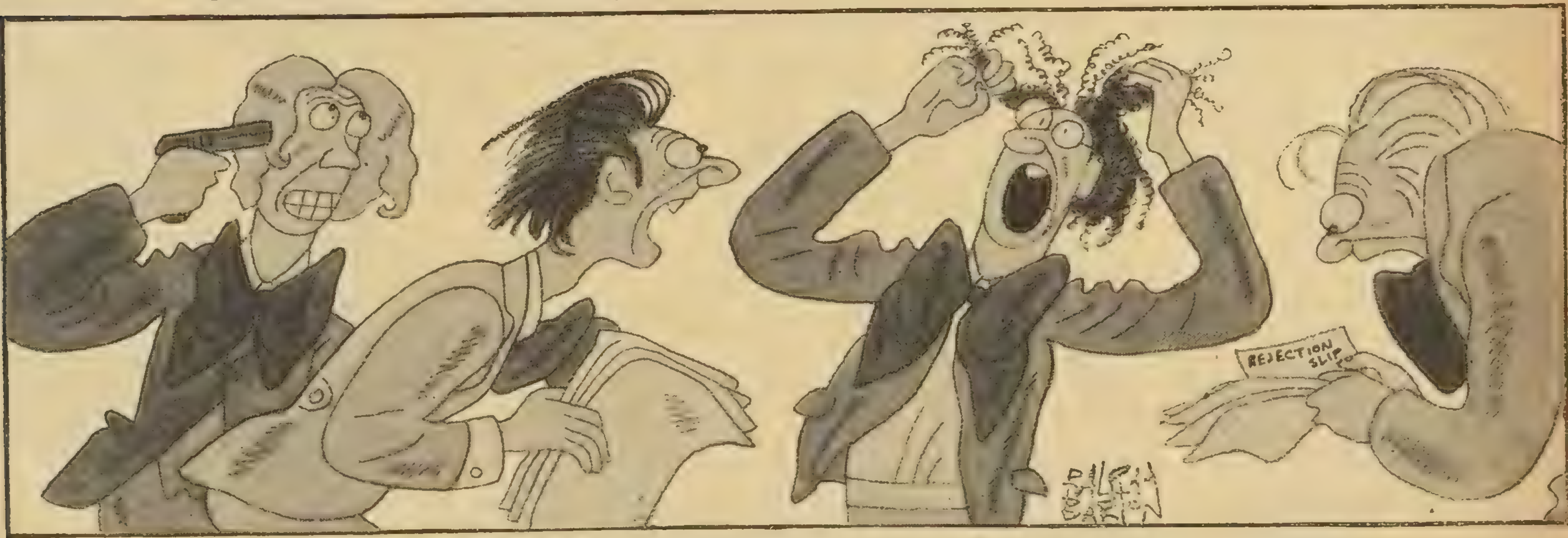
YOU CAN TELL EXACTLY the type of man America admires by looking over the last four great popular idols.


HARD TIMES
DOOM OF CIVILIZATION
WAR
REVOLUTION

FOR PEACE AND HAPPINESS until the depression is over. Our soundproof vault affords perfect protection against the waves of pessimism.



PORTABLE RADIO BROADCASTING OUTFIT which enables New York judges to render decisions while in flight.


REJECTION SLIP
RALPH BARTON

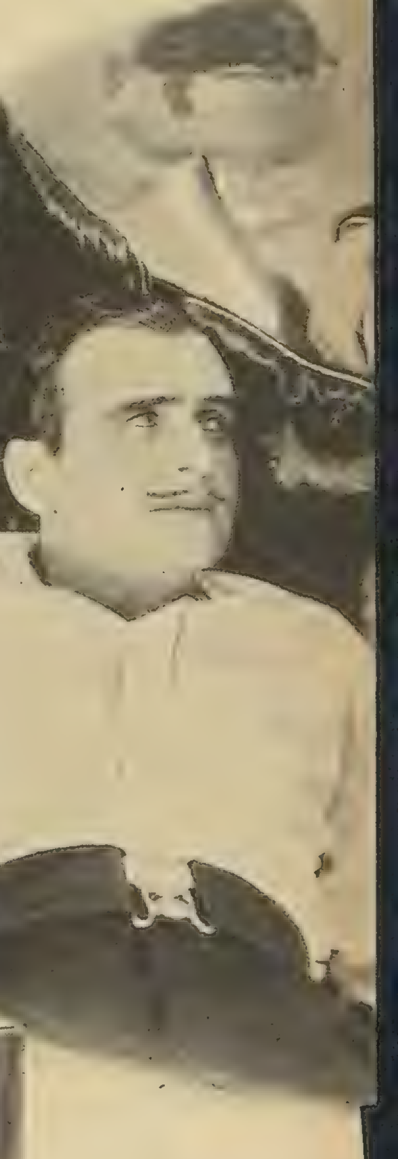
IF POETS BEHAVED LIKE BUSINESS MEN. Panic in Greenwich Village brought about by a sharp slump in the verse market.

Mr. FAIRBANK

And Some Other Matters of Moment, Including a Farrell-Gaynor Reunion

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON



Reaching for
Edward

This is how Constance Cummings and Walter Huston look in one of the tense moments of The Criminal Code.

(Reading time: 8 min. 35 sec.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ Reaching for the Moon

CAST

Larry Day	Douglas Fairbanks
Vivian Benton	Bebe Daniels
Roger	Edward Everett Horton
Sir Horace	Claude Allister
Carrington	Jack Mulhall
Kitty	June MacCloy

Produced by United Artists.
Directed by Edmund Goulding.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Edward Everett Horton are most entertaining in spite of a story that might have had a little more of charm and a little less of nonsense about it. The story is hardly worth one of Irving Berlin's songs. The musician wrote the story, you know, and I hope he sticks to his songs hereafter. I like them.

Bebe Daniels is Fairbanks' romantic vis-à-vis, and, not content with just being a Lyon's bride, she's gone blond on us. It is not unbecoming, however, this blondness. Her clothes, except for one hat with a veil, are very smart.

The settings are modernistic and in most of the scenes impressive, although I was disappointed in the obvious staginess of the ship's open deck scenes.

The most amusing sequence in the picture is the mild cocktail party that turns unexpectedly wild. Fairbanks displays his well-known agility by climbing the walls and spinning down smokestacks and his manner is just as exuberant as ever, but I hope his next vehicle will be a little more substantial than this.

★ ★ ★ The Criminal Code

CAST

Warden Brady	Walter Huston
Robert Graham	Phillips Holmes
Mary Brady	Constance Cummings
Gertrude Williams	Mary Doran
Gleason	DeWitt Jennings
Galloway	Boris Karloff
Runch	Clark Marshall

Produced by Columbia.
Directed by Howard Hawks.

Martin Flavin's play, The Criminal Code, was a success on Broadway last season. It has since been made into a very dramatic and gripping movie, one that is notable for its competent direction and fine acting. Walter Huston is restrained but forceful in his rôle of district attorney and, later, as the warden of a large prison like Sing Sing. Young Phillips Holmes, of the beautiful classical head, gives an equally finished performance. The story is harrowing in spots, but never fails in interest.

A young chap celebrating his twentieth birthday drinks too much gin, and quarrels with a stranger, whom he hits with a water bottle. The latter dies, and Graham, played by Holmes, is condemned to prison for ten years.

He is about to be paroled when a murder is committed within the prison and he is suspected, first of the crime and then of withholding the name of the murderer. He refuses to tell, thus maintaining the code of the institution.

There is a romantic interlude between the warden's daughter, played by Constance Cummings, and the boy. The movie ends on a more hopeful note than the play. All the parts are capably performed.

★ ★ ★ The Right to Love

CAST

Naomi Kellogg Brook Evans	Ruth Chatterton
Eric	Paul Lukas
Joe Copeland	David Manners
Tony	George Baxter
Caleb Evans	Irving Pichel
Mrs. Kellogg	Veda Buckland
William Kellogg	Oscar Apfel

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Richard Wallace.

Susan Glaspell's novel, Brook Evans, under the above title gives Ruth Chatterton a splendid opportunity for acting. She portrays the mother, Naomi Kellogg,

A perennial play comes to the films: Charles Ruggles in Charley's Aunt.

S Again

Moon presents Douglas Fairbanks, rett Horton, and Bebe Daniels.

An intimate scene from The Right to Love, as enacted by Paul Lukas and Ruth Chatterton.

Together again on the screen: Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in The Man Who Came Back.

ho marries Caleb Evans against her ill, and the daughter, known as Brook vans. The acting is restrained in both haracterizations, and the characters re differentiated by the little tricks of a ever actress. Even when the mother nd daughter are in the same scene, each haracter is so distinct that there is no onfusion. The double exposures have een expertly handled.

The story of the woman who is frusrated in her right to love and who tries keep her daughter from being cheated o, is dramatic and full of pathos. Ruth hatterton has able support in the men f the cast, particularly in Paul Lukas, ho impersonates the lover who finds rook in China and rescues her from an ncongenial life.

★ THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

CAST

Angie	Janet Gaynor
Stephen Randolph	Charles Farrell
Captain Trevelyan	Kenneth MacKenna
Thomas Randolph	William Holden
Mrs. Gaynes	Mary Forbes
Charles Reisling	Ulrich Haupt

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Raoul Walsh.

Charles Farrell is back with Janet aynor, in a picture appropriately entled The Man Who Came Back. They ake such an appealing team that one ates to see them appearing separately in films. I hope we are going to see them together again and again.

The story of the man who came back, even though the title is appropriate, fails to fit the charms and talents of these attractive youngsters. It is an unconvincing story as presented here, and, as in the case of most of these old stage hits which have been renovated for the screen, there is something out of date about it.

It is about the love of a boy and girl ruthlessly separated before they can marry, one degenerating into a drunkard, the other into a dope addict, meeting again in the depths of a Shanghai den, and fighting their way back together to the home of the boy on Fifth Avenue in New York.

A story of regeneration has interesting and dramatic possibilities, but this one is interesting only because it brings Farrell back to the screen with Janet Gaynor.

★ CHARLEY'S AUNT

CAST

Lord Fancourt Babberly	Charles Ruggles
Amy Spettigue	June Collyer
Charlie Wykeham	Hugh Williams
Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez	Doris Lloyd
Stephen Spettigue	Halliwell Hobbes
Ela Delahay	Flora Le Breton
Jack Chesney	Rodney McLennon
Kitty Verdun	Flora Sheffield
Sir Francis Chesney	Phillips Smalley

Produced by Columbia.
Directed by Al Christie.

The play, so they say, of Charley's Aunt has been keeping the world in good humor for thirty-nine years. But it just stopped dead when it got to me. I don't think it's so hilarious. Funny in spots, yes. But not the rib tickler it's supposed to be.

There are fashions in humor just as there are fashions in clothes and coiffures, and the sight of a man dressed as you never saw an old lady dressed in your lifetime, smoking a cigar and being pursued by another man all over the sacrosanct precincts of Oxford, doesn't put me in stitches.

Do you know that—

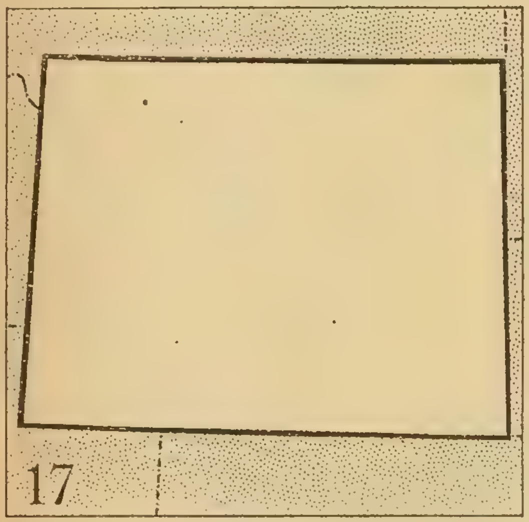
Adolphe Menjou commanded an ambulance company on the Italian as well as the French front during the World War?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—The Royal Family of Broadway, Danger Lights, Tom Sawyer, Paid, The Devil to Pay, The Blue Angel.

Liberty's Patriotic



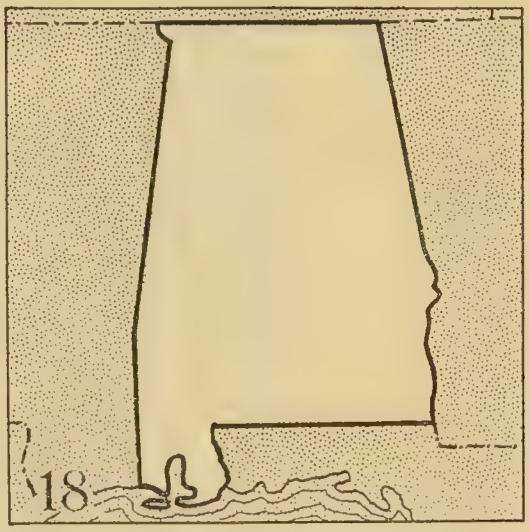
A government reservation much frequented by tourists is within this state, which is bounded on the north by one whose chief industries are mining and smelting.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

.... SET NO. 5



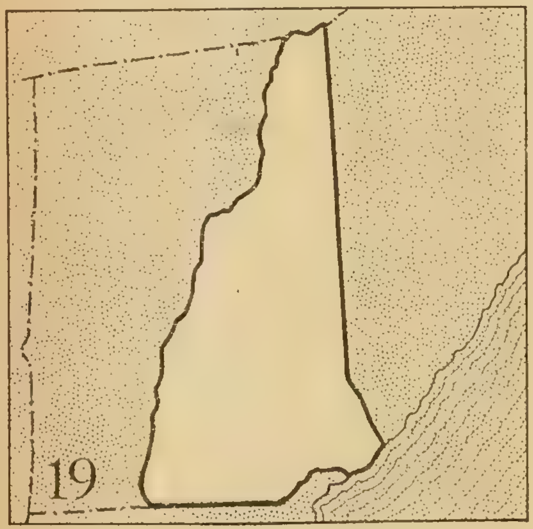
This state, rich in iron and coal, ranks next to Pennsylvania in the production of coke. A large body of water touches it on the south.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

.... SET NO. 5



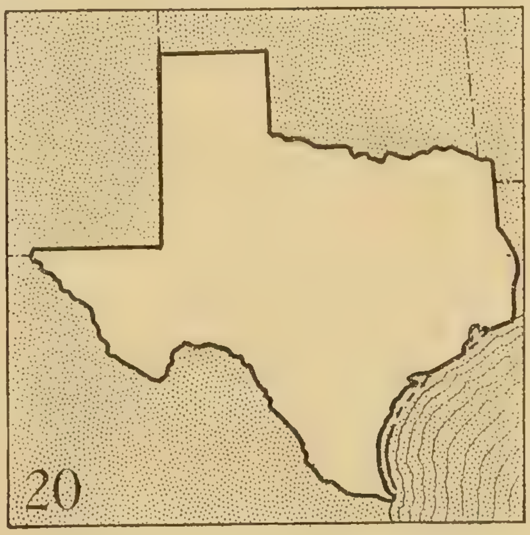
This state, named for a county in the south of England sometimes called Hants, is bounded on the east by one of the northernmost states of the Union.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

.... SET NO. 5



More than 99 per cent of all the sulphur in the country is produced by this state. One of the states which bound it was a territory prior to 1907.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

.... SET NO. 5

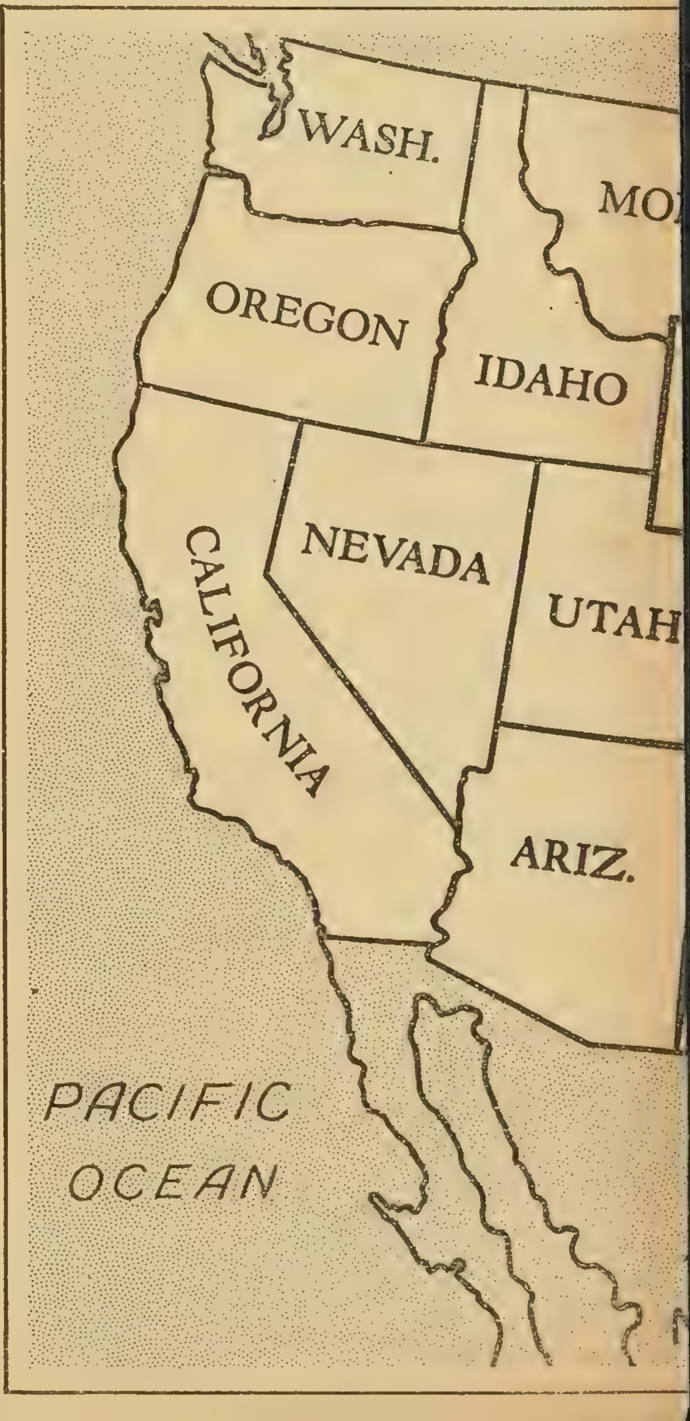
HERE is the fifth set of maps you need to play Liberty's Patriotic Game of States. Others will appear in the next seven issues of Liberty. When you have twelve sets you'll be ready to try for your share of $25,000! This is a game that teaches you things about the United States—and, best of all, it's a lot of fun. Everybody can play it.

Read the rules carefully, and follow them. A map of the United States is printed herewith, to help you. Remember that you are not to send anything to Liberty until you have twelve sets of maps—forty-eight maps in all. And please note that we cannot supply back numbers to contestants in the Game of States. Save the maps, or copy or trace them, NOW!

$25,000 IN CASH PRIZES

divided as follows:

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next 180 prizes, $25 each	4,500
Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each	13,550
TOTAL (1,540 prizes)	$25,000



GAME of STATES

The Rules 1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States; a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

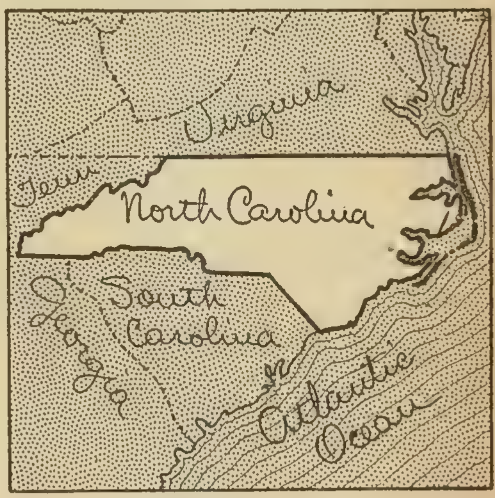
6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, 21 days after the final set is published.

7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

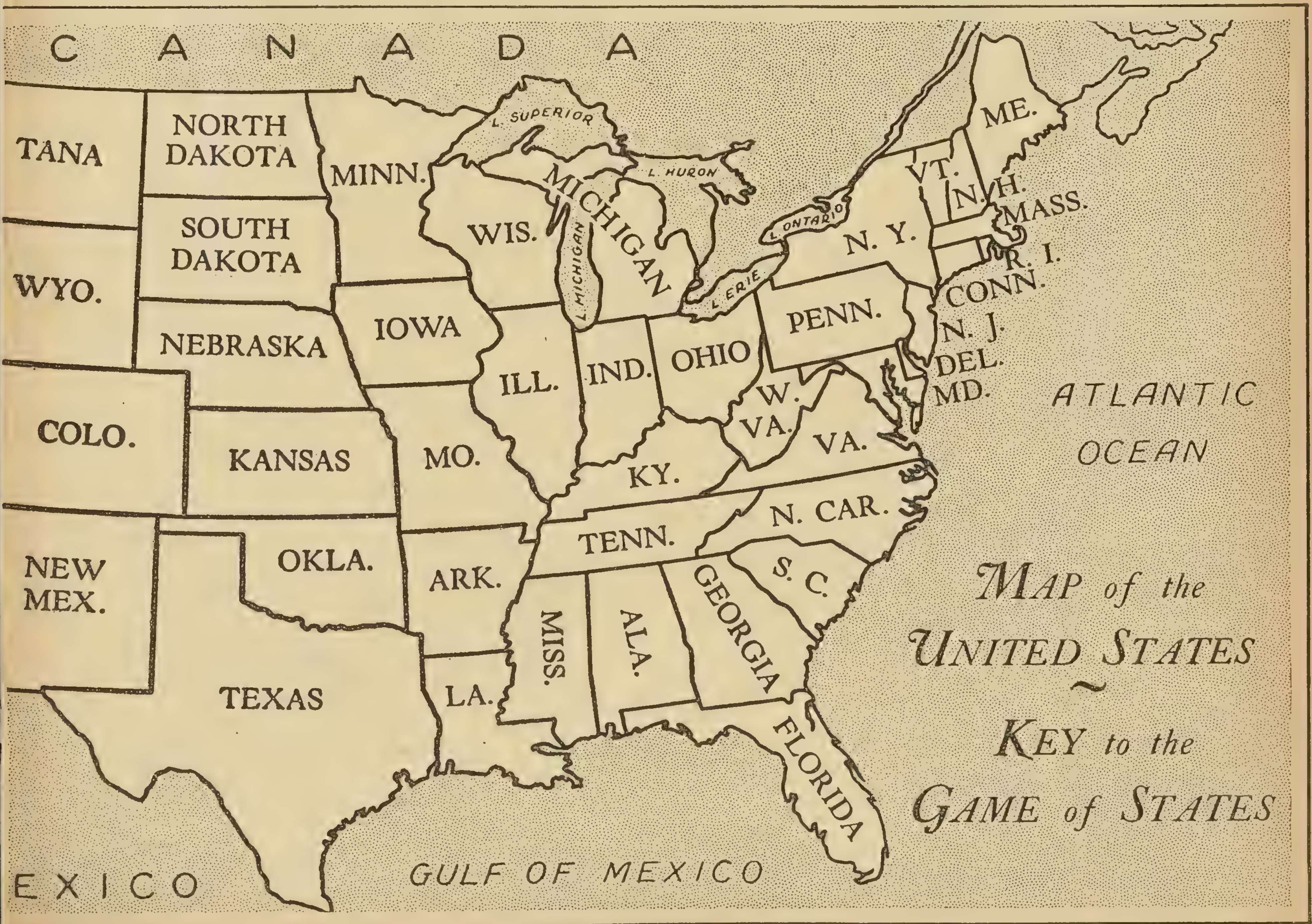
EXAMPLE


Virginia
Tenn
North Carolina
South Carolina
Georgia
Atlantic Ocean

You may write on the maps, as above, or fill in the blanks below, like this:

Name of State *North Carolina.*
Bounded by *Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, South Carolina, and the Atlantic Ocean.*

WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES, OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.


CANADA
TANA
NORTH DAKOTA
MINN.
L. SUPERIOR
MICHIGAN
L. HURON
ME.
VT.
N. H.
MASS.
L. ONTARIO
N. Y.
R. I.
CONN.
SOUTH DAKOTA
WIS.
L. MICHIGAN
WYO.
L. ERIE
PENN.
N. J.
DEL.
MD.
NEBRASKA
IOWA
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
W. VA.
VA.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
COLO.
KANSAS
MO.
KY.
N. CAR.
TENN.
NEW MEX.
OKLA.
ARK.
S. C.
MISS.
ALA.
GEORGIA
TEXAS
LA.
FLORIDA
EXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
MAP of the UNITED STATES
~
KEY to the GAME of STATES

Good-by

Jones putting on the ninth green at Interlachen last July. It was here that he made one of

The World's Champion Tells of His Career from 1927 to 1930, and Why He Is Quitting the Tournament Game

By BOBBY JONES

as Told to O. B. KEELER

(Reading time: 16 min. 38 sec.)

WITH this article Bobby Jones rounds out the story of the four years which raised him to the pinnacle of championship golf. In last week's Liberty he told of capturing the British open and the British amateur of 1930. Now he tells how he squared the Biggest Four with two American victories and shows why he's not sorry there will be no more parades down the tournament fairway.

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

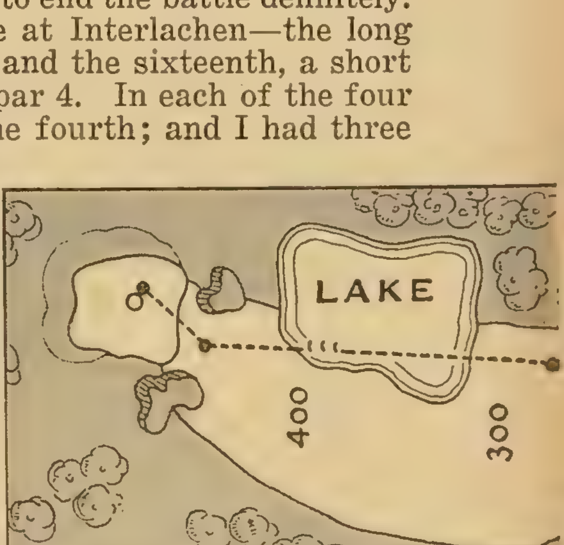
THE United States open championship of 1930, at Interlachen, finally developed into a matter of hanging on after the third round, in which I won with a 68 that would have been a 66 if I could have finished the last two holes without the conventional blow-up.

I went from New York, after landing from the British venture, out to Minneapolis, with a day's stop and one round of golf at Chicago, and got in plenty of practice. I was hitting the ball once more, and played well enough all through the tournament except for the funny collapses at the par-3 holes of the last round, where I was close to chucking away a big lead. Of the four short holes in that round, I managed a 3 at the fifth, after missing the green with my drive, and on the others—the third, thirteenth, and seventeenth—I could do no better than 5 at each, losing half a dozen strokes to par. As I finished with a card of 75, I must have done the other fifteen holes three better than par, so I wasn't playing so terribly in that round. But every time I could get going, all set to close the door on Macdonald Smith, who was hard after me again, one of those short holes would haul off and sock me on the chin; and at the last hole of the competition it needed a forty-foot putt for a birdie 3 to end the battle definitely.

Two holes were good to me at Interlachen—the long fourth, a par 5 of 506 yards; and the sixteenth, a short drive-and-pitch of 315 yards, par 4. In each of the four rounds I drew a birdie 4 at the fourth; and I had three birdie 3s at the sixteenth, the last a peculiarly useful one, as it was sandwiched between a horrid 5 at the 194-yard thirteenth and an equally deplorable 5 at the 262-yard seventeenth.

At Interlachen it was the 262-yard seventeenth that was the *bête noire*. I played it 3-4-4-5, losing four strokes to par. And I saved all those strokes at the long fourth, with four birdies.

I suppose this proves, in a vague way, that the breaks will even themselves up in the long run—if the run is long enough.



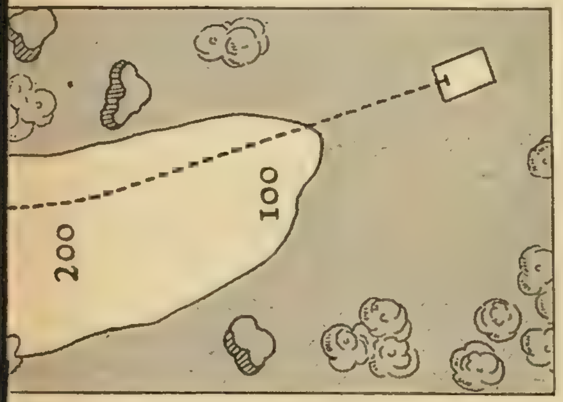
How Bobby made a birdie 4 instead
After a drive too far to the right,
and the green — and half-topped
thought Jones, as the pill headed
not so; the ball skittered along the
yards short of the green. If you

to GOLF

his most famous shots. For the details see the diagram below and Jones' description on page 46. Acme-P.& A. photo

Luckily for me, the run of seventy-two holes was long enough in my last American open. But that final nip by the black beast reached me in an exceedingly delicate spot, as will appear later.

The tournament started on one of the hottest days I can remember. The thermometer at the club, on the shady side, was 101, and it was a steamy sort of heat, like a Turkish bath—the kind that accumulates when there are a lot of those pretty little lakes about. Chick Ridley and Charlie Cox of Atlanta walked around with me and carried vacuum bottles of ice water, which is supposed to be a very bad thing to drink when you are hot and bothered and exercising. I don't know how true this is, but I drank plenty of ice water, and every time it seemed to save my life.



of a 7 on the ninth at Interlachen. he stood with the lake between him the ball. Two strokes gone, sure, for his cousin Davy's locker. But surface and sat up pretty just thirty don't believe it, try it some time.

I remember Charlie Hall, the long-hitting professional from Birmingham, came in that day with a 92 and gave up.

"This championship," said Charlie, "will go to the man with the thickest skull!"

Maybe it did, at that.

I played the last nine holes of that first round with one object in mind—to get it over. But I had started with a 34 on the first nine and my rather shabby 37 on the return journey gave me a 71, which put me in the lead until late afternoon, when Tommy Armour and the inevitable Mac Smith passed me, each with a 70, two strokes under par.

I was so drenched with perspiration at the finish that somebody had to cut my tie off me; it was soaked into a hard knot.

Also, I was in an extremely hot spot in the list after the first round. Mac Smith and Armour were leading, with 70. I was tied with Wiffy Cox, at 71. Horton Smith, Walter Hagen, and Harry Cooper were 72; Craig Wood and Joe Turnesa were 73; and Charles Lacey, Johnny Farrell and Johnny Goodman, the Omaha amateur who had beat me in the first round of the 1929 amateur championship, had 74. All these, and several others, were very much in the hunt. It's rather tough when upward of a dozen have you hemmed in. One man who is pressing you may skid a bit; but of a pack you can count on several maintaining the pace.

THIS was illustrated next day in the second round. With another ragged last nine, including a 6 at the fifteenth hole, I came in with a card of 73, which left me with a score of 144 at the halfway post—exactly par. This was good enough to shove Mac Smith behind me, with 145; also Wiffy Cox and Tommy Armour, with 146, now tied with Farrell. Hagen had slipped back with 147 and was tied with John Golden. But Horton Smith, with a brilliant 70, had taken the lead, with 142, and Lacey and Cooper, maintaining a steady pace, had moved up to a tie with me at 144. Goodman had skidded away with an 80, to 154, in a tie with George Von Elm.

You see how it is. You can't shove them all off at once, when the pack is on you. As one writer expressed it, the gang had me on the spot—I was being taken for a ride. Thus there were ten competitors and several others starting the third round with chances to win.

That's the way of the open championship.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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GOOD-BY TO GOLF

Continued from page forty-five

It was in the second round that the most spectacular break I ever had came to my rescue, just when I was about to mess up a fairly hot start on the first nine.

I reached the ninth tee with a par 5 left for a 35, and the hole, a dogleg with the second shot across a lake, was a not too hard 4, though the distance is 485 yards. I had been doing it in 4 in the practice rounds, and had a 4 in the first round of the competition.

My drive was cut slightly and the ball wound up in a tight lie near the bank of the lake, rather more to the right than I liked. It was a spoon shot, and I half topped the ball, which started away at a nearly flat trajectory, certain not to reach the farther bank. A ball in the water would leave me another stroke from the same place, plus a penalty stroke, so the best I could hope for, barring miracles, would be a 6—possibly a 7, if my next effort failed to get on the small green.

The ball, struck fairly in the back, and flying low with little or no spin on it, struck the water twenty yards short of the bank, skipped like a flat stone once and again, and hopped out on the smooth slope, thirty yards short of the green.

I had time, and need, to recover a modicum of equilibrium while walking around the lake, and managed to stick a wee pitch a yard from the flag and hole the putt for a birdie 4.

THAT'S the way it is in championships. If you're going to win, even a half-topped spoon shot will walk on the water for you.

That break saved me a couple of strokes and kept me up in a tie for second place at the end of the day. As I eventually won by two strokes, it may as well have been those. But you can't tell in golf. I've always felt that you can't alter one stroke or one hole and leave the rest of the round as it was.

The third round, I am convinced, is the crucial phase of medal competition. Everybody is keyed up. Somebody well in the lead will explode all over the place. Somebody far in the rear will go mad and dash to the front. Anything may happen, and usually does.

I was fortunate in having an early starting time on the last day, because it happened that I was hot, and the reports of my score, trickling back along the grapevine, didn't help the other fellows any. I was out in 33, just as Horton Smith started, and in the face of that jolt he produced one of the finest exhibitions of sheer courage I've ever heard of, doing that first nine holes in nine 4s, to reach the turn in par 36.

Still, I had gained the lead, picking up three strokes, and I managed to maintain the pace for the first seven holes coming in. I fancy the blasts of cheering that must have reached him finally had their effect on Smith, for he slipped to a 40 coming back, and was six strokes behind at the end of the round.

At the seventeenth tee I needed a par 3 and a par 4 to finish with a 66, which would have been the lowest round ever shot in an American open. But the strain was getting me, and my drive was cut to a bunker, short of the green, and all I could do was a 4. The same thing happened at the last tee. I intended to stay well to the right, to avoid having to play my pitch past a big tree at the left-front of the green. But I was too emphatic about it. The ball wheeled off into the rough beside a small tree; I had to pitch out short; and my third was off the rear edge of the green. I chipped down fairly well, and holed a 5, which completed the following round—a course record, I believe:

Jones watching Homans
ion, which Jones

Par (out) . .	443 534 445—36
Jones	443 433 345—33
Par (in) . .	455 344 434—36—72
Jones	444 344 345—35—68

This was the best round I ever had in the American open championship, and it could not have arrived in a better place. It gave me an apparently commanding lead, and as the final round started the standing of the leaders was:

Jones, 71-73-68—212.
Cooper, 72-72-73—217.
Horton Smith, 72-70-76—218.
Golden, 74-73-71—218.
Mac Smith, 70-75-74—219.
Farrell, 74-72-73—219.
Wood, 73-75-72—220.
Armour, 70-76-75—221.
Lacey, 74-70-77—221.
Cox, 71-75-77—223.
Hagen, 72-75-76—223.

Now it was all over but hanging on. But I found that singularly hard to do, and Mac Smith certainly did his best to make it impossible.

I started the last round by losing three strokes to the card on the first three holes, going 4-5-5, and four strokes to Mac Smith, who started 4-4-2. He was playing nearly an hour behind me, and when he reached the turn, which I had made in 38, Mac was out in 34, and was only three strokes back. I regained a stroke at the long eleventh, and Mac took it back at the twelfth, and then picked up two more at the short thirteenth, where I used one of those catastrophic 5s on a par-3 hole. Mac was only a single stroke behind me at that point; he had gained six strokes in thirteen holes; and I still had that wretched 5 to come at the seventeenth.

It was the 444-yard fourteenth and the friendly sixteenth that saved me. After that 5 at the thirteenth, I holed a good putt for a birdie 3 at the fourteenth, and after a par 4 at the fifteenth I achieved my third birdie of the tournament at the sixteenth. This afforded the margin that took care of the two strokes I lost at the 262-yard seventeenth, and Mac was still a stroke behind me when he stood on the eighteenth tee. But I had finished long before that by sinking, in some fashion, a forty-foot putt, and the gallant Mac was left with an eagle 2 needed to tie. He did a par 4, for a 70. He had cut away five strokes of a seven-stroke lead in one of the finest exhibitions of golf and courage on record, and once again in the same season he had finished second by two strokes, the same as in the British open. Horton Smith was third, three strokes behind Mac Smith, and Cooper and Golden were next. My score of 287 was within one stroke of Chick Evans' record, 286, for the American open, made at Minikahda—also a Minneapolis course—in 1916.

International Newsreel

putt in the finals at Merwon, 8 and 7.

I think it was in an upper room at the Interlachen Club that I learned that Mac Smith had failed to catch me, that I decided definitely that, no matter what happened at Merion, I was done with competitive golf. I had had enough. There would be one more major championship to play in, and then—*finis.*

I'M glad I won at Merion. I love the club and the course. Merion has very dear associations for me. It was there, in 1916, that I played in my first major competition, at the age of fourteen. It was there, in 1924, I won my first national amateur championship. And, now, after half my lifetime, I was to finish there, win or lose. If I should win, it would be what they call the Grand Slam of Golf: the four major championships in one year. But, win or lose, it would be "good-by to all that" at Merion.

I was playing rotten golf when I reached Merion and started practice. The ball had crawled too far back again, and my game was worrying me a lot. I must have been nervous, too, because it was the end of the campaign and I had the big chance to make it all four. I was nervous all through the tournament. It was the only championship in which I ever competed that I was unable to sleep at night. I remember that right in the middle of the competition, after my morning round with Fay Coleman—when I had played unaccountably badly—Mickey Cochrane, catcher for the Philadelphia Athletics, was up in the locker room to see me, and said he knew what was the matter.

"It's because it's the fourth championship," said Mickey. "I know how it is in baseball. When you have a series of games you simply have to win, and you've got them all but the last one, you'll go out there feeling all right in every way, but everything goes all wrong. The cumulative strain is bearing down—that's all."

I didn't get to hitting the ball until my last practice round, the Sunday before the tournament began. Then I did a 69, and felt better. In the first qualifying round I managed another 69, and was leading the field by a stroke, with young Sidney Noyes next. In the second round, next day, I also was playing well enough, but there was a huge gallery and the round took three hours and forty minutes.

LONG waits at the tee constitute one of the severest problems of competitive golf. They break up your concentration; throw you off stride.

With two holes to play, a par 3 and a par 4 would have given me a 71 and a new record for the qualifying score in the American amateur, which was (and still is) 142, held jointly by Ducky Corkran and myself; Ducky had made it at Merion six years before, and I had tied it at Minikahda in 1927.

At the seventeenth tee the play was congested and the gallery more so. I had to wait there fifteen minutes, after which I pulled my drive into a bunker and took a 4. This still left me a par 4 for a new record, but my drive from the last tee was too long for my own good—a poke of about 310 yards down into a valley before the green—and, playing a spade shot for a pin I could not see, I fired the ball over the green and took a 5. That gave me a 73 and won the medal with 142, a stroke better than George Von Elm. But it only tied the previous mark.

On the board, all my matches looked easy enough. In the eighteen-hole bouts I beat Ross Somerville 5-4 and F. G. Hoblitzell by the same margin. I played well against Somerville, who, I think, played the best golf I encountered in the tournament. I played badly in the afternoon, but Hoblitzell was worse. Against Coleman, in the first of the thirty-six-hole matches, I was having trouble with the shots in the morning round—the ball was too far back again—but was 2 up at the intermission and played pretty well in the afternoon, winning 6-5.

The feature of the first day, and of the tournament, was the twenty-eight-hole match between Maurice McCarthy and George Von Elm; the longest eighteen-hole match on record, McCarthy winning with a birdie 3 at the tenth extra hole.

I went into the semifinal round

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[GOOD-BY TO GOLF
Continued from page forty-seven]

with Jess Sweetser, who had beaten me in the same round of the 1922 national amateur by 8-7—the worst licking I ever got in a major tournament.

Against Jess I went pretty fast at the start, leading off with a birdie 3, and through the fifth hole I was 4 up. Then I went sour, fired a shot out of bounds, took three putts on a couple of greens, and presently I was only 1 up. I began to play golf again, was 4 up at lunchtime, and the match ended on the tenth green of the afternoon round, when I stuck a short pitch six inches from the flag, to win 9-8.

Jess came over to my locker after the match.

"I did want to carry you to the eleventh," he said, with a grin. "That would have made it 8-7, the same as at Brookline in 1922, and I was going to say, 'Well, Bobby, we still are all square, after eight years.' But I couldn't make it. You're 1 up!"

In the other bracket, Gene Homans, after being 5 down to Charlie Seaver, played a beautiful round in the afternoon, with sixteen pars, one birdie, and one hole over par for a 70, defeating Seaver, 1 up.

This match undoubtedly took a lot out of Gene, and as I was playing fairly well the next morning, our match ended at the eleventh green in the afternoon.

Through the tournament I had played very well—in patches; not so well in other patches. In the final summing up my scoring was not too bad. Including the qualifying rounds I played 152 holes in 2 above 4s. I had twenty-two birdies and slipped over par on twenty-eight holes.

SO that was the end of it all—at Merion. My name went on the tall gold cup for the fifth time. I had been a national champion of the United States, either open or amateur, eight consecutive years. In those eight years I had won thirteen major titles; and in 1930 I had made the sweep—all four major championships.

And that was all. There will be no more championships for me.

People ask me if I don't hate to give up my sports career—if, when the time for the big tournaments rolls around, I won't become restive—the old war horse sniffing the smoke of battle; that sort of thing.

They want to know if I won't be unhappy on the side lines.

The answer is, no.

There are two kinds of golf—golf and tournament golf. I wouldn't go through another season like the last for anything in the world.

THERE'S nothing that can put back what it takes out of you—the suffering, the worry over your game, the eternal grind of practice with thousands of spectators crowding in on you, the mental strain of a week's competition.

Miss Joyce Wethered, who has nothing to do but play golf if she cares to, found out years ago that the game wasn't worth the candle, and she retired in 1925, to return one more time, in 1929, to play in the British women's championship against Miss Glenna Collett, whom she defeated in the greatest match ever played by women. She plays a lot of golf now—but for pleasure.

I'll never give up golf as a game. I love it. And now I'll enjoy it. I'll play with my friends at home; and I'll go to the big tournaments whenever I can. But I won't be worrying about my game going sour. I won't have to devote weeks to preliminary practice. I'll meet my friends, and play in the practice rounds with them, and maybe write something about the tournament in the event anybody wants to read it. I'll play in exhibition matches for charity, and I'll enjoy the game once more, as I did when I was a kid, playing for the Red Cross War Chest.

But the next time I hear the roar of the crowd, it won't be for me, or for the man I'm playing with.

I'll be in the crowd myself. I'm going to find out why the gallery follows golf matches.

THE END

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Lobster Shift

A Short Short Story

(*Reading time: 4 min. 57 sec.*)

By

NORMAN S. HALL *and* **BUD JONES**

of whom the first, pictured at the left, is a former New York newspaper man, author of "The Balloon Buster of Arizona" and many other contributions to Liberty's pages. He now lives in California, where his collaborator, Mr. Jones, covers sports for a Los Angeles newspaper.

WHEN the three alert young men entered the quiet city room, Jim Lane knew he was on the spot, and, he realized bitterly, he had put himself there.

Since he had urged his superiors into the drive against "public enemies" he had left his desk promptly at midnight—when his last edition went to press—and gone directly to his home. At all times he had been suitably bodyguarded.

But for three days, now, Denton, who took over the city desk when Lane, the city editor, was through, had been ill, and Lane, rather than add a temporary load to an already overburdened pay roll, had been sitting through on the lobster shift with a lone assistant, Bill Wade, veteran rewrite man.

He should have known better. And today, of all days, to leave himself open to attack! His final edition, which, from the rumbling presses below stairs, was just "hitting the street," carried his greatest defi to the racketeer element. His follow-up on the MacHiggin machine-gunning had led his top reporter straight into the D. A.'s office and the nastiest politico-racketeer scandal in the history of the city. It had led Lane to open his first page to a four-column box of display type demanding the immediate arrest of Renardi, crime chief of the North Side and, according to Lane, MacHiggin's murderer.

And three of Renardi's mob, their clutched automatics plainly evident in wide topcoat pockets, were stepping quickly toward his desk!

He cast a swift, appealing glance toward Bill Wade. No use. Wade, feet cocked over his typewriter, hat pulled low over his eyes, was in his usual state of liquor-induced slumber that required at least three stentorian shouts to pierce.

As the trio halted at the desk the shortest spoke:

"You know me, Lane."

"Yes. You're Alturi, Renardi's bodyguard."

"O. K. The Big Boy wants to see you."

"What about?"

"He'll tell you. Who's the guy in the corner?"

"My rewrite man, Wade. Leave him out of it."

"O. K. Get rid of him. You're coming with us."

"I'll have to give him some copy. It'll take a few minutes."

"O. K. But don't talk. We'll blast here if you do."

LANE dropped his gaze to the pile of copy before him and shouted, "Bill! Oh, Bill! Snap out of it. Here's some shorts!" Lane underlined a man's name on the first piece of copy, flipped it over quickly, scanned the second, underlined two words, flipped it, read the third, left his pencil mark. By the time Wade, heavy-eyed, sluggish, reached the desk Lane had a little pile of unrelated news stories awaiting him. He studiously avoided Wade's gaze as he directed, "Bat these out right away, Bill, and get 'em upstairs so they'll have something for the machines."

Wade took the proffered copy without a word, turned back to his desk, his eyes seeking the heavy underlinings with which Lane always indicated the important phases of a story. On the first page was an underlined name, "Renardi." Wade sniffed. As though he didn't know enough to play up Renardi by this time! On the second sheet two words were underlined: "has" in the first paragraph, and "meet" in the third so treated with one oblique slash of a pencil that it remained an underlined "me."

Wide awake now, Wade riffled each sheet, pieced the underlined and partly scored words together: "Renardi has me on spot. Telephone. Must leave with them."

Wade flipped a piece of paper into his machine, wrote "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party" four times, ripped it out, and yelled, "Boy!" He waited what seemed an hour before pushing his chair back with a bang, to arise cursing all copy boys and move to the outer office.

"No boys on this time of night," Lane said casually. "He's taking the copy upstairs himself."

"O. K.," said Alturi. "Will he be right back?"

"I guess so."

ALTURI scowled. "When he does, tell him to scram somewheres. We got to go places."

Lane lifted a face drawn thin and white. "If I do he'll get suspicious and butt in. Then you'll bump him, too. Give him a break. I'm the man you want."

The three exchanged quick glances, short nods.

"O. K.," said Alturi.

Wade returned, slid under his typewriter, and filled the shadowy, paper-littered room with nervous sound. The three men at the desk shrugged, shifted uneasily, tried to light cigarettes without removing their right hands from their topcoat pockets. Wade's typewriter clicked on and at his left hand grew a pile of copy paper bearing the exhortation that "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party." . . .

The five men from the Homicide Squad were halfway across the wide city room before the three realized their presence, and so great was their surprise that not one thought to pull trigger before the detectives grappled with them. Donovan, chief of the squad, ripped Alturi's right arm backward with a force that broke out the pocket seam and the two bones in Alturi's forearm. The automatic exploded, but the bullet buried itself harmlessly in the floor.

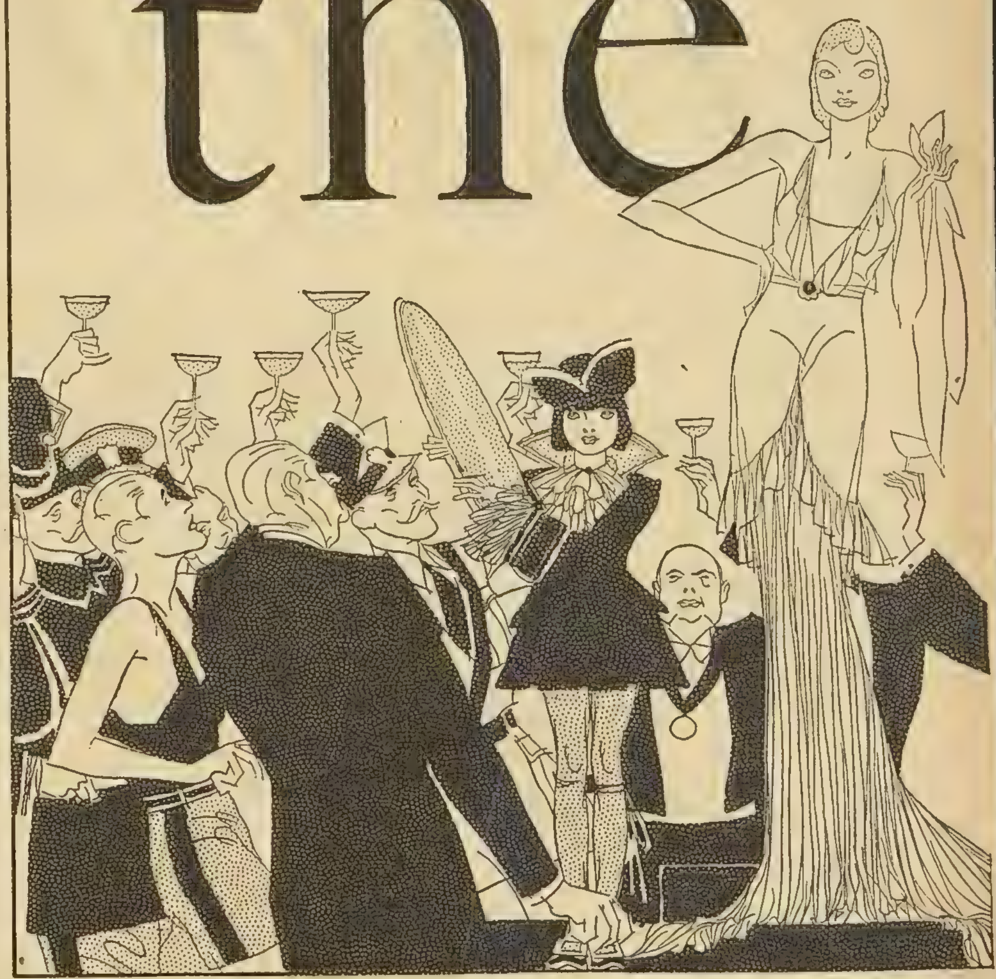
"We'll take these babies," said Donovan. The group scuffled out, disappeared noisily down the echoing corridor to the elevator.

Wade pushed his hat back with an unsteady hand. "Guess I'll go get a drink," he said and his voice changed pitch twice.

"Not a chance, Bill," Lane told him, running his pencil under the amount of damage in a fire story. "We got a lot of copy to get rid of."

THE END

To the



By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

who, having become an American citizen, waives her Russian title of Princess.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 23 seconds.)

AN interesting organization for women aviators has come into being with the formation of the Betsy Ross Corps.

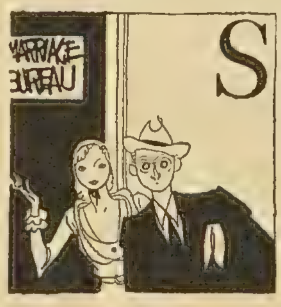
The idea originated with Mrs. Opal Kunz of New York. Should the United States again be involved in war, it is hoped that the Betsy Ross unit will function as an auxiliary air corps in much the same way as the Women's Motor Corps functioned during the great war. According to the minutes of the first meeting, women who join will not train for combat but will "so perfect their character and their flying ability as to eventually make every member of the Corps fully capable of piloting a service type airplane." The membership application forms have been worded and filed in such a way that in a time of emergency the government not only could call upon the Betsy Ross Corps but could also rely on its members.

I talked with Mrs. Kunz at great length concerning the ideals of the Corps and their practical application. The main idea is that more men pilots could be released for front-line service in war time if there existed a qualified service group of women pilots, selected not only because of their flying ability, but also because of their discipline and personal character.

In the charmingly feminine rooms of her New York penthouse, with an old portrait of her Dutch-pioneer grandmother looking down at us, and with a magnificent panorama of giant skyscrapers spread before our eyes, Mrs. Kunz spoke earnestly of the ardent Americanism which inspires the members of the Betsy Ross Corps. By their oath of initiation every member swears to "uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America." They pledge themselves ready to serve in any national emergency, and to "guard and guide our personal behavior, manners, and dress to the end that we may attain to the highest order of American citizenship."

The members are divided into three classes, A, B, and C, based on United States army requirements. Among the members are Ruth Elder, Manila Davis, Florence Barnes, Gladys O'Donnell, and many other prominent women flyers. Miss Elder, Miss Davis, and Miss Barnes are directors.

Mrs. Kunz is ambitious to see ten or twelve women pilots qualify for Class B, and fly army aircraft for two weeks every year. At present only ten of the 300 women licensed as pilots by the government are qualified to fly mail. Aviation has become so accessible during the past year, Mrs. Kunz told me, that a number of girls who work as waitresses, trained nurses, and stenographers have been able to learn to fly. It is hoped that certain patriotic organizations eventually will offer financial support which will permit the Corps to assist competent girls who desire to qualify as reserve service pilots.

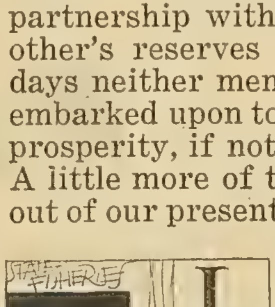


SOME say two can live as cheaply as one, but the cynics have always doubted it. Now along comes Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, New York Health Commissioner, with a report wherein statistics show that there were fewer weddings in New York last year than in any of the last twenty years. Dr. Wynne blames general business conditions.

Well, I suppose the depression *is* to blame. But I can't help wondering if New York's matrimonial slump is not due fundamentally to the fact that certain modern viewpoints show themselves more clearly now than they did when affairs ran smooth and prosperity was easy.

During a business depression *expensive fun* has to be forgone. So *marriage* gets the go-by.

Does this mean that we have come to regard marriage as a sort of pleasure jaunt for two, not as a working partnership with each partner entitled to call upon the other's reserves of strength and courage? In pioneer days neither men nor women feared the hard lives they embarked upon together. They had their vision of future prosperity, if not for themselves, then for their children. A little more of their spirit might help us help ourselves out of our present difficulties.



LIKING caviar is supposed to be a cultivated taste. You'd think caviar and education ought to thrive together. Yet in Roumania a passion for caviar among government officials has seriously interfered with the national school system, according to the Minister of Education. He says the extravagance of the administration has made it necessary to cut down the school budget. He accuses various government members of aggravating this educational budgetary crisis by raiding the state fisheries for huge quantities of free caviar.

Speaking of caviar, have you tried the Russian *bliny?* Little buckwheat pancakes, served piping hot, well buttered, generously spread with fresh caviar, and topped by a dash of lemon juice or a spoonful of sour cream.

Ladies!

Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

FIVE months ago a girl disappeared from her home. She was undergoing medical treatment for "mental breakdown" at the time. A few days ago she returned, apparently healthy and normal. "I decided to get out and cure myself my own way," she explained to her family. And the "cure" she gave herself was a perfectly rational one.

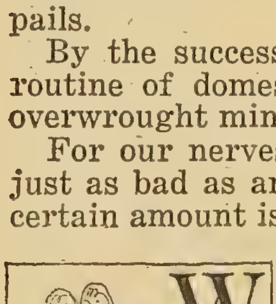
Through the Salvation Army's New York employment bureau she got herself a job doing ordinary housework. Five months of this gave her back her mental equilibrium.

Housework—plain everyday housework—was the very medicine she needed.

In London the same method of restoring shattered nerves was advocated years ago by a famous Harley Street specialist. Women came to him for their "nervous breakdowns." He set them to work with brooms and pails.

By the success of his cures he proved that a strict routine of domestic chores is wonderfully soothing to overwrought minds.

For our nerves and tempers, too much housework is just as bad as any other monotony, but I always find a certain amount is good exercise and even good diversion.



WORDS are a constant source of argument. Last week I mentioned a friendly controversy about the personal pronouns *I* and *me.* Another language tussle often arises over the correct use of *bad* and *badly.*

I think Anna looks very badly. Is this right, or should we say *I think Anna looks very bad?* Poor Anna! *I think she looks bad* is the only correct way to say it if we are talking about her appearance. To say *I think she looks badly* refers to the condition of her eyesight. Likewise, *The music sounded sweetly* is wrong. It *sounded sweet.*

On the other hand, if Anna made the music, and we did not like her performance, we couldn't say correctly, *She plays bad.* We should say *She plays badly.* Or *She sings sweetly.* She doesn't *sing sweet.*

Badly and *sweetly* are adverbs. Adverbs like these tell *how* things are done. *Bad* and *sweet* are adjectives used to describe the *nature* of things.

AT a smart social event I was interested to notice that a number of women are at last breaking away from the silly and banal fashion of wearing jewels which match. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets all of the same stones make an uninspired form of adornment. "Everything to match" has always been the mark by which Parisians have recognized American women.

For the coming season the French couturiers are definitely committed to two-color arrangements.

To women who are not sure of their own taste in evolving color contrasts I would suggest an hour in any art museum. Take a look at some old pottery and china; Persian miniatures are wonderful sources of inspiration; and early Italian pictures or French brocades will give you sound ideas for color blends or contrasts. Don't forget that a cold color usually kills a warm one. As to defining "cold" and "warm"—there is no safer way than to study a color when you look at it. Analyze the sensation you get. No one can teach you as much about color as you can teach yourself by being observant.

READING the classical writers is a splendid habit. But reading about them is useful too. I've just discovered that ninety years ago Ralph Waldo Emerson was quite mercenary about his lecture fees. As a lecturer, I find his example consoling. Listen to this:

In 1840 Emerson agreed to lecture before the Waltham, Massachusetts, Lyceum, and wrote the following letter:

"I am willing to come to Waltham on the date you suggest and lecture at your Lyceum for the five-dollar fee that you offer, but I think you should also give me four quarts of oats for my horse."

Now I appreciate the advantages of living—and lecturing—in 1931 even more than I did!

A PROMINENT preacher has been voicing his belief that the young people of today are endangered by their exposure to sophisticated literature. "The literary market," Dean Gates said, "is flooded with books set forth for those who belong to the cult of sophisticates."

It is true that children today are often far too wise in the ways of the world, and that it is more than ever necessary for parents to instill a respect for certain definite ideals—above all, to instill a *taste* for such ideals. An example of child worldliness was quoted to me by a friend who sat behind a girl of about nine in a movie theater. The film showed a bored husband hiding behind his newspaper at breakfast and answering his wife in monosyllables. The bright little maiden commented, "He's going to leave her, isn't he, mamma?"

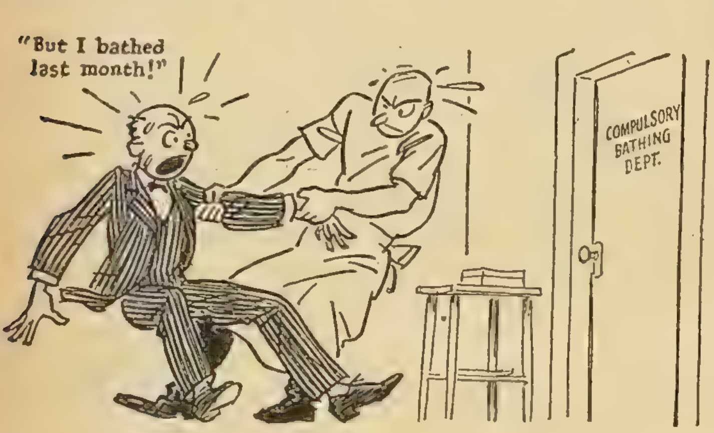
Vox

What This Country Needs Is a Couple of Laws About Writing to Vox Pop

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — Concerning Liberty's stand on prohibition:

Legally, any form of sumptuary legislation is inherently vicious, tending toward more and greater orgies of righteousness on the part of those holy ones who rule.

Once let the prohibition of alcohol be meekly accepted by the citizenry, and what follows? Next, of course, comes tobacco. Following that, blue laws upon blue laws until our every act, from bathing to church-going, will be supervised and regulated.


"But I bathed last month!"
COMPULSORY BATHING DEPT.

Far-fetched? Possibly, but not so many centuries have elapsed since this condition obtained, and the "Holy Racketeers"—i. e., the leaders of the church militant who find their power and influence constantly lessening, and those to whom anything beautiful or pleasant is inherently vicious—are doing their not-so-poor best to bring about a return to those medieval conditions, that these United States may yet be a moral nation. And they will do it, too, unless we, who are America, are on the alert.—*R. M. Thurston.*

Naughty Mr. Chambers; Nonchalant Us

ANNISTON, ALA.—That's the stuff. Give us more of it. The more we get the more we want. What? You should know by now. Robert W. Chambers' works. The most interesting stories you have ever put in that nonchalant, don't-give-a-damn-what-you-think-of-it magazine of yours.

Of course his works are naughty, but you wouldn't print them if they weren't and we wouldn't read them, so shoot them to us and watch the circulation increase. We like naughty stories.

Waiting for the next installment of "Silver Knees." We may have to read it by our lonesome so others can't see us blush, but we read it nevertheless. N'est-ce-pas?—*G. Oswald Powers.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Robert W. Chambers is with you again. I would liken him to a breath of fresh air at an afternoon tea party. He is so common and vulgar, panning dirt with such grace that his stories are beautiful. I absorb them for their feeling of realness (life romance).

After years of combing books, I find him the only man that does not paint everyday life to something not natural.

If nothing else he reminds us that the wild, younger generation must hop to keep step with the children of the past; for many of the present generation don't know what life is about.

Norman Price's illustrations are marvels in translating his stories. —*Ellsworth Mechlin.*

And Even So, He Might Do Well in Battle

FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS—I desire to emphatically challenge one of your statements in your editorial, "Self-Destruction," published in your issue of January 17, 1931.

You state, in substance, that "things frowned upon in civil life are frequently not such great offenses in the army. A man may lie, steal . . . and still be a good soldier."

A liar or a thief is not tolerated in this man's army, is not considered a good soldier and is not regarded with greater leniency than in civil life.

A proven liar or thief in the army is subject to trial by a General Court-Martial and upon conviction is liable to dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all pay and allowances due or to become due, and to confinement in a military disciplinary barracks.

I am sure your remarks were not intended to mislead and, in justice to the men of the United States Army, you should clear up this point.—*Irvin W. Lippman, Staff Sergeant, 9th U. S. Infantry.*

You Must Be Good and Pediculous by Now

LA GRANGE, IND.—I haven't missed a copy of your lousy little magazine since the first publication.—*One of Your 10,000 Knockers.*

Heh, Heh

MATTOON, ILL.—Jensen of Seattle says Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves, Henry Ford freed the horses, and Herbert Hoover freed the workingman.

But I say the Chicago Tribune gave us Liberty.—*R. Morris Branch.*

Miss Cameron's Vegetables

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I will say this for Kate Cameron. When it comes to placing stars where they belong she certainly knows her vegetables. For quite some time I have been checking up, and I find her about right every time, no foolin'.—*Ben. Franklin N.*

It Seems as How Mr. Jones Has Just Managed to Save Us from Being a Total Loss

ATLANTA, GA.—The best thing I ever saw in Liberty came out in the January 17 issue: the first of the Bobby Jones articles. This one thing offset all the rest of the rot you publish each week. As long as you publish this kind of articles Liberty will be worth the five hard-earned coppers spent on it each week.—*A Sport Fan.*

MEDFORD, MASS.—Three cheers for "Good-by to Golf"! It's lucky you have these bursts of genius. They more than make up for the King Carol and Nikki stories.—*F. E. D.*

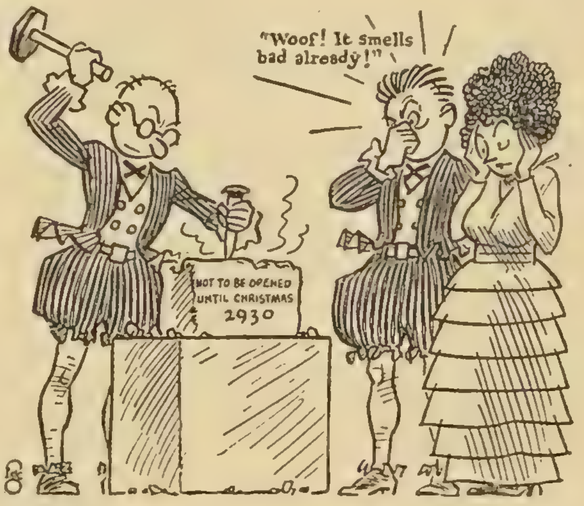
You Were Not Kidding Anybody, Brother. Don't Be Silly

SASKATOON, CAN.—I have read Liberty a long, long time and your stories, in my estimation, have always been good; but that last story by Francis M. Cockrell, III, "When She Proposed," was the nicest morsel of reading matter that I have had the good fortune to enjoy.

Remember to give us poor guys some more stories like that about women, so we can get the low-down on them. I was going to marry one of them, but after reading that story I made myself believe that I was only kidding her. Oh, well, who cares for them, anyway?—*Nite Clerk.*

A Concrete Example

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—Francis Cockrell's "When She Proposed" should be inclosed in a package of concrete and marked "Not to be opened until Christmas, 2930." It is a true picture of the culture of our age, and our descendants, if we have any a thousand years hence, will marvel at our ways and, we hope for the sake of the race, be shocked.


"Woof! It smells bad already!"
NOT TO BE OPENED UNTIL CHRISTMAS 2930

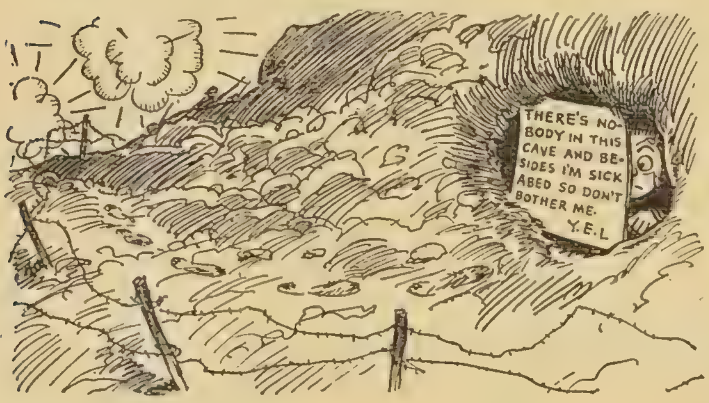
I am not condemning the author. This story is true to life today and told with a Rabelaisian wit, if you know what I mean; but raw and coarse and sickening like the bootleg liquor that was the life of the party. What a story for Liberty!—*E. Murphy.*

Pop

Cave-Man Tactics, Eh?

HARRISBURG, PA.—I read your stirring editorial, " The Rough Road," and forthwith resolved to grab a gun and join the army the next time my Uncle Samuel gets into a fuss.

Ten minutes later I read Floyd Gibbons' article, " Wounded; How It Feels to be Shot," and, boy, what a mind-changer *that* little article turned out to be!


THERE'S NOBODY IN THIS CAVE AND BESIDES I'M SICK ABED SO DON'T BOTHER ME.
Y.E.L.

I know of a nice deep cave in which methinks I'll spend the next war.—*Y. El. Lowe.*

Ode to Liberty

TONTOGANY, OHIO—

Although your magazine is wetter
Than a bathing beauty's sweater,
I must confess I like her better
Than any other magazine.
And though I miss my chew of chicle
She is indeed well worth the nickel;
Even though her tales are fickle,
She's the best I've ever seen.
You must choose your every story
From a bloodstained list as gory
As the wildest tales of Paris
In the days of guillotine.
Half-nude ladies softly crying,
Machine-gun bullets gently flying,
Aviators bravely dying—
'Tis just like a hop-head's dream.
And though I miss my chew of chicle
Still I don't begrudge the nickel,
For your tales, though wild and fickle,
Are the best I've ever seen.

—*Earl C. Neifer.*

He's Still with Us

LOUISVILLE, KY.—With the business " repression " and banks popping, the only thing that saved the situation for me was Bert Green's stories in Liberty.

When he quits 'em I quit Liberty.—*Morris M. Wright.*

That'll Be About All, from You

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—What I can't understand is why Uncle Sam has not picked you up for using the mails to defraud.

People send you money for a subscription to a magazine, and you mail them Liberty.—*T. R. Fredriks.*

Maybe Miss Robinson Shouldn't Have Brought the Matter Up

WASHINGTON, D. C.—It strikes me that Grace Robinson, in her article, " Are Women Stupid? " has given the subject as clear-sighted treatment as I have ever encountered from the pen of a woman, but she has, hasn't she, failed to go quite deep enough? She has omitted the field of endeavor which is most significant from the point of view of your subject. You might call it the metaphysical.

I don't know of a word, but there is a type of mind that is drawn to imaginative speculations and whose genius lies in such fields as philosophy, higher mathematics, physics, etc.

Now, what I wish to ask is, has there ever been one woman in history who has made a name for herself in this particular phase of intellectual endeavor, which we might say is the very last reach that the human mind can make in putting a distance between it and the animal? In other words, has there ever been a great woman philosopher, mathematician, or scientist of the sort who belong in the same class as the above?

If woman inherited the fire of ambition and the talents of man equally with him, she would have played the same rôle in the progress of civilization. It is my contention that, in the realms of the feelings, the emotions, the sensibilities, the æsthetic, she does. That explains your actresses, etc. But—in the realm of abstract thought, don't you think she falls short?

Of course, I know that individuals among women tower above the run of men, but in a like way I am sure that there are women who can throw a strong man in the wrestling ring. But there are limitations that I think nature has bestowed on woman in certain realms of the mind as well as the body. If a woman appeared in the world who could match conceptions with Einstein, it would surprise me as much as though one were to wrest the boxing crown from Tunney.

It is this one field that I think is most significant in differentiating the talents of the sexes.—*Thomas B. Sweeney, Jr.*

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—In her very interesting article, "Are Women Stupid? " (not nearly so much so as some *men*), Grace Robinson gives expression to this: " Suppose I haven't produced many great pictures or many great inventions. I've done an awfully good job of populating the earth."

Apologizing for my boldness I would reply: " Yes, dear, you certainly have, but even in this you could not have succeeded without man's assistance."—*E. L. Gladding.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Grace Robinson forgot to finish the title to her last article. The answer is *yes!—A Vox Popper thrice.*

What Say, American Readers? Do You Want to Wait?

LONDON, ENGLAND — Liberty fascinates me. We have nothing in England like it. I cannot imagine the editor of any English weekly printing such abusive letters as you allow in Vox Pop. These letters tickle me to death.

May I be allowed a grouse? Isn't it possible to extend the closing dates of your competitions so that your English readers may compete? — *George Barnard.*

Mr. Gibbons Explains

NEW YORK, N. Y.—May I correct a deplorable error in my Headline Hunter adventure entitled " The Charge of the Last Brigade of Romance Riders," which you published recently?

In telling this story over the radio I read a 200-word quotation from Wallace Smith's book, " The Little Tigress," beginning:

> Men's voices speak to horses, cursing and coaxing. A boy blows an involved call on the bugle . . .

This I introduced with a spoken paragraph to the effect that no description of mine could better express the color and spirit of those night rides with Pancho Villa. I referred to " The Little Tigress " because I believe it is the best thing that has ever been written on Mexico.

Unfortunately my spoken paragraph of introduction was omitted when the broadcast was transcribed in article form, and the quotation appeared as though written by myself.

The entire fault for this error lies with me. I have explained it to Mr. Smith and he has asked me to forget it. I cannot forget, however, that this explanation is due to Liberty and to G. P. Putnam's Sons, the publishers of the book.—*Floyd Gibbons.*

Goodbye Dandruff!

There's nothing mysterious about dandruff. It's an actual substance, just as natural as perspiration. If you don't believe you have it, *try the finger-tip test:* gently scratch your scalp and look at your finger-nails.

You must wash your hair regularly anyway—why not use a shampoo that removes dandruff at the same time? Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves and removes every speck of dandruff instantly under a money-back guarantee. It lathers freely and rinses easily, no acid rinse needed. And it's just as good for blondes as it is for brunettes.

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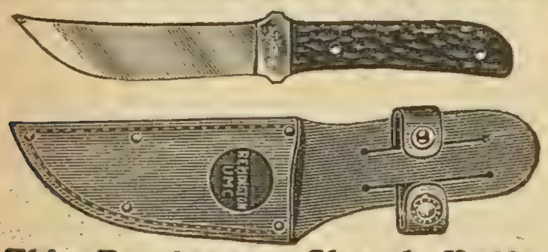

This Remington Sheath Knife

is just what you need for hunting, fishing or camping trips. It has a 4¼ inch forged blade with strong, durable, keen-cutting edge, bone stag handle and leather sheath. We will send you this knife

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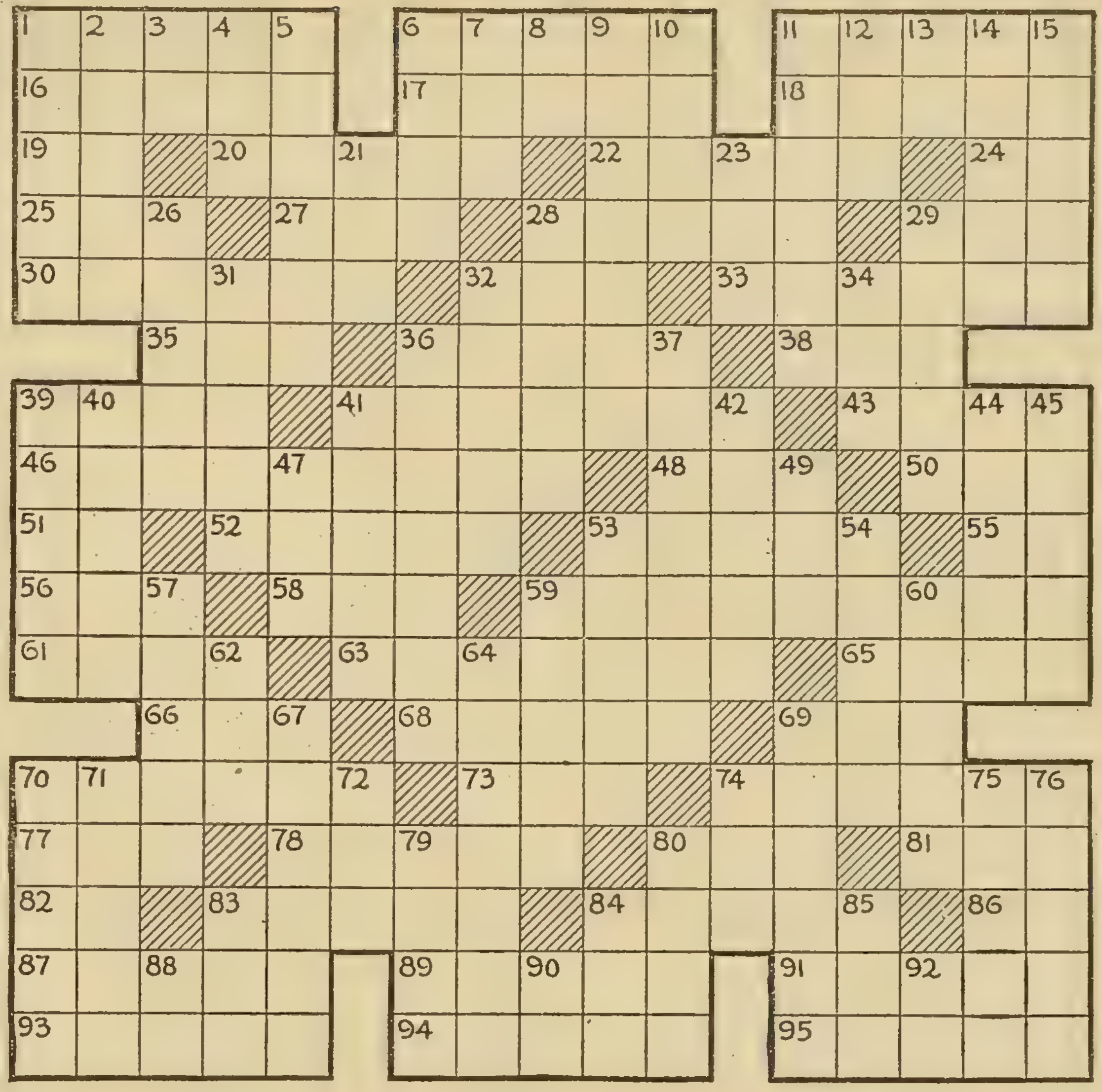
of charge on receipt of only $1.00 for a TWO-year subscription to Hunting & Fishing, a 52 page monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, revolvers, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc. Clip this adv. and mail today with $1 bill to **Hunting & Fishing, 140 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass.**

HUNTING AND FISHING
5

Two New Puzzles:



HORIZONTAL

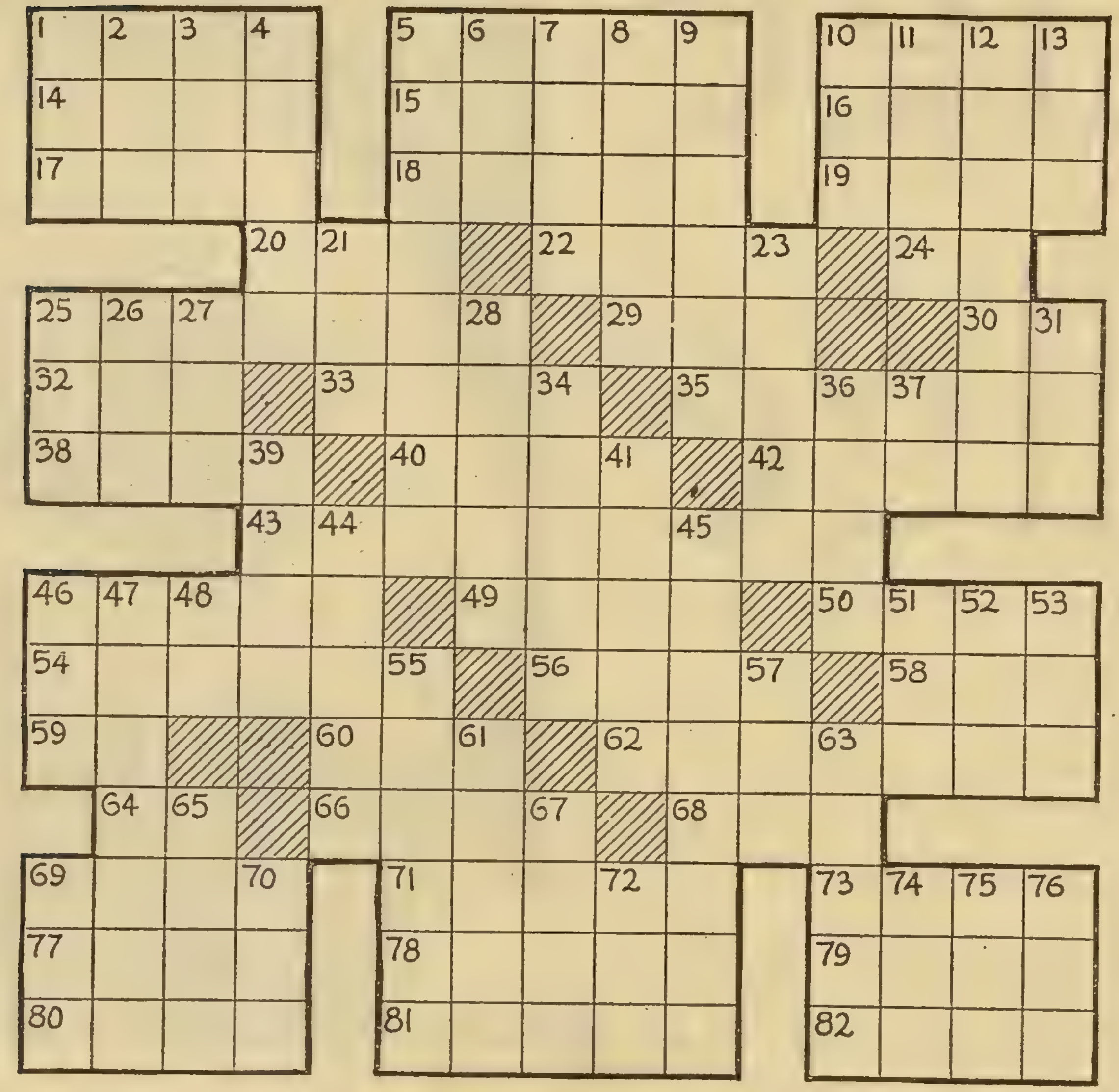
1 Apportioned
6 To mark, as with a hot iron
11 Demonstrative word
16 Went up
17 Fisher for lampreys
18 Makes warm
19 Not
20 Select class
22 Measure of length
24 Printer's measure
25 Not divisible by two without a remainder
27 A constellation
28 Town in Delaware
29 Observe
30 Reclassify
32 Prefix: wrong or ill
33 Ducks
35 Character in Ibsen's Peer Gynt
36 A town in West Virginia
38 Perch
39 Inquires
41 Probity; integrity
43 Deities
46 Thefts
48 Point
50 Egyptian goddess
51 A Japanese measure of area
52 Species of eel
53 Entreat
55 The symbol for an element
56 Corrode
58 Obtain
59 Fondling
61 Killed
63 Inferred; derived
65 Binds
66 No
68 Took the part of another
69 A cyst
70 Pelts with rocks
73 A color
74 Spaces between stairs in a stairway
77 Sailor
78 Parents
80 Small compact mass
81 Sup
82 Either
83 Garret
84 Provided with weapons of offense or defense
86 Father
87 Permission
89 Gaze intently
91 Celebrated
93 Ethereal salt
94 City in Germany
95 A net

VERTICAL

1 Tract of land; an estate
2 To wear away
3 Toward
4 Compass point
5 Spread, as a report
6 Greek letter
7 Female sandpiper
8 Indian mulberry
9 Goddess of vengeance in Greek religion
10 Sketched
11 Essay upon a definite theme
12 Pronoun
13 Babylonian deity
14 Guide
15 Slaves
21 Ill temper
23 Mound
26 Male fowl
28 Has being
29 Device for inducing discharge of pus
31 Province in India
32 Infected with mange
34 Excavate
36 Gives
37 Stopped undesiredly
39 Beasts of burden
40 Go stealthily
41 Rented
42 Relinquish
44 A fool
45 Inclosures
47 Ship's diary
49 French name for one of the months
53 Stepped
54 Fruit of a palm (plural)
57 Import; meaning
59 Fops
60 Baseball teams
62 Succeeded
64 Points out the way
67 Canopy over a bed
69 Broadens
70 Purloined
71 Weeds
72 To rest
74 A sheep
75 Mature
76 Garden implement
79 Ascend
80 A bird
83 A salutation
84 Form of to be
85 Female rabbit
88 By
90 Like
92 The symbol for an element

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL
1 A bird
5 Pertaining to the planet Mars
10 Native Rajputana state in India
14 Desire accompanied with expectation
15 To pucker
16 Plunder
17 A wild goat of the Old World
18 Fairies in Persian mythology
19 Little, malignant spirits
20 Form of to be
22 Glut; surfeit
24 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
25 City in Kansas
29 And not
30 Over and in contact with
32 Winglike process
33 Amend and revise
35 Come back to life
38 One of the Philippine Islands
40 Arrow poison derived from a plant
42 Furnished with rattan, as a chair
43 Quality of being distinguished by sex
46 Guide
49 Distinguished performer
50 One of the faces of an object
54 Learned Brahman
56 Graduated set of organ pipes
58 Religious recluse
59 Exist
60 Epoch
62 Horses
64 Have existence
66 East Indian plant that yields pith
68 Vessel for preserving ashes of the dead
69 Pertaining to an era
71 An orang
73 To obtain possession; capture
77 Telegraph
78 Languor of spirits; tedium
79 Free from inequality or irregularity
80 If the facts were different
81 Has the appearance of
82 Tear

VERTICAL
1 Letter of the Greek alphabet
2 Pin used in the game of quoits
3 Primate
4 One of the states of the Union
5 Something added; an adjunct
6 Regret; suffer remorse for
7 Deviates from the correct path
8 Native of one of the continents
9 A king of Pylus (Greek mythology)
10 A silkworm that feeds on the castor-oil plant
11 Woman of station or authority
12 To sanction officially; ratify
13 The matter or thing (law)
21 A deer
23 Upstanding
25 Kind of moccasin
26 Malt liquor
27 Jewish title of respect
28 A cavity
31 Man's nickname
34 Nipples
36 Poems; ballads
37 Into
39 Utilized
41 Puff up
44 American Indians
45 An Indian of one of the Five Nations
46 Mineral spring
47 Farmer's wagon
48 Printer's measure
51 Hostelry
52 Fitting
53 Being, in the most abstract sense
55 Figures of speech
57 Murmur of a domestic animal
61 Single
63 Bury
65 Part of the head (plural)
67 Feminine personal name
69 A sheep
70 Shelter
72 Plant exudation
74 Salutation
75 Range or faculty of perception
76 Termination

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight.

Colds

During the terrible influenza epidemic in 1918, the Massachusetts State Guard Medical Officers selected and used Salicon at the official State Camps. The doctors specified Salicon in place of the more common remedies because they found that it did the work quicker, surer and *without any harmful effects!* Salicon does not affect the heart; does not upset the stomach; is not habit forming. It speedily breaks up colds and relieves muscular and nerve pains and aches. You can take nothing better. Therefore, let it be your stand-by. At the first sign of any cold or pain or ache, take a couple of Salicon tablets. Relief with safety is yours! All good druggists sell Salicon in 25c, 50c and $1.25 sizes. Accept nothing else. If your local dealer cannot supply you, send coupon with 25c for package of SALICON.

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to this

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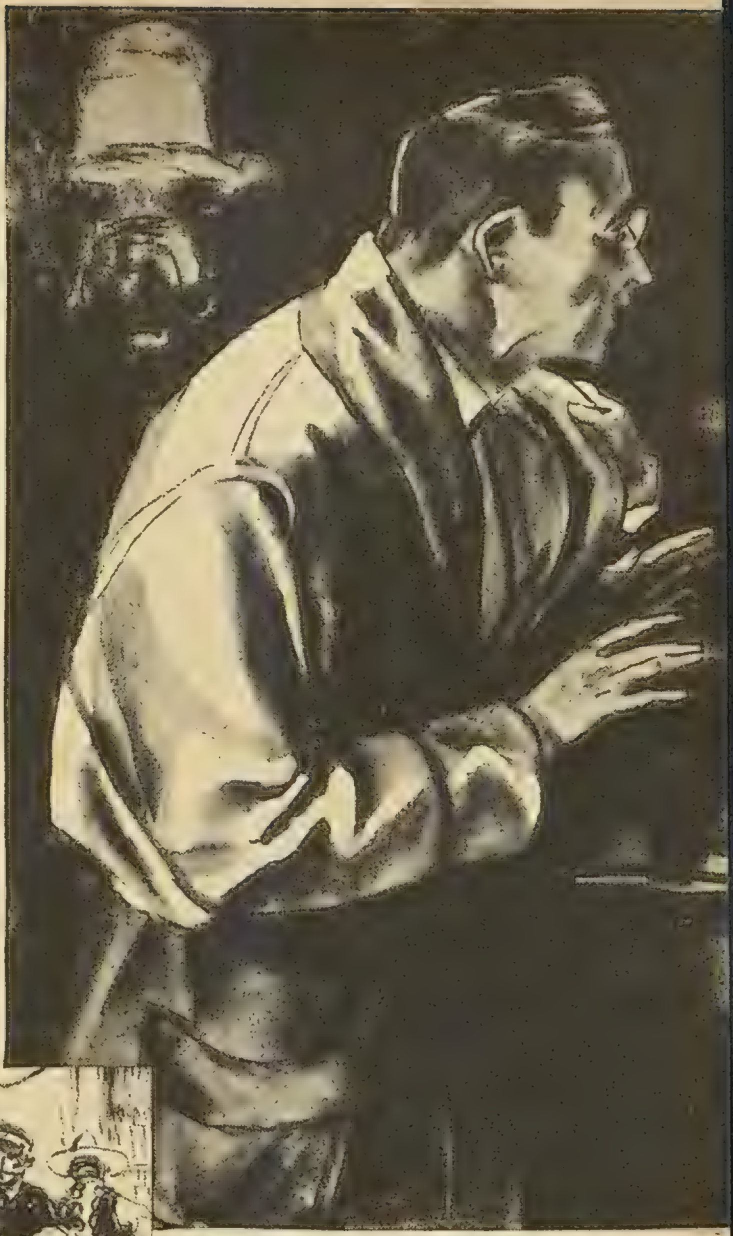
Bridge v. Bridge

Supplementary Report of the Referee

A Story by

Edward L. McKenna

Pictures by Herbert F. Roese



Bridge then displayed an appearance of anger and demanded that his testimony be taken at once.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 36 seconds.)

ON September 23, 1927, the Referee in the case of Bridge v. Bridge, an action of divorce, docket No. 4, Common Pleas, submitted his report of findings. Almost immediately thereafter certain new testimony came before him; he communicated with the Court and obtained permission to file a supplement. The Court having the original document, the Referee trusts that it will pardon the informality of this one.

October 2, 1927, the respondent, Robert Bridge, formerly known as Robert Bridge Minns, came to the house of the Referee at 11:30 at night. The Referee admitted the said respondent, who made himself known and professed himself ready to contest the action for divorce. The Referee replied that the place for such testimony was in his office, and that his report had already been made, upon failure of the respondent to appear at the proper time. Nevertheless, he proposed to Bridge that he appear before him on the following day.

The said Bridge then displayed an appearance of agitation and of anger and demanded that his testimony be taken at once. In the course of his argument, whether by accident or design, he allowed the Referee to see at the edge of his pocket what appeared to be a pistol. He did not produce this, nor was any threat made by him, nor was the Referee intimidated by him. The said Bridge is a large, sunburned, blustering man, and he seemed to the Referee to be one made desperate by misfortune rather than one inherently vicious or dangerous.

It was not any threat, or any suspicion of threat, which induced the Referee to take the testimony of the respondent. It was the statement made by him that he had traveled from Costa Rica to appear in this case, and that he had urgent personal reasons for refusing to appear at the Referee's office.

These personal reasons, so the Referee believes, are to be found in the testimony of Mrs. Bridge, the libelant, pp. 119, 121, to the effect that her husband is under indictment for misappropriation of funds in the State of Georgia.

After some consideration of the question whether the said Bridge could be considered *coram judice* if testifying before the Referee at his house (see Briggs, Deathbed Confessions, matters collateral thereto, I, p. 116, footnote 5, and People v. Boggs), the Referee awakened his wife, who was formerly a public stenographer, and swore her duly, and proceeded to take the testimony of the respondent, herewith appended.

It may be well to recapitulate briefly certain matters pertinent to this case.

The charges by Mrs. Bridge are as follows:

(1) Assault while under the influence of liquor, Hotel St. Simon, Atlanta, Ga., December 19, 1922.

(2) Assault at the Hotel Las Palmas, Havana, Cuba, January 16, 1923.

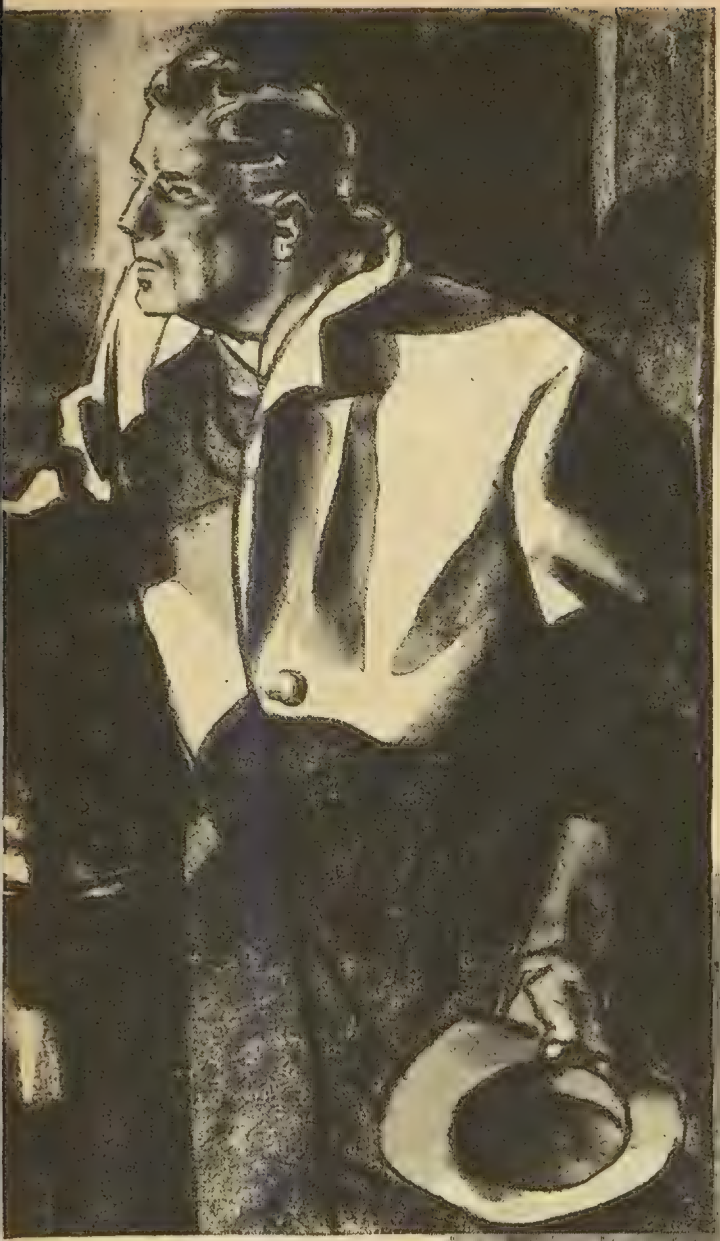
(3) Assault at the Café de Naranjas, Port of Spain, Trinidad, March 18, 1924.

(4) Assault at the Café Napoleon, Santo Domingo, August, 1925.

This fourth assault is the only one which is corroborated by witnesses, although libelant asserts that the hotel people in Georgia will verify her statements concerning disturbances there at various times, which she professes not to remember.

The libelant, Mrs. Robert Bridge, also known as Mrs. Robert Bridge Minns, was formerly married to one Pierce Laforgue of Baltimore, Maryland. She secured a divorce from the said Laforgue in August, 1922, for cruelty and nonsupport. This divorce was uncontested by Laforgue.

As soon as the decree was made absolute, she married the respondent, Robert Bridge Minns, also of Baltimore. Bridge, or Minns, was at this time twenty-nine; the libelant was twenty-seven.



There was issue of this former marriage, a son, Pierce, born August, 1917, and now consequently ten years of age. This boy was until lately a student at St. James' school in this state.

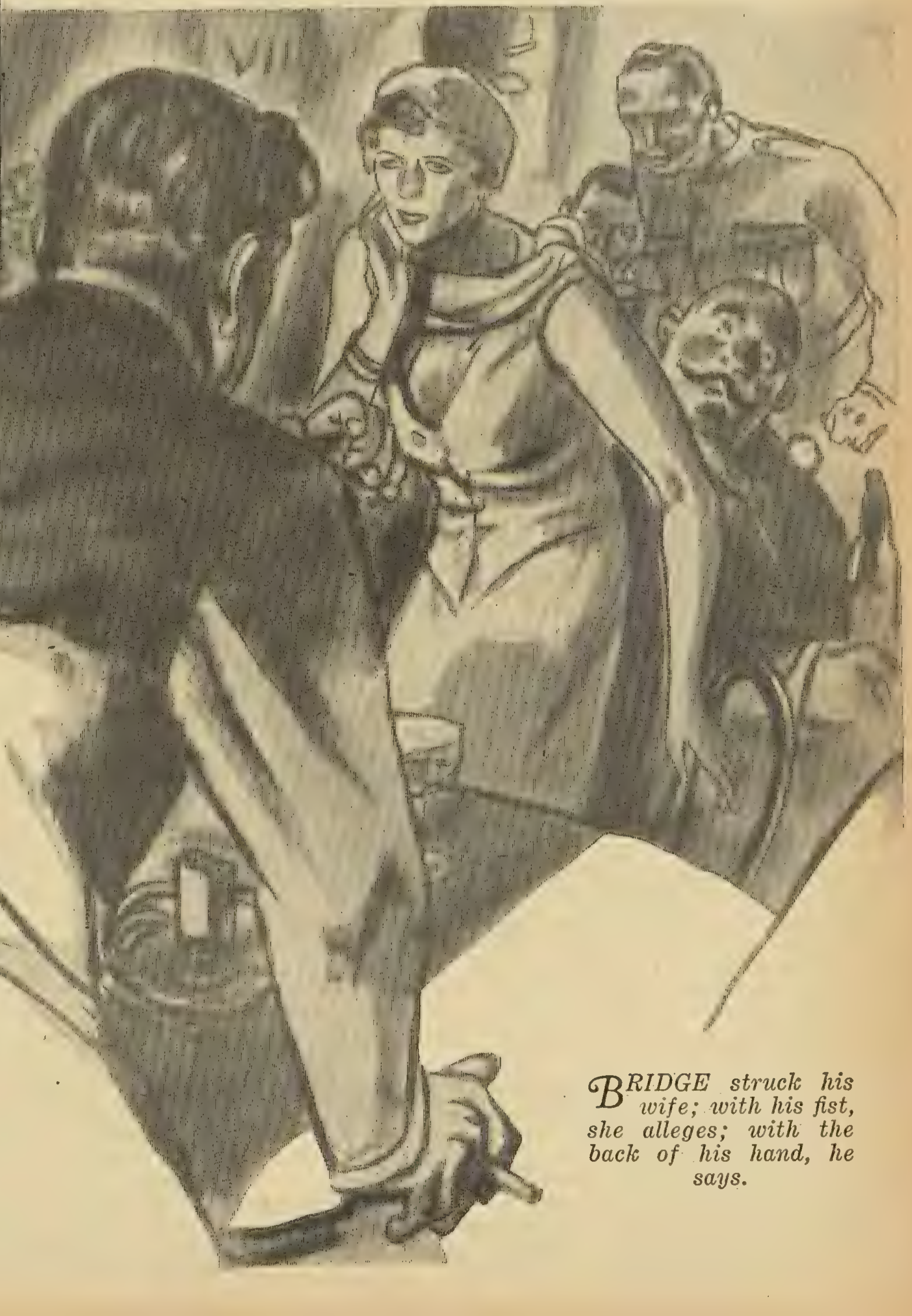
The respondent Bridge alleges that he was intimate with the libelant for a period of four months while she was still Mrs. Laforgue. He made this statement almost inadvertently, and then wished to withdraw it. The Referee pressed him (see testimony appended, pp. 17-18), and at last he produced letters alleged to have been written by her at this time. These letters breathe passionate avowals of love. They have been admitted by Mrs. Bridge, but are not a part of the record, having been delivered to her by the Referee.

After their marriage the Bridges went to Atlanta, Georgia. Bridge alleges that his family cast him off; that he went to Atlanta and secured employment there; that he found himself unable to make expenses, and that he "got into a little trouble" (Testimony, page 6). He fled Atlanta and went to Havana. Then follows a bewildering record of tropical towns: San Juan del Norte, Barranquilla, Colon, Port of Spain, Caracas, Puerto Cabello, Pernambuco. The respondent alleges that he got work where and when he could, that he has been a stevedore, a waiter, a tout for gambling houses, and that he has served in almost every capacity in the fruit and lumber and copper industries.

Wherever he went his wife and son accompanied him or followed him. There is no allegation of nonsupport or desertion by Mrs. Bridge; there can be none. Misfortune dogged the steps of the respondent, misfortune, no doubt, deserved; but he never forgot his wife or his adopted son. He sent them pitiful remittances out of his poverty, and whenever he seemed to establish himself, however temporarily, they followed him.

There are letters from Mrs. Bridge to her husband during their enforced separations, which seem to the Referee sincere and touching. These letters are appended to this report. The Referee wishes to emphasize them lest his report should be considered altogether unfair to the libelant. The tenor of these letters is definitely gay and encouraging. More than one is so intimate in its tone that it is a grief to see it extended upon the record. They are necessary; every letter not pertinent has been returned to Mrs. Bridge by the Referee.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

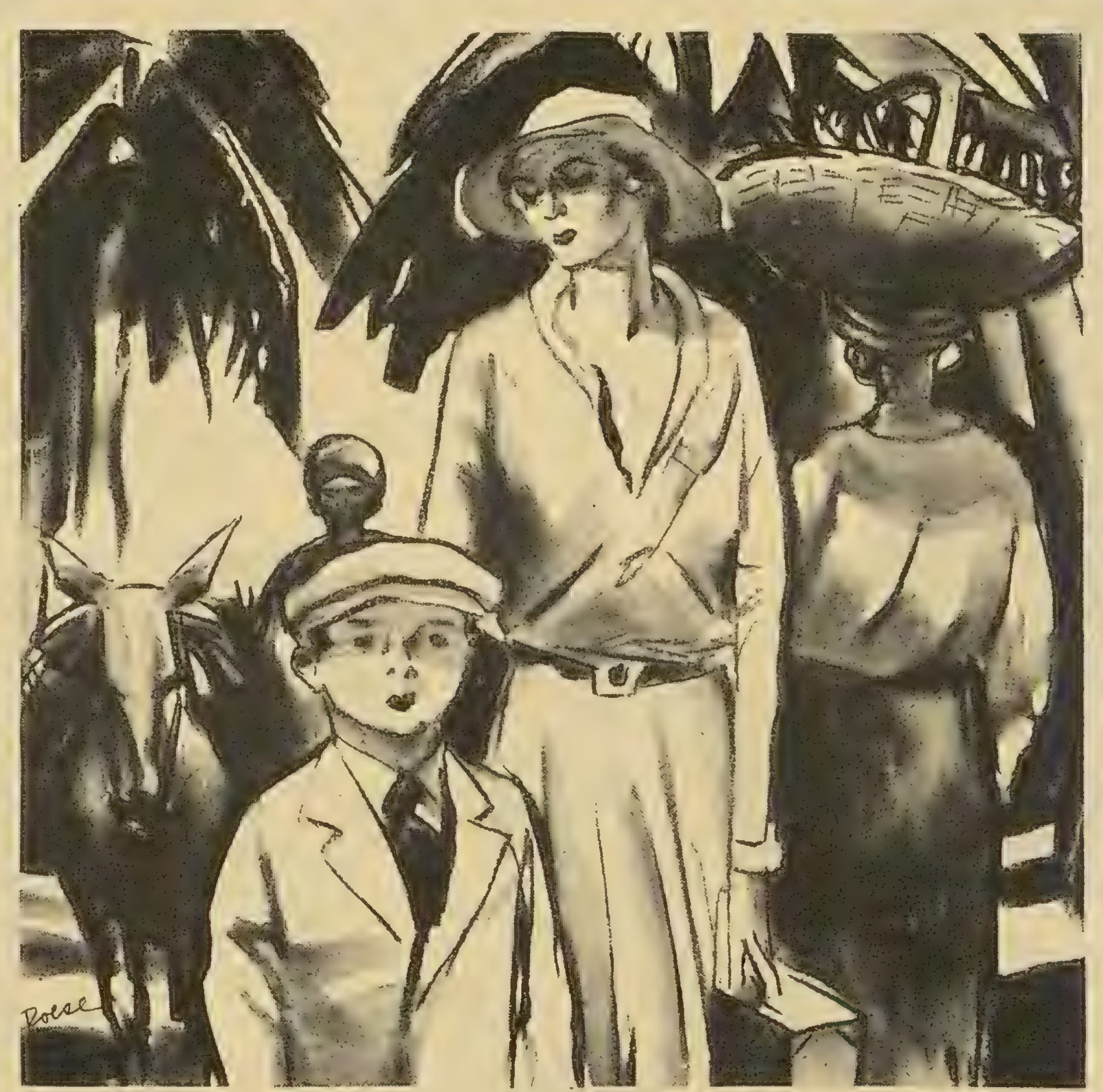


BRIDGE struck his wife; with his fist, she alleges; with the back of his hand, he says.

BRIDGE v. BRIDGE
Continued from page fifty-seven

That the libelant and the respondent once loved each other is clear. This love has now disappeared, it would seem, and only recriminations remain.

It would be grossly unfair to describe the libelant, Mrs. Bridge, at this time as battening upon the wages of a man she had ruined. She was suffering hardship—hardship of every description—privation, heat, social ostracism, even in easy-going Spanish-American towns (see letter 4, appended). She was dodging in and out of dingy hotels, worrying about her bills, suffering the scorn of domestics (see letter 5, appended). For all this, she would write to her husband with the gay badinage of an eager mistress.



She was suffering hardship, social ostracism, even in easy-going Spanish-American towns.

That they had quarrels is evident. That the respondent struck the libelant more than once is probable enough. The testimony concerning this was without corroboration until Bridge's testimony itself was taken.

The events mentioned in charge (1), the Atlanta episode, are dismissed by Bridge as mere skylarking, in the course of which both became boisterous. They had been drinking at the Bluecastle Inn earlier in the evening, he explains, and he has a hazy recollection of people complaining later of their noisiness. If Mrs. Bridge had indeed been drinking, the familiar case of Smith v. Smith is recalled to the Court.

But Mrs. Bridge's explanation is quite otherwise. She declares that her husband became irritated at her extravagance, and from invective proceeded to blows. That such blows were of a character to produce deadly fear in her is extremely doubtful. (See pp. 46-49, testimony of Mrs. Bridge.)

It was two weeks after this that the alleged act of misappropriation of funds occurred, and the Minns family changed its name and fled to the tropics.

As for the other acts of cruelty complained of, they are dealt with in the original report (pp. 15-18). The respondent maintains stoutly that he does not remember them. "Oh, I might have given her a slap once in a while," he admits largely. "She was a bear for rough-house. Say, believe me, if I told you every time she made a pass at me, or threw something at me—Once she threw a clock at me." (Testimony appended, page 17.)

Proceeding to the Santo Domingo incident, the testimony of Bridge is interesting. Three years had now passed since the marriage; its fires may have grown dim. Bridge had secured a fair position as assistant manager of the Alliance Fruit Company.

He had once more sent for his family. He and his wife and several other people—Bridge's quickly found friends—were having a celebration at the Café Napoleon. They were drinking; a band was playing. A party of American marines were at a neighboring table. Suddenly Bridge and his wife began to quarrel.

It was a jealous quarrel, and, perhaps, quite without basis. It was a hot afternoon and they had been drinking Scotch and tequila. Certainly, in its course, Bridge struck his wife; with his fist, she alleges; with the back of his hand, he says. Up sprang the marines to defend white womanhood, and the respondent met them with a whoop. In the ensuing confusion the party was ejected from the hotel and Bridge and the marines were arrested by great numbers of the local police. As a consequence of the disturbance Bridge was discharged from his position.

After an attempted reconciliation with his wife, he departed for Aguadilla, where in a few days he secured employment and began to send his wife small money orders. Mrs. Bridge cashed these, and with their assistance, and whatever other help she may have acquired, she made her way back to the United States with the boy; and having established residence, she is now undertaking this divorce action.

The Referee, at the conclusion of his examination of Bridge, asked him bluntly concerning his motive for opposing this divorce. The witness was for a long time silent. To a question whether he still loved the libelant, the answer was given in the negative. The manner of the answer was resentful, sullen, and defiant. At another time he made a statement that should he ever lay hands on the libelant she would regret it.

None of this is part of the record. The Referee regards many of Bridge's statements as mere bluster, similar to his display of the weapon, previously referred to.

The Referee then spoke of the son by the former marriage—the aforesaid Pierce. At once the manner of the respondent changed.

He delivered himself of a glowing eulogy concerning the merits of his foster son. So heartfelt and so intense was this that the Referee ventured to ask him concerning the paternity of this boy. It appears, however, that when Bridge first knew the libelant the child was already four years old.

At the conclusion of the formal testimony the witness drew a flask from his pocket and proffered it to the Referee, who declined it.

It being then 3:35 in the morning, the wife of the Referee read the notes of the testimony, and Mr. Bridge rose and made a remark of politeness to her in Spanish and kissed her hand.

As she proceeded upstairs the Referee noticed evidence of pity and emotion in her eyes.

The Referee then conversed with the said Bridge for a short while, and in his capacity as an inferior judge took it upon himself to offer Bridge some general advice. Bridge then took his leave.

The next day at two o'clock the Referee called upon Mrs. Bridge. He wished her to produce the aforesaid Pierce, her son, that he might examine him, in order to see what further light might be thrown upon the case. She made various excuses, which made it clear that she would not voluntarily bring the boy into the case.

The Referee then delivered the letters which had been intrusted to him by her husband. She admitted them without subterfuge, and also admitted the authenticity of her husband's signature.

Although visibly agitated by the perusal of these old letters she declared herself as opposed to any reconciliation with Bridge.

The Referee explained that he was in no sense the emissary of Bridge in asking overtures, and took his leave.

A BRIEF description of the libelant, Mrs. Bridge, may be pertinent to the Court, or, at least, of interest to it. She is now thirty-two years old and is one of those women who are ageless until suddenly they become hags. She is trim, and well dressed, and her manner is too careful, too well bred, as if she were trying sedulously to recall training half forgotten. It is hard to believe that she is the person named in these papers, who has dragged herself from port to port, from *pension* to shoddy café, from Nombre de Dios to Pernambuco and back again. The Court has the record of her unhappy marriages and may judge of her virtue as it will. That she is a brave woman, a gallant and resolute one, appears no less from these records; a woman who has known poverty and hardship, who has been almost a social outcast, and who, nevertheless, holds up her head and challenges anyone to look at her and then recall the squalid facts of her career.

Who furnished her with resources for her present relative prosperity and for the costs of this action, does not appear.

There is no insinuation here made; it is merely noted. An inquiry made of her at the hearings—whether she were reunited with her family in Baltimore—was met with a level look and a curt negative.

Two days after he called upon Mrs. Bridge, she telephoned the Referee in this case. She informed him that her son Pierce had disappeared from the school; kidnaped, as she says, by the said Bridge, his foster father. She demanded that the Referee disclose to her knowledge of Bridge's present location, and she is taking steps for her husband's apprehension.

The Referee answered her in all truthfulness that he had no knowledge of Bridge's address or his destination or his project to secure the custody of the child.

Whether this action of Bridge's constitutes kidnaping—considering

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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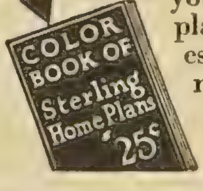
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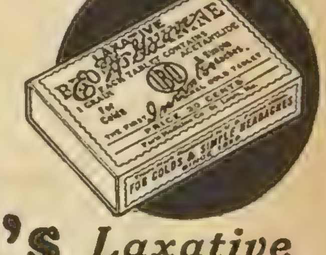

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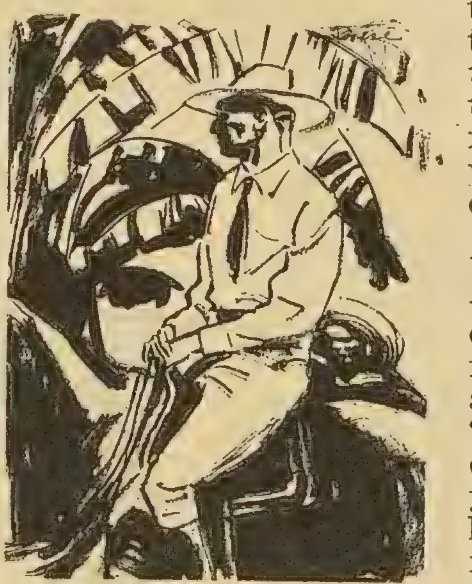
BRIDGE v. BRIDGE
Continued from page fifty-nine

the present status of the parties—is a nice question. In the event of divorce, the action is, no doubt, capable of a more exact construction.

Considering this matter of the custody of the child merely as to principle, the problem presented is most serious. Is the boy better off in the care of a father so open to censure, yet so resolute, and who seems to love him with the love of a man who has left to him no other ties to decency? Or with his mother, whose record is before this Court, and who is at least gallant and undaunted? This question is pertinent, as this projected divorce is still pending.



The motive for divorce, as the Court well knows, though it may not so presume, is usually remarriage. That the libelant plans so to reëstablish herself is common gossip in the city.

The Referee, in our courts, is a sort of petty judge. The responsibility resting upon him is not less than that which rests upon the highest authority upon the Bench.

The Referee in this case pities every one of the parties involved. This roistering drunkard, the husband; this divorced woman, the libelant; the little son who has found a father who loves him, a father who, with all his faults, and all his brutality, is man enough to battle with three marines and to give a notable account of himself; who takes a chance on extradition, on years in jail for felony, in order to take his son away; who came here from Costa Rica to defend his rights, yes, and to care for his obligations. For he owes a debt to this boy; he took his rightful father away from him. The man, Bridge, it is alleged, is already a fugitive from justice.

That he is the only guilty party in this old offense, is a matter for speculation.

TO consider the case of the libelant, Mrs. Bridge: If she had been a blushing maiden, beguiled by the swagger of an adventurer, the Court might lend an indulgent ear to her application. She was not; she was twenty-seven years of age, the mother of a child, the wife of a man perhaps too complaisant for her tastes. She asks for no pity; her attitude is not that of a beggar. She demands her divorce; she has gone so far as to hint that the Referee in this case has a guilty complicity in the seizure of her son.

The Referee regards these empty railings as he regarded the apocryphal pistol in her husband's pocket.

It is improbable that love still exists between these litigants at this time. There is little likelihood, perhaps, that it will ever exist between them again. This libelant has a new chance, perhaps, of social rehabilitation, of a fresh start, and a new marriage.

It is the solemn belief of the Referee that the State may not give it to her. Let her take her other chance; let her go back into the tropics seeking her son and her husband. That she will be happy there is not the prediction of the Referee. Happiness is not the question involved.

Let her go back to her husband. She will find him. A man such as this leaves a blazing trail. Let her propose to him, as a bargain, that each of them renounce liquor and whatever evil courses either may pursue.

LET her say to him—and the Referee quotes her own words from a letter which is a part of this record—"In God's name, Bob, of course I believe in you. I must. I believe in your strength, in your courage. We'll make it go."

There is a man here, a man for her to have. Two men; her young son also. A man who cast overboard everything for her in 1922. And a man for whom she cast everything overboard, too. She did it before, because she was young and in love. Let her do it once more, to save her own soul and his.

The libelant, Mrs. Bridge, is now thirty-two years of age. She is still lovely.

She has five years before her of playing Melisande, or Messalina, and perhaps five more of being a third-rate Becky Sharp. In the tropics she has a life just as dangerous, just as difficult, with her husband and her son.

She is an intrepid and energetic woman. May the Court help her to make a decision by denying her an easy escape, a semirespectable escape from her duty.

The Referee finds that the evidence in this case is insufficient for divorce; that the cruelty alleged is not of a character to endanger life or limb, or such as to make cohabitation impossible.

He trusts that the Court will pardon the vehemence of the language in this supplemental report. Still more, he hopes that the Court will sustain his findings, and that his action and theirs will make it possible for these unfortunate people to recast their fallen fortunes. The contesting parties in this suit, for all their faults, have courage and strength. The state must not waste such qualities as theirs, even though by its action it loses them forever as its citizens.

THE END

Problems of Conduct

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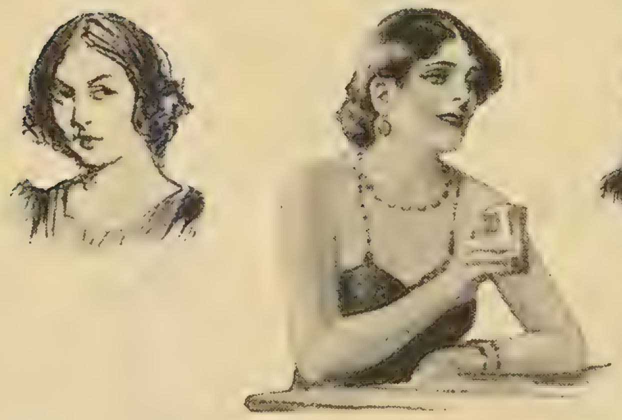

Suppose you were a young man and were to select a wife from among three girls.

A is homely, with a heart of gold.
B is beautiful, but immoral.
C is wealthy, but a "dumb Dora."
Which would you choose?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, February 21. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only —typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing three answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for January 10, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

> Suppose you were twenty-one and had the choice of marrying the man you love or a man who loves you.
>
> Both men show you equal affection. But you are jealous of the man you love, without any reason at all, and spend many an hour thinking he may be untrue to you after marriage. Yet your happiest hours are with him. With the man who loves you, you feel at peace with the world and can picture yourself in later years the mother of his children with him always by your side.
>
> Would you marry the man you love and suffer the pangs of jealousy, or
>
> Marry the man who loves you and sit down and take life easy?

The Winning Answers

By HELEN RANKIN CARRM

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan

WHAT would I do? Marry the man I love, of course! I *am* twenty-one and I know. Life is so incredibly short, and my life is so terribly important to me that it would be impossible for me to marry a man merely because he could take care of me. I'm not parasitic by nature—any more than are the rest of us youngsters of this modern age. I don't want peace and contentment at the expense of my happiness.

This is the twentieth century and twentieth century women want more than security. Besides, we "dancing daughters" are not always as light-headed as we appear. Sometimes we work, and we have worked just often enough and long enough to know that we can be financially independent if we will it. We know what we want and it doesn't happen to be the illusion of contentment.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

We wouldn't be happy if we were contented. We would be bored and annoyed. And if we were stupid enough to marry a man whom we did not love, however fine he was, we should despise ourselves and him too within a short while.

As for me—I speak for our twenty-one-year-olds. We've seen enough of the marriages of our friends to know that, at its finest, married life is difficult. It requires deep understanding, sympathy, and love to adjust one's self to the man one loves. How much more it would require if one were to marry a man who meant merely support and security.

No. I would rather be absolutely miserable and torn with jealousy for the man I love than to be a housekeeper for my board and room. At least I would know that my life would be gloriously happy *some* of the time, and as for the rest—well—it would be interesting!

By MRS. CLARE LANSING

229 South Pennsylvania Avenue, Lansing, Michigan

I MARRIED the man I loved. The first year, I seemed to reach the heights of human happiness. At the end of the third year I had reached the depths of human misery. We found we had few interests in common and, therefore, our potential companionship petered out and died. Other women took my place. He ignored our child. Death released us.

Two years passed and I married the man who loved me and whom I respected and trusted fully. We have mutual interests and, while I have not gone to the heights with him, yet there is a growing, stable love on my part, and a joy in life which makes it possible for me to help others. We, also, have a child and our two little ones (he adopted my first child) are growing up in a home of culture, harmony, and happiness. They will be better citizens for it.

My experience has taught me that where there is mutual trust, respect, and interests, with a genuine affection on the part of the wife, marriage can be a most happy union. The union where there is a great fascination without mutual trust, respect, and sharing is no marriage. Therefore, marry the man you trust and respect and for whom you have a warm affection, especially if you can picture him as the father of your children. Time will tell you he has your *real* love. After all, the character of the father of your children is more important than satisfying one's young romantic tendencies.

By GLORIA M. JENSEN

Box 209, Alvin, Texas

I WOULD quite naturally marry the man I loved even though I knew I would be jealous of him after the marriage. What could be more incomplete than a serene, calm, marital existence *sans* spice and flavor when love offers all the emotions that make life worth living?

What if the heart and mind do a loop-the-loop occasionally? The fact that true love is there, acts as an aid over the obstacles of jealousy and suspicion. This especially if the jealous feeling is unfounded. Eventually my " green-eyed monster " would fade away even though I were the most jealous-natured person in the world, if my suspicions were never based upon actualities. Meanwhile the elasticity of youth would itself carry me through the worst stages.

But a completely flat marriage, just to be comfortable and safe, could never be satisfactory. I can imagine a no more gloomy outlook upon life than living with a man I respected but whom I did not love with my heart and soul—whom I would not be willing to suffer for.

No, thank you. Give me the one I love or none at all.

Answers to the question in Liberty for January 17 will be published next week.

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This queer little device doesn't just chop a ragged hole in the top of the can. It cuts the entire top completely out, not off, clean as a whistle. The machine takes hold of the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives it back without any sharp edges to snag your fingers. You just put the can in the machine—turn the handle—and almost instantly the job is done.

Sells Itself in Seconds

Everyone knows how women detest the dangerous old-style can opener. Imagine then, how they welcome this startling new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful kitchen task. Men, honestly I'm not exaggerating one bit when I tell you that not ten words are necessary to sell many of them. All you do is hand your demonstrator to your prospect and let her try it. She often sells herself in seconds—and you pocket a nice, fat profit. Yes, really, it's just that simple and easy. That's why salesmen have made $75 to $150 in a week.

Act Quick for Free Test Offer

I don't care whether you're an "old-timer" or just breaking in, some of the quickest, easiest money of your life is waiting for you now, right here. That's a mighty strong statement. But all I ask is a chance to prove it at my risk. I know this proposition will coin money for you with such speed that it will make your head swim. Territories are closing fast. The Free Test costs you nothing. Just mail me the coupon and I'll shoot you the most sensational dollar making plan you ever heard of. Mail it today. Right now!

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Dept. B-994 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

$208 In 24 Hours!

"Speedo products do everything that is claimed for them. I went to a small railroad town and sold 24 Speedo products in about 3 hours. In another instance I sold 30 Speedos on one street in 1 1-2 hours. In 24 hours of selling I have made exactly $208.
—John Neighbors, O.

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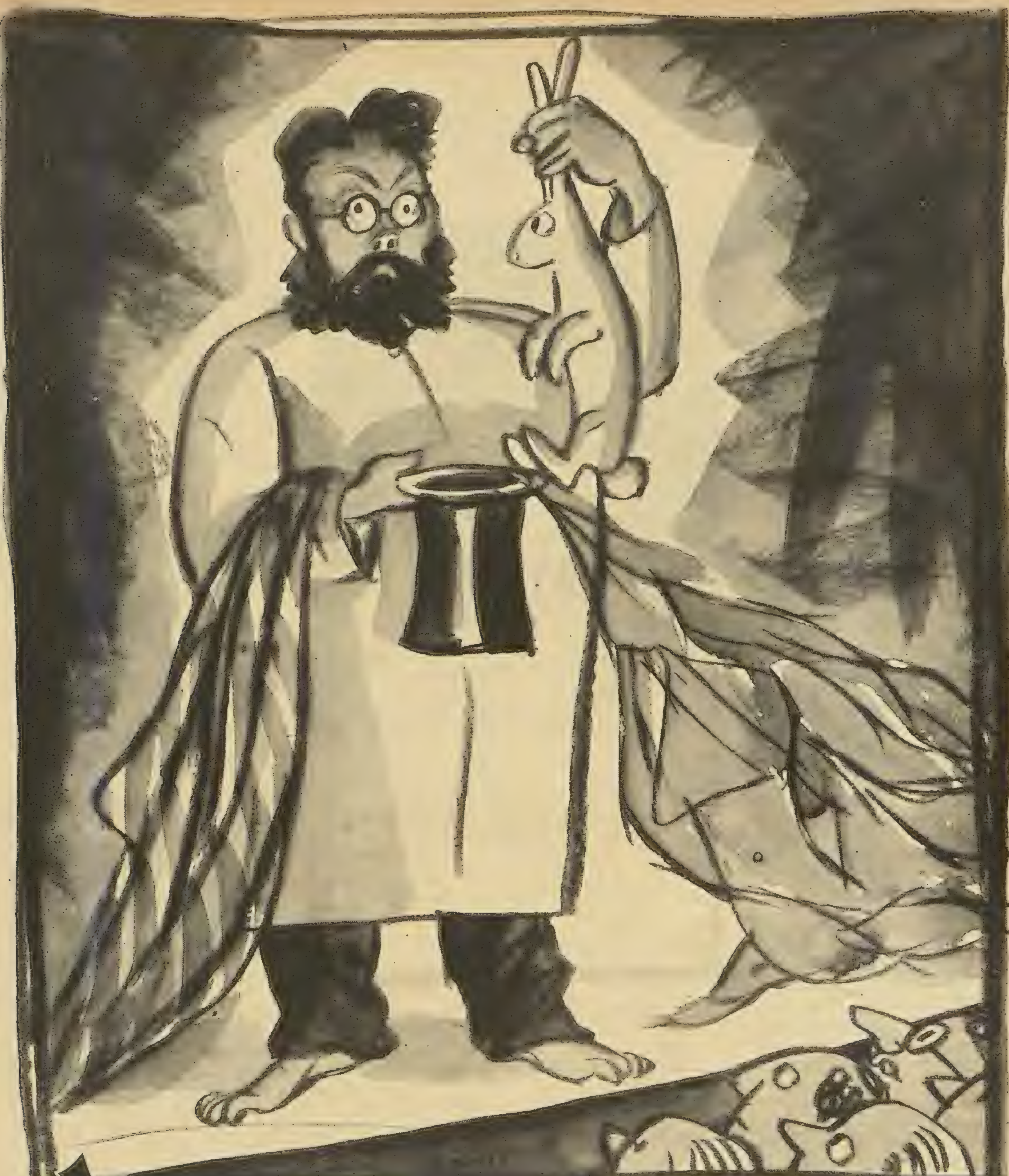


The applause which greeted this trick was nothing short of deafening.

ATOM BOY!

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 5 min. 51 sec.)

WITH all that I have to do, it seems a little too bad that I should have to keep worrying about the constitution of the atom. One day Sir Arthur Reeves Reeves-Arthur comes out and says that the atom is made up of electrons and protons. The following week Dr. Hjalmar Rensnessen reads a paper before the Royal Society of Locomotive Engineers and says that the atom is composed of little pieces of old pocket lint. The hell with both of them! I can't be bothered.

There is one feature of these researches, however,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

which holds my attention for almost a quarter of a second. Someone (his name slips my mind right now, but I have it in my files in case you ever should want it) has figured out that, if we could utilize the energy in an atom, we would never have to do any more work ourselves. Now, *there's* a scientist! *There's* the boy for me! He doesn't say what we are going to nibble on when we go out to the ice box to get a cold snack before going to bed, or what strange medium of exchange we are going to use to buy it with, since none of us are working, but he does say that we won't be working, and that is the main thing. The eating will take care of itself. We can eat each other. And I already have a list of twenty people whom I *don't* want to eat.

As I understand it (which I don't), each atom has a so-called "nucleus" at its center, like that cute little old Daddy Worm in the center of a chestnut. This part I have decided not to think about.

But when you consider that each atom is only a hundred-millionths of an inch across (that would be even smaller than the piece of lobster in a lobster and shrimp Newburgh) and that its nucleus is only about ten-thousandths of this diameter, you will not only see how small a nucleus is but you will also go a little crazy. In fact, in just writing these figures down on paper I have whipped myself into such a state that I have got the typewriter ribbon all tangled up in my fingers and am going to have to drop everything and bathe my temples.

So what?

If we can split an atom, we are going to find a lot of little things.

SO if we can split an atom (I am using the slang of Prof. E. N. daC. Andrade in the London Observer) and *then* can split the nucleus, we are going to find a lot of little things called "protons" and "electrons," and you can imagine how small they are going to be. It is absurd. The protons are positive and the electrons are negative, and, of the two, I am sure that the electrons are nicer. I hate a positive proton. They think they know everything. It is "This is so" and "That is so," until you want to smack them in the face. With the world in the state it is in today, nobody can be as positive as all that.

Now Prof. E. N. daC. Andrade (until I know what the "daC." in the professor's name stands for, I shall be tossing and turning all night) suggests that, in order to break up these atoms and nuclei (hot dickity), we shall have to use some very powerful projectile to smash into them at a tremendous rate of speed. Just who is going to pick up what is left after this projectile has hit the atom and make the pieces look like anything at all, is something I, personally, am not going to worry about.

In fact, I have lost a great deal of interest in the whole subject since starting to write this article, and I am sure that you have, too, my great big Audience of Rodeo Land. Suppose we let the whole matter drop for a while and just give ourselves over to fun and frolic?

It seems there were three Irishmen, whom we will call three Hungarians because that was not their name. Well, these three chaps were walking along the street when one of them turned to the other two (he being on the outside) and said: "Stop your pushing!" You can imagine the hubbub which resulted from this remark. Fists flew like hot cakes and, in no time and at all, the only one left was the man who had made the original remark, the other two having been Scotsmen, and, being Scotsmen, had saved their strength for six per cent. This more or less makes a bum out of the original story which, if you will consult your notes, was to have been about three Irishmen. It just seems as if *nothing* held together these days. I think there was even more to the story than the tantalizing bit I have given you, but it is too late now. We are back again on the atom.

We now come to the fascinating part of our paper. According to Professor You-Know, "the gun which fires the projectiles is the nucleus of atoms of radioactive substances, such as the element called 'Radium C'; the projectiles are the so-called 'alpha' particles (*Editor's Note: 'So-called' by whom?*), which are themselves small nuclei, and consist of four protons and two electrons welded together."

THIS makes it all a little clearer. All that we have to do in order to split an atom is to go to the nearest druggist and ask him for a small package of Radium C. Radium A and Radium B are for the big boys and can be had only by presenting an order from the Headmaster.

I am not kidding when I tell you that Dr. Ernest Rutherford has succeeded in directing a stream of alpha particles from radioactive substances on to certain light elements and has knocked several representative atoms into a cocked hat. The cocked hat has then been taken, covered with an American flag, and, when uncovered, has been found to contain an old rabbit and sixty yards of red tissue paper. The applause which greeted this trick of Dr. Rutherford's was nothing short of deafening.

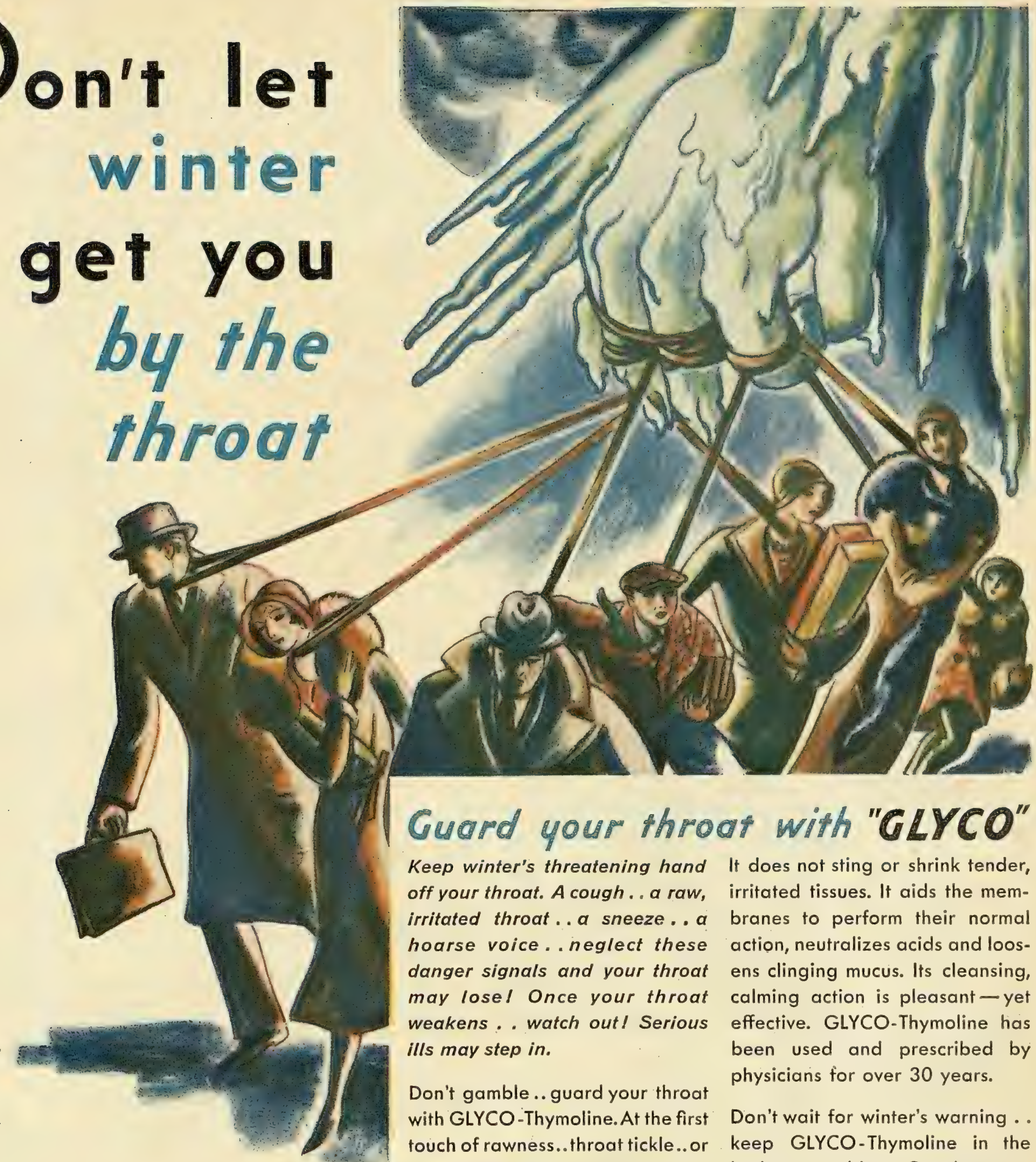
"It has long been my ambition" (it is Dr. Rutherford speaking) "to have available a copious supply of atoms and electrons which have an individual energy far transcending that of the alpha and beta particles from radioactive bodies."

Now here is where the surprise comes in! A few of us are getting together, unbeknownst to Dr. Rutherford, of whom we are very fond, and are going to chip in and help him fulfill this ambition of his. We are going to get him a whole case of the atoms and electrons that he has been longing for and are going around to his laboratory some day and leave them on his doorstep, with a note reading: "Dear Doc: A little bird told us that you wanted some of these. Don't open them until your birthday. Then go to it, and *split those atoms!*"

Perhaps this is making a great deal of to-do about nothing. But if somebody thinks that he can fix it so that none of us will ever have to work again, I think that we ought to help him. It probably will come too late to be of much use to us of the present generation, but, from the looks of things now, our children are going to have to work awfully hard unless something like this comes along to save them. In the meantime, I am more or less resting on my oars and waiting. It may come sooner than we think.

Mr. Benchley will have something further to offer in an early issue of Liberty.

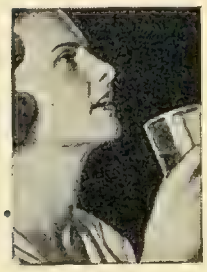
Don't let winter get you *by the throat*



Guard your throat with "GLYCO"

Keep winter's threatening hand off your throat. A cough . . a raw, irritated throat . . a sneeze . . a hoarse voice . . neglect these danger signals and your throat may lose! Once your throat weakens . . watch out! Serious ills may step in.

Don't gamble . . guard your throat with GLYCO-Thymoline. At the first touch of rawness . . throat tickle . . or husky voice . . gargle with GLYCO-Thymoline for instant, soothing relief.



GLYCO-Thymoline is *different*, because it's *alkaline.* It does not sting or shrink tender, irritated tissues. It aids the membranes to perform their normal action, neutralizes acids and loosens clinging mucus. Its cleansing, calming action is pleasant — yet effective. GLYCO-Thymoline has been used and prescribed by physicians for over 30 years.

Don't wait for winter's warning . . keep GLYCO-Thymoline in the bathroom cabinet. Gargle morning and night with it . . rinse your mouth with it . . and if your nose is clogged, use it to clear your head. Three wise winter precautions in one bottle. Just ask your nearest druggist for "GLYCO" . . . today. *Kress & Owen Company, N. Y.*

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THYMOLINE
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KRESS & OWEN CO., 361 Pearl Street, New York City

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Grandfather and Grandmother knew as much about this far-famed cough-stopper as the wise mothers and fathers and healthy children of today. It is a pleasant medicine—kind of a candy—marvelous in results. The menthol in them soothes and cools. Try them—10c for a large box.

Sold only at

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NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

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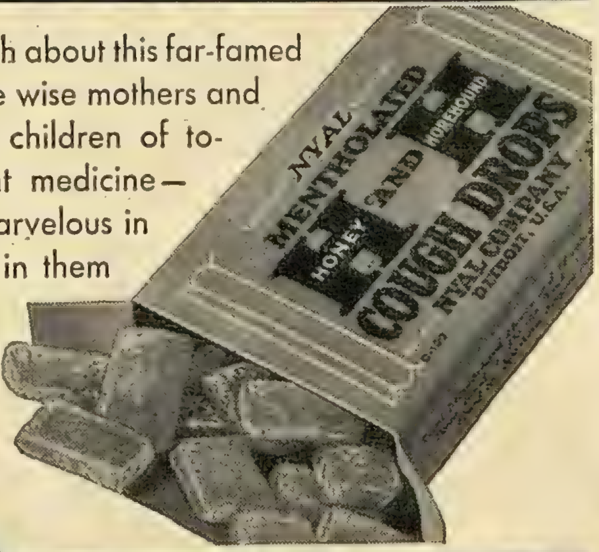
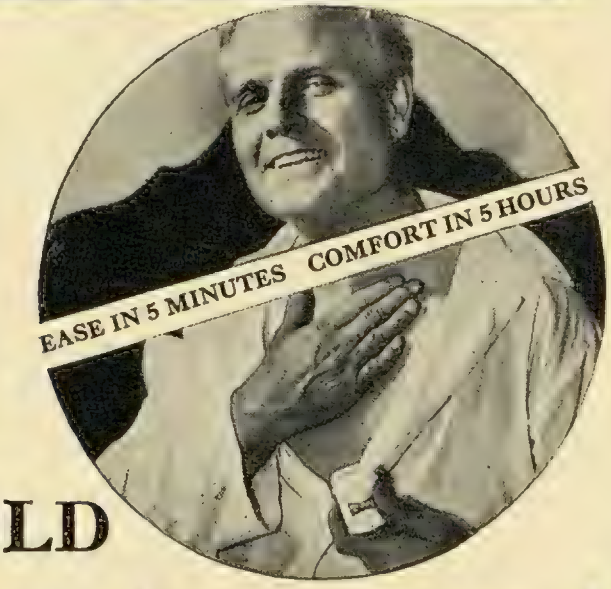



EASE IN 5 MINUTES COMFORT IN 5 HOURS

Stop that COLD ... before it stops you!

It takes a "counter-irritant" to get quick action

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous—draw them out with Musterole, which gets action because it is a *"counter-irritant"*—not just a salve. It warms, penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, brings congestion to the surface, and thus gives real relief.

But don't be satisfied with the noticeable relief you should experience from the first Musterole rub — *apply it every hour for five hours* and you'll be amazed at the result!

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

I Double Dare You!

A New
FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"IF you wake up my twins many more times," Mrs. Crolius complained as she stuck a pacifier in each baby's mouth, "I'll call the cops."

"*Cops?*" Gwendolyn Smithers shrieked with glee across the gray wicker carriage. "They'd only laugh if you sent for 'em. They come for fires an' riots an' burglars, but I never heard tell about cops comin' for bawlin' brats."

"Brats?" Mrs. Crolius demanded in a mad voice.

"Quit chewing the fat," Red Hancock butted in. He'd been standing between the carriage and a fence and his ears ached from the squawking twins, not to mention the skyscraper voices of Gwen and Mrs. C.

"Who's fat?" Mrs. Crolius wanted to know. Being plumper than plump, she felt touchy.

This week's cover picture.

"You are!" Gwen giggled, darting away with Red in her wake. "If I was as fat as you, I'd stay sittin' in a rockin' chair an' puff an' puff an' puff." She wanted to keep on puffing but she was quite out of breath and had no wind even for panting.

"How can you be so fresh?" Red dared to ask. He followed her around the corner, under a barbed wire fence, over a pile of clattering planks and into a vacant lot dotted with tin cans and scrawny tufts of brown grass.

"If I quit being fresh," she told him, "people would think I was sick. Then I'd be sent to a horsepital. I'd rather act fresh an' keep out of trouble, see?"

Red saw, but he thought she'd get into trouble if she mocked the neighbors much more.

"Some day," he dared to prophesy, "you're going to get a paddling from your mother. You'll get it as soon as she finds out how you talk to the neighbors."

"She knows already!" Gwen laughed. "And she hasn't paddled me yet. She knows I'd yell so loud that the fire department would come an' turn the hose on an' ruin her rugs an' furniture an' lip-sticks an' cigarettes."

Red scuffed along through the grass. He picked up a sloppy tomato can and threw it at the real estate sign which advertised meadowland suitable for an English home, a factory, or a convention ground.

"Good shot," Gwen told him as the can scattered its contents over the English home. "I dare you try it again to prove it wasn't dumb luck."

"Oh, aim for the wall," Red mumbled. "Maybe you'd hit it and maybe you wouldn't."

Gwen's mouth snapped shut. It snapped open.

"I dare you aim for a wall," she giggled. "I bet you'd hit your shoulder blades instead."

"That's a rotten dare," he told her. "Can't you think up a better one? This morning I dared you to walk on a high wooden fence. Now you dare me to aim for a wall. Gee, if I couldn't think up a better dare than that one, I'd never eat another pie crust."

Gwen cut cross lots. She had an idea.

"Never mind the wall," she called as they reached the highway, "or the fence, or your pie crusts. I've got a dare for you. See it coming up the hill?"

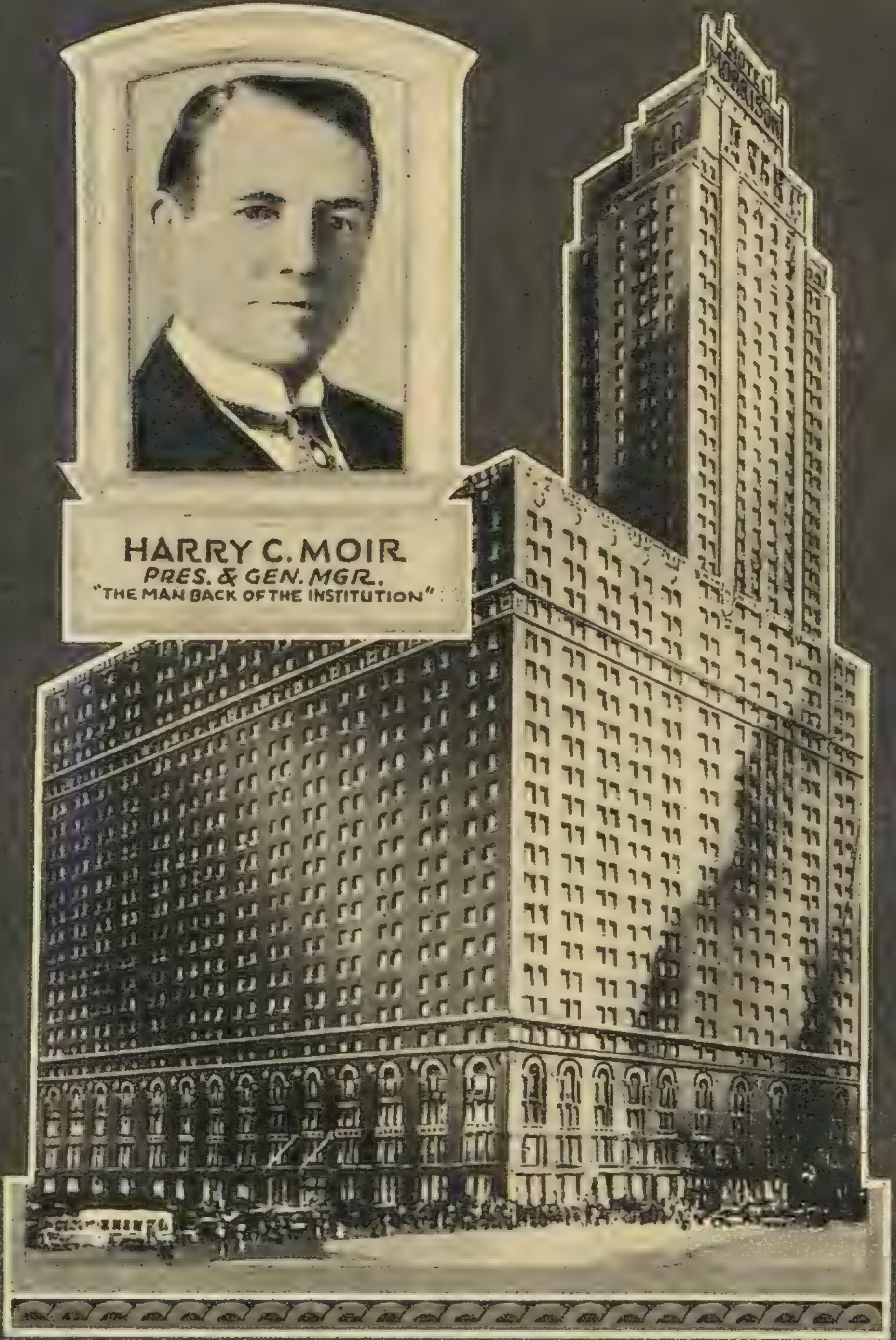
It was an ice truck and Gwen ran to meet it.

"Now," she laughed, as it rattled slowly along, "come on an' hitch! Hang on like this. It's only slow-poky now—but wait till we get to the top of the hill. Come on. I double dare you!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Hit and Run)

Lower Room Rates
at Chicago's . . .

MORRISON
HOTEL


HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

NEW economies have been made possible at Chicago's most centrally located hotel. Sub-leases of stores on the ground floor of the new 500-room addition to the Morrison will command a rental of $140,000 a year. This increased revenue will make it possible to reduce the rates of many rooms throughout the entire hotel.

Although room rates in the Morrison have been, for years, from $2.50 up, it is now possible to reduce the rates of rooms renting above this figure. Many rooms that were formerly $3.50 are now $3. A number of sample rooms that formerly rented for $5 a day have been reduced to $4.

There are 2,500 rooms in the Morrison Hotel and each room is outside, with bath, circulating ice water, bed-head reading lamp and Servidor.

Because of its central location—in the heart of the loop—the Morrison is the nearest hotel in the city to stores, offices, theatres and railroad stations.

H. C. Moir
Pres. and Gen. Mgr.
Moir Hotel Co.

The New Morrison is the world's tallest hotel—46 stories high with 2,500 rooms.

Morrison restaurants are nationally famous for their perfect menus and moderate prices. In the Terrace Garden you can dine and dance amid colorful surroundings. The historic Boston Oyster House is noted for its delicious sea foods.

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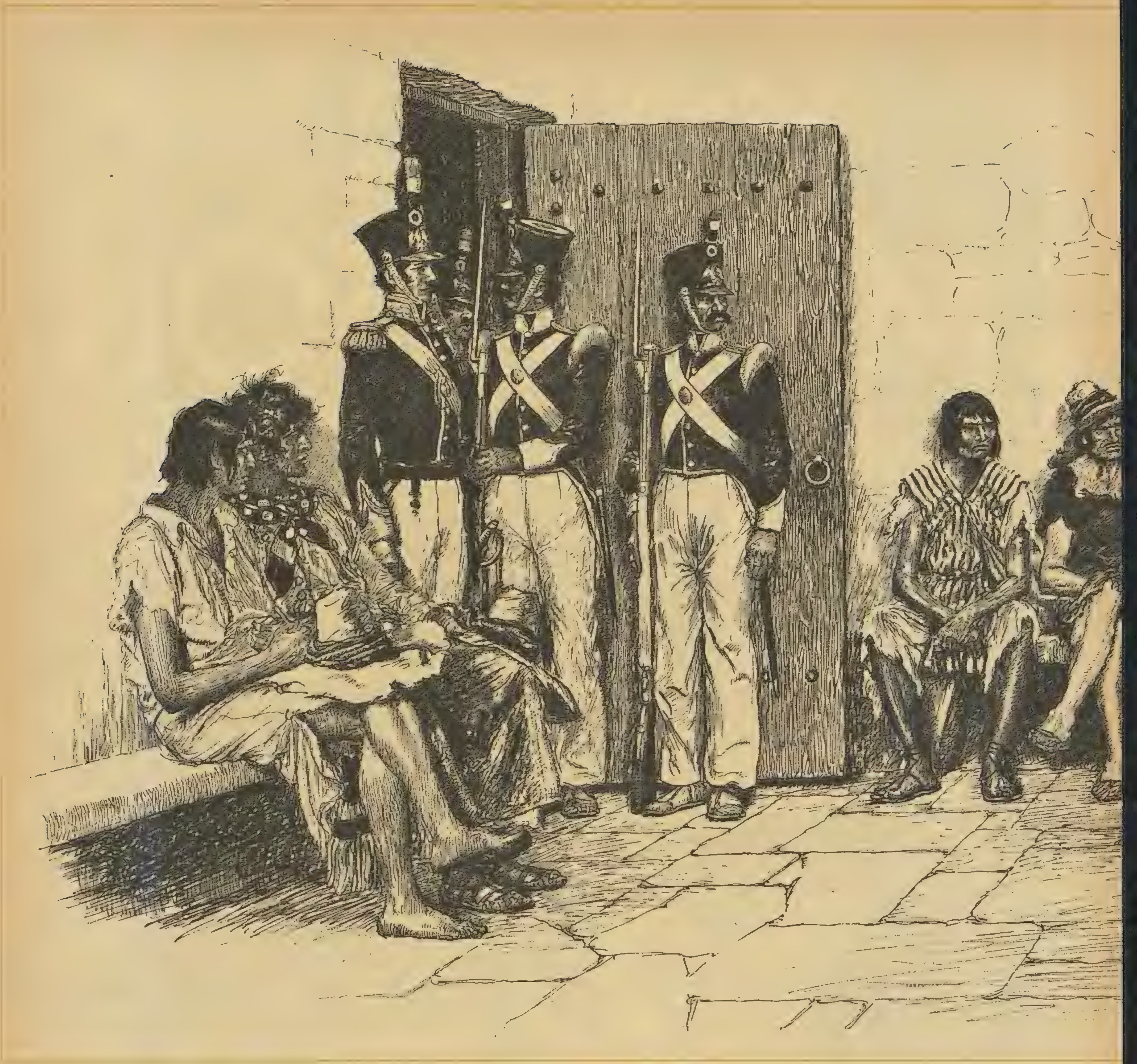
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"



Silver

A Romance of

By ROBERT W.

Pictures
by
NORMAN PRICE

(Reading time: 29 min. 30 sec.)

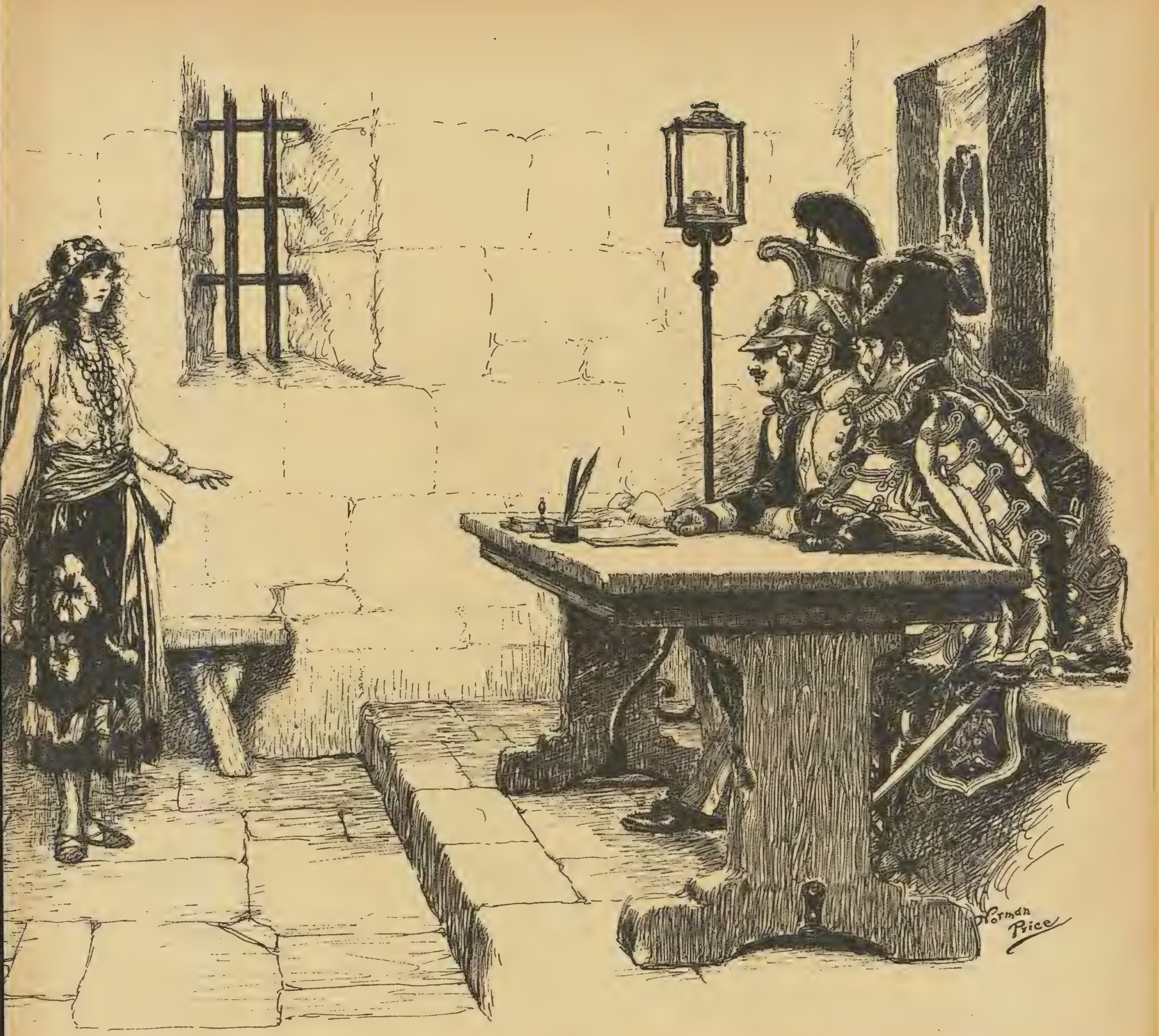
THESE are the exploits of Captain Maddox, superintendent of spies in the Mexican War. In Matamoras he was all but hanged by Mexicans, but Silver Knees, a dancing girl, contrived to save his life. In Monterey he again came upon the girl. She was said to have attracted the amorous eye of General Torrejon, but to Maddox she whispered passionately: "I love you, Don Juan—prala, I love you!" You can begin here and still understand what follows.

PART SIX—SENTENCE OF DEATH

HER hot, impetuous embrace left me silent and troubled. She rested against me, her warm, scented hair against my breast. "What are your soldiers going to do to us poor folk in Monterey?" she murmured.

"Why did your people not continue on, little sister? Why, in God's name, must they always linger on the edge of battlefields?"

"I'll tell you," she whispered. "All Gypsies



Knees

the Rio Grande

CHAMBERS

> *"Honor even survives the death of those who die in rags. Vaya, you cannot frighten me into lying, nor scare me into perjury to save myself!"*

plunder the dead." "What!" said I, astonished.

"Ei. You know yourself we are poor people. What do the dead want of their clothing and trinkets?"

"That is horrible!"

"Why? The Romanicel have nothing; the dead have no longer any use for what they had. Why is it horrible, prala, for the poor and hungry to take what the dead no longer want?"

"Do you do this, Encarnación? Do you rob the dead?"

She shrugged. "No; I am afraid of dead people. If they suddenly opened their eyes and looked at me I should die, I think. . . . Are you afraid of dead people—who have seen so many dead?"

"No. Silver Knees, do you tell fortunes, and cheat and steal from the Gajos, as do other of the Zincali of the bear folk?"

She laughed. "You talk like a Gajo yourself, prala, but I will answer you like a true Gitana. No, then; I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

dance for my living; and I eat and clothe myself by my dancing, and not, as you seem to think, by stealing or cheating or swindling or prostitution—"

"I did not think it," I interrupted angrily, "or I should not be here with you now."

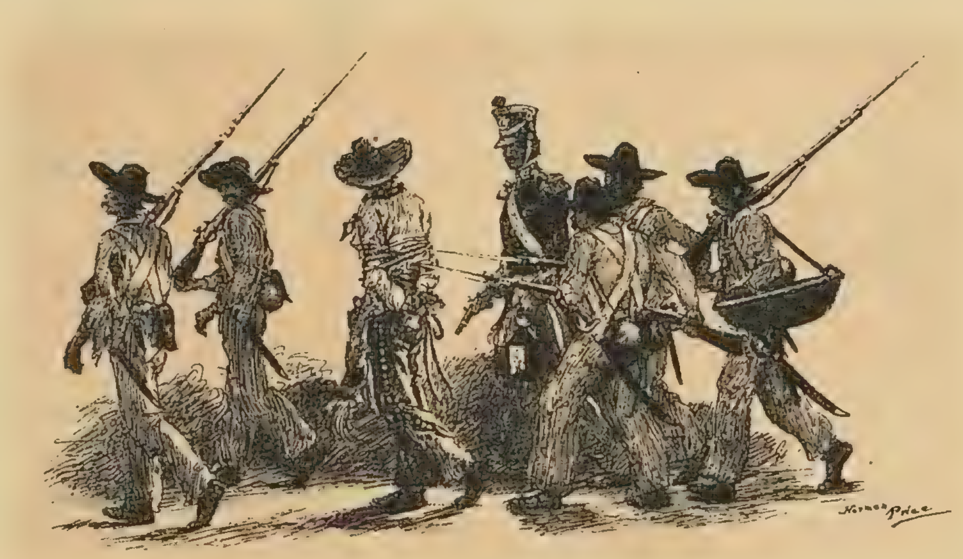
"Had I been impure," said she, "I had not dared to embrace your honor. . . . And I have had plenty of chances to take a rich lover—"

"Like that general of cavalry," said I sharply.

"Ei! The lancer, Torrejon," said she gayly. "And General Don Thomas Venegas. And the captain of dragoons, Don Leon Ramirez. And many another, Don Juan, many another among the gold-laced Gajos. . . . Sometimes I wonder why I continue to dance for my bread."

I said nothing. She clasped my left hand lightly and began to swing it and her slim body, from the hips, rhythmically, humming the air of Los Enanos under her breath.

"Ei, prala, when a cei nasli—a runaway Gitana—knows well that no man will ever marry her because she is penniless—well, she is tempted. Ava, adova si! Youth is brief. Love is sweet. A full stomach goes to church; an empty one to the brothel."



"This is the man," he said. "Take him to La Teneria Barracks. March!"

"A pretty proverb, Encarnación!"

"Not pretty, prala—true. . . . And, at my age, there is another hunger when the blood is swift and young. Hom Gitanella!"

"You are half English, hijita."

"A maja—"

"A rani! Rani Ingrés, little sister—miri pen—chiquita—"

She caught me around the neck, laughing into my eyes.

"Bobo," she murmured, drawing my head down against her thickly clustered hair. Her full lips on my mouth stirred me to impulsive response; suddenly she became a flame in my arms, burning, melting in a passion of reckless abandon.

"Oh, Mother of God!" she stammered. "I don't know what—I am about—any longer. Are you falling in love with me, querida mia?"

SHE disengaged herself, leaned limp and breathless against the tree, whimpering under her breath like a bird bewildered.

After a little while, her voice scarcely audible, I heard her begin to swear in Romanes, fluently, steadily.

"Encarnación! Stop that cursing!"

"Damnation!" said she, in tears. "If I behave this way you won't believe me—"

"I *do!* . . . But this—calmazo—is silly. We behave like two fools—"

"Ca! I am the fool, chikno! . . . And, after all, what do *you* want of a Gitana?"

"Silver Knees," said I, "I'll tell you. I want to take you away from the calo pralor—take you north with me when this war ends—take you to New York, give you an education, give you every opportunity to grow up among the sort of people where you really belong—"

"Ca! Is your honor dreaming aloud?"

"From our camp there are always wagons going back to the transports off Fort Isabel. You could go there and wait for me. I can arrange—"

"Oh, darling brother!—why do you wish this?"

"Because you have taken a firm place in my heart, chibori—"

"Oh, devla—devla! Am I to be your mistress, my caballero?"

"No, chiquita. Let there be no such thought in your mind or mine—your thoughts shall be occupied only with your education and accomplishments, and with the happiness of beginning life again where an unhappy chance interrupted it—"

She began to whimper and grope toward me. "Life began for me when I first beheld you, prala—"

"Ei, prala," said I, "—and remember that is what I really am to you, Silver Knees—and shall always be—"

"Devla, devla!" she wailed. "It is written in the stars that I shall die a maid—"

"It is written there that you shall await the esmeralda, Silver Knees."

"The choomapé, prala?"

"Ei!"

"Mother of God! Am I to live and die a loveless virgin?"

"LET the stars of future years answer you, chovihani; and, meanwhile, cling close to the hand of God's Virgin Mother. . . . I do not know how I am to bring you into our camp at the forest of San Domingo. . . . Are you afraid to leave the city with me tonight?"

"No."

After a silence: "Shall I go and make my bundle?"

"Will the bear folk stop you?"

"Why? I am not of the Ursari. I am a runaway Gypsy girl—a cei nasli—and neither busni, nor of the gachi, not Gitana—only a bailarina flamenco with white knees!"

She was becoming excited. She laughed, caught my hands, and clung to them tensely. "Shall we go, prala? Will you really take me away, my darling Don Juan, to be with you for ever and ever and ever?"

"I'm going to do it somehow, Silver Knees."

Flushed, excited, laughing, she stood swinging from our clasped hands in rhythm to the distant dance-hall cadence of the Jarave Palomo.

I said: "Leave your Gypsy finery with the bear folki. You shall have means to buy what you require in Matamoras—or whatever city flies our flag—"

"Ca! I care not what I wear—or if I wear anything at all—while I have you, prala!"

"You shall be dressed like an English girl and you shall become exactly like one."

"Hush!" she whispered. "Here comes Pio Pacheco very swiftly—"

Peep glided toward us among the trees, glanced smilingly at Silver Knees.

"I must go, your honor."

"We go as far as the brook with you," said I.

He flashed a look of delighted intelligence at me. But I said quietly: "Listen, prala, and do not mistake what our little Silver Knees and I are going to do. For she has become my little sister, and nothing less, prala, and nothing more. And, if God wills it, I shall some day take her to New York, where she shall become an English señorita and live like one, and very honorably; and there await—with confidence in God's holy Mother—whatever destiny may have to offer her."

We walked toward the brook Teneria in silence; and here Peep took a gay and mischievous leave of us, and it was plain that he believed us lovers. He was still laughing mischievously when he left us, going away gayly to what might be his death—and not wasting a thought on it; only delighted at what he was convinced must be a headlong love affair that would bring me the happiness he always desired for me—if only for an hour.

I found and strapped on my basket. Silver Knees slipped her hand into mine. We crossed the footbridge and entered the dark city, where now only a few barred

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

Popular faces are *shaved with* Barbasol

**"For the man who wants to keep on friendly terms with his face—I recommend Barbasol. It's 'fast' . . . side-steps all the old shaving troubles, while making the whiskers* come clean. *No more brush, or lather, or rub-in for me. I'm a Barbasol rooter every morning when I shave, and all day, too."*

Jas J Corbett

James J. Corbett (Gentleman Jim) who leaped to fame when, as a boy, he vanquished John L. Sullivan and has been famous ever since. Apostle of sane living and sound health.

*Barbasol testimonials are not paid for

SOME men never have that seedy look as if they needed a shave. How do they do it? Ten to one they're Barbasol Believers *because* Barbasol is so *easy on the face* that *two shaves a day* won't hurt the tenderest skin, planted with the toughest whiskers.

Like magic this new, quick, modern shaving cream softens the beard while holding the hairs straight up to the blade. Crisp and easy the razor slides along; no pull; no scrape. Its wonderful ingredients *protect* your face. Your skin actually feels *better,* softer, more relaxed—after the Barbasol shave.

And Barbasol has banished forever the old shaving chore. No messing around with soap and lather; no brush; no rub-in. It's so quick and easy to use that the morning shave is a pleasure instead of a painful duty. That's why the Barbasol Believers have made it one of the fastest selling shaving creams in America.

Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd

1. Wet your face and leave it wet . . . **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in—just be sure it's spread on *evenly* between the hairs . . . **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

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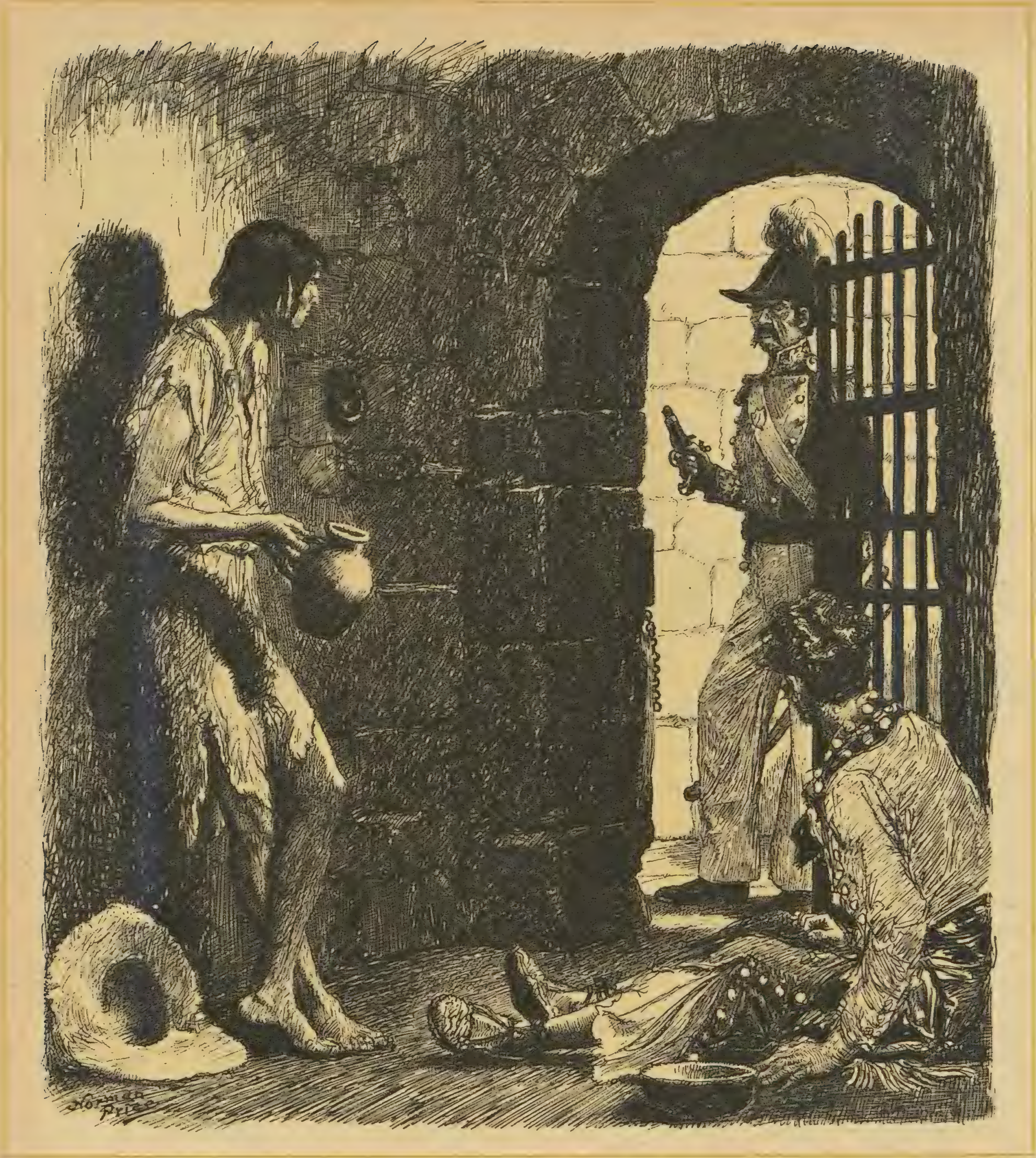

Our cell door creaked open. An officer, carelessly swinging his pistol, motioned us to come out.

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy

windows were lighted, and where through every street rode shadowy patrols of horsemen, their long lances slanting athwart the stars.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps from the bank of the little brook, and were just coming into the street beyond, when a sentinel challenged us. Even before I could answer, a dozen infantry soldiers had surrounded us, their bayonets pricking my body.

Silver Knees, startled, clung to my arm. But other soldiers tore her fingers loose and flung her across the brook, driving her back brutally.

"Be off, you Gypsy harlot!" they shouted, "or we'll do your business for you! If you show your painted snout here again we'll flay your Gypsy hide for you!"

I struggled in their clutches. The straps of my basket burst, showering them with charms and amulets; but they got my arms behind me and a rope around them.

Somebody with a gold-banded sleeve lifted a lantern close to my face.

"This is the man," he said. "Take him to La Teneria Barracks. March!"

To say I was not frightened would be to brag. But I was not so badly scared that I lost my self-possession. The slightest sign of panic, and I knew I was lost.

Surrounded by sandal-shod soldiers of the infantry regiment Querétaro—one of whom carried my basket of charms and amulets—we followed the gliding spot of light on the ground under the lantern northeastward toward the Teneria Fort until a patrol of Guanajuato dragoons with torches halted us, and their handsome officer directed my escort to take their prisoner to the post of police in the Plaza de la Carne.

So we about-faced and back-tracked behind the Virgin's Church and the plazuelita of the same name, recrossed the brook, marched southward two squares, and entered the police barracks under the big hanging lantern.

Not a word had been said to me; I was not treated roughly, except when first seized. There was a little blood on my shirt from one or two ardent bayonets.

I was marched immediately into an empty antechamber. Here I stood, guarded, for perhaps half an hour; then was taken into a larger, whitewashed room. My arms were untied, and I found myself confronting half a dozen army officers seated behind a long table.

A gorgeously uniformed officer of the Jalisco lancers presided. A dragoon officer of the San Luis regiment, in a brown uniform faced with orange and gold, sat beside him. Other officers of the Querétaro and Guanajuato infantry battalions completed the silent group.

I took off my straw hat and saluted. The officer of the squad which arrested me gave a brief account of the episode. The grounds of arrest seemed to be an "accusation" based upon "secret information the most certain."

The major of lancers, stroking his curled mustache, addressed me in the cultivated voice of a gentleman:

"Your name, prisoner?"

"My name is Yansi, your honor."

"What kind of name is that?"

"It is the nav Romanes, Señor Major. My father's name was Ilya, and therefore I am called, also, Yansi le Ilyasko."

"What jargon are you talking?" he demanded.

"The Gypsy jargon, your worship—the language of the Ursari of the Kalo Rom."

"Are you a Gypsy?"

"Yes, your honor."

THE handsome lancer turned to the officer who had arrested me.

"Where did you find this fellow, Lieutenant?"

"Crossing the brook near the camp of the Gypsy bear tamers, your honor."

"With whom was he when you discovered him?"

"With a Gypsy dancer, Señor Major."

"What do you find in his clothing and in his basket?"

"Nothing but a few caramels in his clothing, your honor. In the basket only witch charms."

"What information had you that led you to arrest him?"

"A drummer lad of the Yucatan battalion saw him selling amulets near the cathedral, and recognized him as an American spy whom he had seen in the baile flamenco in Matamoras last April."

"Where is this drummer boy?"

"In attendance, your honor."

"Confront him with the prisoner."

Then, to my horror, there came into the room that same shy little drummer lad of the Regiment of Yucatan—the same youngster, with his girlish face and figure, who last April had so shyly asked a dance of Silver Knees that night at the baile flamenco in Matamoras. And instantly, also, I realized that he had been the soldier who, with his little yellow dog, had followed me from the Grand Plaza to the Brook Teneria, and had there sat down under a china tree in the plazuelita, still looking after me.

Good God, why had I not remembered him then? I recognized him now; and I knew he recognized in me the man for whom Silver Knees had refused his company with a cruel, unthinking retort.

To the questions of the major of cavalry, the little drummer lad gave his name, the name and number of his battalion. The major wrote down what he said.

"Tell your story!" he growled.

The boy began tremulously: "This accursed Gypsy—"

"How do you know he is a Gypsy?"

"He was with Gypsies at the baile flamenco last April. I asked a girl called Silver Knees to dance with me. But she mocked me. This man beckoned to her and she went to this Gypsy. And sat upon his knee. And I heard them talking together in Gypsy."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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The heart of your radio

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-three

"Continue, little one."

"At the baile flamenco this man quarreled with soldiers of the Battalion of St. Patrick. They were the soldiers Murtha, O'Rourke, Kenna, and Dineen. When they accused him of being an American spy, he ran away."

"Continue," said the major, writing down the testimony.

"With him," went on the boy, "was a Mexican I knew by sight, named Pio Pacheco. They both ran away from the Irish soldiers."

"Yes?"

"Tonight, while this Gypsy was selling amulets near the cathedral, this same Pio Pacheco came to him and whispered in his ear. Then Pacheco went with an officer into the Municipal Palace. I pointed him out to a policeman, who followed him. Afterward he joined this Gypsy—"

"Yes, yes; we have this Pacheco safe in jail! Go on, little one."

A COLD chill crept all over me. They had taken Peep prisoner! That ended him, and probably me. But I looked at the major of lancers with the troubled, bewildered eyes of utter innocence.

The boy stared at me out of beautiful velvet-dark eyes. "I never forget," said he in his pretty, girlish voice, "the features of those who have done me a wrong. . . . I wished to get behind him and stab him, there at the baile flamenco—when she sat upon his knee—"

"Never mind," interrupted the major; "go on with your story!"

"At orders, your honor. Well, then, I followed him tonight to the Gypsy camp. I saw him making love again to the Gypsy dancer, Silver Knees. Then, in a red rage, I ran to the depot of police. . . . Vaya—that is all, your honor—"

After a silence, to the lieutenant of infantry who had arrested me:

"Why did you not arrest this Gypsy dancer also? How do you know she is not a part of the American spy system?"

The lieutenant fingered his slight mustache in blushing embarrassment.

"Answer!"

"May I whisper to your honor—"

"No! Answer me," said the major impatiently.

"Well, then—this dancer—called Silver Knees—is known—is known to be a—a friend of—of—"

"Of whom—carramba!"

"Of your General Torrejon, then!—if your honor must have it!" burst out the exasperated lieutenant.

A startled silence followed. The major of cavalry, very red, motioned the drummer lad aside.

"Bring in that wretch Pacheco," he said, wiping his flushed features with a yellow silk handkerchief.

An agony of indecision seized me. I did not know what attitude to take toward Peep—or what might be his attitude toward me. How much had he already admitted? I could not guess; and, fearful of involving him and of betraying myself, I resolved to remain silent and alert for some cue to help me.

Peep came in smilingly, moving with brisk grace between two soldiers of the military police who carried drawn sabers. An officer of police followed, swinging his cocked pistol. Elegantly Peep saluted the Mexican officers seated behind the long table, made me a gay, familiar gesture of friendly recognition.

"What is all this about, brother?" he began in the Gypsy tongue.

"What is that you said?" interrupted the major angrily. "Who the devil told you to speak?"

Peep bowed to him jauntily and repeated in Spanish what he had said to me.

"Hold your monkey tongue," said the major, "and answer my question. You are an American spy, are you not?"

"I? Mother of God, your honor is joking!" cried Peep, laughing and slapping his bare knees.

"You will stop your grimacing and answer me seriously!" cried the major, in a rage. "If you are not an American spy, who are you?"

"A poor Gypsy, your honor—one of the bear folki, and brother of this Rom—"

"Will you stop your cursed parrot chatter!" And, to the drummer lad: "Do you recognize this impudent fellow?"

"He is Pio Pacheco, whose sweetheart, Lilias Quintana, was killed by desert rats in Matamoras," said the boy. "Everybody knows that."

"And on those same desert rats, who killed her, I took my revenge," smiled Peep. "Vaya—they squealed when I let out their dirty guts—"

There was an odd, sympathetic stirring of gold-laced officers behind the table. The dragoon captain said: "That is spoken like a real Mexican and not like a cowardly American who runs to a lawyer for his revenge."

THE major turned to Peep: "If you confess that this fellow has tempted you to betray your country, I will see what can be done for you, Pacheco."

"Your honor, if I am to die in this hour, this man is innocent; and if you skin me alive and tan my hide at the teneria, I shall not alter what I have the honor to say to your honor, by Jesus!"

"You seem to speak truthfully and like a Mexican. . . . Is it a fact that this Pacheco is so well known in Matamoras?" he added, addressing the little drummer boy.

"Yes, your honors," said the drummer; "all Matamoras knows how Pio Pacheco revenged himself. . . . I have nothing against him. But I hate this other—"

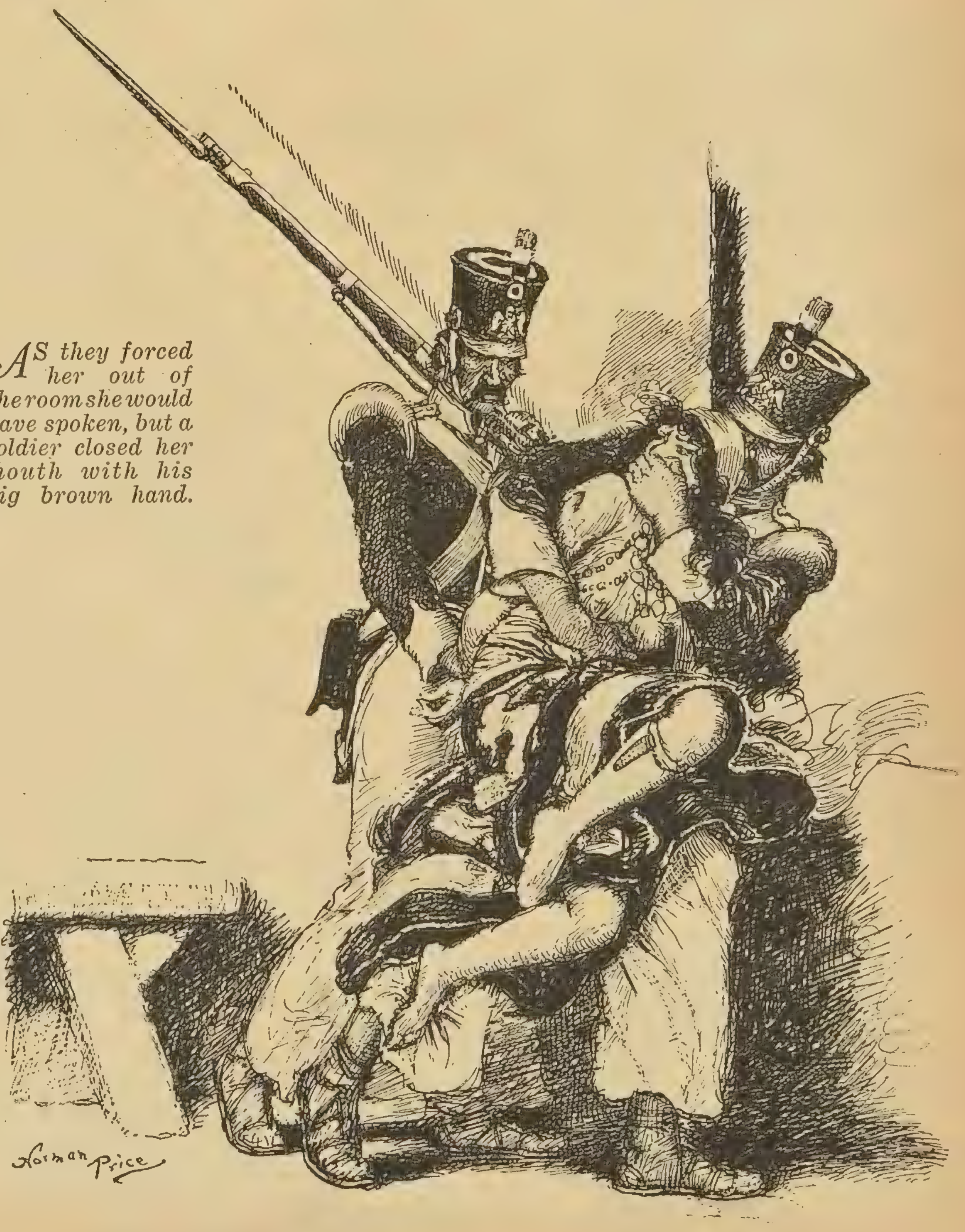
"Pio Pacheco," said the major, "and," turning to me, "you, Yansi, who call yourself a Gypsy bear tamer—both of you will be confronted by soldiers of St. Patrick's Battalion, with whom, it is said, you quarreled at a Gypsy ball last April in the city of Matamoras. If you are identified as Americans masquerading here as Gypsies, you will suffer accordingly. If not, why, we have nothing against you."

THE drummer lad stepped forward and pointed a dirty, trembling finger at me. "It is certain," he said shrilly, "that this one is a spy! And if he is to escape the police he shall not escape my vengeance—"

Like lightning he whipped out a knife and sprang at me; and a military policeman caught him by the faded collar of his tunic and jerked him back, strangling and screeching and sobbing.

"Thirty lashes," nodded the major, very pale under the insult. Two soldiers dragged the crazed and screaming boy away, speaking soothingly to him. There was a kind of shocked sympathy on the faces of everybody, including Peep and, probably, myself. I doubt that the thirty lashes hurt the young tiger. The major picked up a pen, drew a sheet of paper toward him, wrote a few words, and handed it to the fat lieutenant of police.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



As they forced her out of the room she would have spoken, but a soldier closed her mouth with his big brown hand.

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-five

“Lock up these two Gypsies and send for the soldiers O’Rourke, Kenna, Dineen, and Murtha of St. Patrick’s Battalion.”

The officer saluted, took the paper, motioned to the two military policemen, who waved us forward with their heavy sabers. It seemed only a few paces along a lantern-lit whitewashed corridor before we encountered another soldier carrying a bunch of huge keys. He unlocked an iron door for us.

One of our guards said: “Are you going to leave two Gypsies together? Two rattlesnakes?”

“There’s only this cell unoccupied. Vaya, let them bite each other, then, these rattlesnakes.”

The door slammed on us; the key turned; steps retreated along the stone floor.

Peep came close to me in the darkness, groping for my hand. “Prala, I think we are done for,” he whispered; and gently kissed my hand.

THERE was not even a plank for us to lie down on. But, in the last hour of life, few have the patience to remain still very long.

Like others under the circumstances, we paced the narrow darkness, listening nervously for what already might be on its way. Peep talked more than I did. We English accumulate courage in silence; the Latin fortifies a natural bravery with words.

“It is for you more than for myself, prala, that I resent this. . . . Because I love you as I love God—to whom, doubtless, we soon shall make our report. . . . That goddam drummer boy! Who would have thought the little ocelot would have remembered us! . . . But that’s what a woman does to us—stabs us with a look. . . . Poisons us with passion. . . . As too much chili poisons one with bile. . . . Ei. So me kerdiom. . . . That I must die at twenty-one! . . . Like Lilias. . . . Devla! . . . Sar mai san, prala?”

“I am all right, brother.”

“Rom san tu—you are a Gypsy, and that is why you say you are all right. . . . I also, brother. Death, the droll dog, cannot frighten me by looking at me with his tongue hanging out. . . . I wish, by Jesus, I had a cigar.”

Tired of our nervous pacing, we leaned against the masonry wall. Nobody came.

“I wonder what time it is,” I said.

“Take off the crystal of your watch, brother, and my finger tips will tell us.”

I got it off in the darkness; Peep said it was nearly three o’clock in the morning.

“Those accursed Irish,” he added, “are doubtless too drunk to confront us in a military court. . . . Who would have thought, prala, that the seeds of death would stick to us like beggars’ lice there at the baile flamenco! . . . Do you remember how that young jaguar blushed like a girl when Silver Knees mocked him?”

The sound of her name hurt me. Mind and heart had been constantly preoccupied with her, were heavy with thought of her. . . . Heavy with surmise of all the strange and curious things that might have been. . . .

Peep began to hum the air of a popular prison song:

“And who are you in leather clout
And dirty velvet roundabout?
The royal robes your worship mocks
Are state regalia for the stocks!”

“Whence do you come and whither fare,
You rascal with your saucy air?
A caballero I, who begs,
Riding a stallion of two legs.”

“You tell me you’re no vagabond?
Then what is it you do?
I mostly live by stealing, judge,
The same as you!”

“I loiter ’mid the busy mart
To filch a lady’s purse;
Sometimes I steal the lady’s heart,
And sometimes I steal—worse—”

A tremendous explosion obliterated his voice and shook the solid walls about us. As our rocking senses steadied and the shaken silence settled heavily over us again, we heard the Mexican drums beating the alerta in the city, and the far clangor of cavalry trumpets.

“Prala?”

“I think it is one of our eighteens on the Marin road, testing the range to the citadel.”

Listening, we heard the rush of flying artillery across the plazuelita outside—bump and clank of cannon, clash of chain and harness, the cracking of whips, and drivers shouting.

BUGLES, very far away. After a while a sudden trample of cavalry; strident, singsong voices of officers; a receding tremor of sound; utter stillness, intensified by the loud ticking of my watch.

After a long while somebody lighted a lantern in the corridor outside our cell. This burned for a very long time; and when at last somebody extinguished it, a gray light overhead revealed a barred slit in our cell wall. It was nearly six o’clock in the morning.

About nine o’clock a soldier in wrinkled linen and naked feet unlocked our iron door, set a pot of water and a few frijoles on the stone floor, and went away.

“Aven,” said Peep calmly. We drank and ate in silence.

At half past nine we heard the shuffle of espadrilles, the metallic shock of grounded muskets. Our cell door creaked open. An officer in green-and-scarlet uniform, carelessly swinging his pistol, motioned us to come out. A moment later we were in the whitewashed room again, seated on a bench, facing the major of lancers and two other cavalry officers, one wearing the busby of the Mexican hussars. The other, a colonel, who was presiding, wore the curious helmet of Mexican dragoons clasped over his bullet head and swarthy cheeks.

Scarcely were we seated than a file of soldiers of the

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Business men and women must meet people face to face.

WRIGLEY'S sweetens the breath—cleans the teeth—keeps the mouth “young”

L151

Yucatan battalion came shuffling into the room, guarding three new prisoners. The prisoners were Bandara, Frank Haslett, and Silver Knees.

This, then, meant the end for all of us! I looked at Silver Knees. Under her shock of curly hair framing her pale face her iris-tinted eyes looked straight at the three officers. Bandara's grim features remained inscrutable. Frank Haslett's expression was of dark and baffled rage. He chewed tobacco continually.

When Silver Knees caught sight of me, her pale face flushed and she made a slight, impulsive movement of recognition. The colonel of dragoons, who had been staring at her, noticed it and said loudly: "You Gypsy girl, there, you recognize your lover, then!"

"Señor Colonel," she replied coolly, "I see my brother here, but no lover."

"Oh," said he, "so your brother is a spy for the Americans, then!"

"My brother is a Gypsy of the Ursari people, as I am, señor."

"ALL very well," he said harshly, "but it is known that you furnish information to these Gypsy vagabonds, who sell it to the Americans! How do you do it?"

"Sar keres?" she repeated impudently. "Po vast—by palmistry, perhaps."

Peep whispered to me: "That is Torribio Lopez—Lopez the Leopard. My God, she ought not to be impudent to him!"

Colonel Lopez gave her a hot stare out of his odd, yellowish eyes. "Conduct yourself with respect toward this military court," he said.

"I know well enough it is no Romano kris—no Gypsy court," she said with a shrug.

Colonel Lopez continued to stare at her. There was an odd, preoccupied expression in his fixed gaze, almost a leer. He said in a low voice: "Do you wish to save your life?"

"Naturally, señor."

"Then admit that these vagabonds are spies to whom you furnish information."

She looked around at me, at Peep, and from Bandara to Frank Haslett. "Dilo!" she said gayly. "He is crazy!"

Colonel Lopez glared at her. Yet, for all the ferocity of his yellow gaze, there glimmered in it a kind of smirk. "You are young," he said. "Life is sweet to you. . . . Is there anything more desirable than life?"

"Probably."

"Do you mean love?" said he. "Because, without life, love cannot exist."

"True, señor—only one thing can survive death."

"And what may that be?" he sneered.

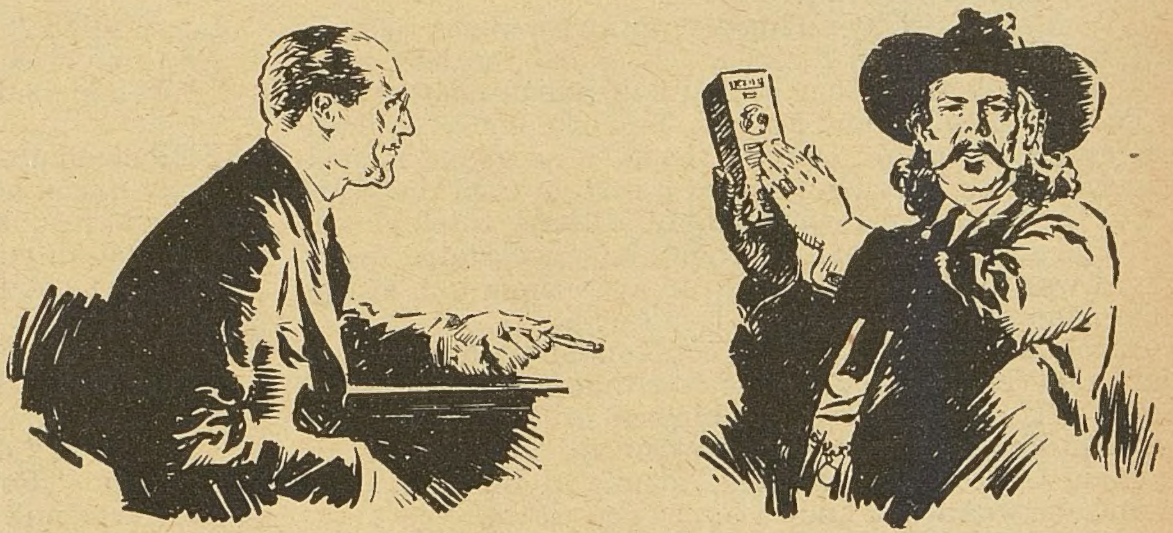
"Honor," she said gayly. "For it even survives the death of those who die in rags. Vaya, you cannot frighten me into lying, nor scare me into perjury to save myself!"

His fixed smirk never altered; still

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The True *and* The False About Excess Fat

Millions Now Reduce in the Right Way



Your Doctor Knows

Countless helps have been offered to the over-fat, but not so many now. One by one they have disappeared as users proved their fallacies.

One, which has held its high place for 24 years, still holds it. It probably always will. Physicians, the world over, now employ its major factors, more and more.

Conditions have changed in respect to obesity. Excess fat is nowhere near so common as it was. Slenderness prevails, in all circles, at all ages, in all fashions. Let us discuss with you a chief reason for these changes.

No Abnormal Regime

Most so-called helps for excess fat don't help for long. They are deceptive, in ways we won't discuss.

Starvation helps, but the cost is high. Starving the body may deprive it of too many vital helps, like vitamins. Of course, moderation is a help in stopping fat formation, but be careful.

Exercise is helpful, but over-exercise is dangerous to the fat. There is so much extra tissue through which to force the blood. The heart may be overtaxed. Yet reasonable exercise certainly contributes to any fat reduction.

But habits, abnormal and extreme, are more to be feared than fat.

Correct the Cause

Modern science has found that a great cause of excess fat lies in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. Its weakness means that too little food goes to fuel and energy, too much to fat.

Use every effort, sacrifice all you will, but that condition must be corrected if you want a slender figure that lasts.

The Why of Marmola

High world authorities, in the past few years, have aimed to correct that condition. They feed the body those essential elements which the thyroid gland fails to supply. Doctors, the world over, now treat obesity in this way.

Marmola prescription tablets are based on that method. They are prepared by a world-famous laboratory, to meet the average case in an ideal way. People have used them for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. In every circle you see the results in new beauty, new health, new youth.

No secret about them. The formula is in every box. We simply employ, in the right way, the best factors known to science. Your doctor, if you show him the formula, will tell you we have done that.

Let Marmola show you what it does to fight fat. Your own friends will advise that. The results may amaze you, but the book in each box tells the reasons. For the sake of beauty, of health, of new joys and longevity, learn what Marmola does. This is the real way, the right way to reduce.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce

At all Drug Stores—$1. Book and Formula in each Box

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-seven

staring at her, he said to the lieutenant of the Yucatan squad: " Fetch in those Irishmen."

As the youngster left the room, a distant cannon shot shook the building, followed by a terrific crash that rocked the room. The bombardment had begun.

Boom—boom—boom! The Mexican batteries were replying now. And from the northwest came the heavy thunder of the guns in the Teneria Fort and the deep crash of mortars in Fort Diablo.

But now I saw gray-and-green uniforms in the room—fantassins of the San Patricio Battalion—reckless, sun-scorched Irish faces that peered half-humorously at me, at Peep, at Bandara and Frank. Two of them recognized me, and Peep also. One of them—a sergeant named Clancy—swore that I resembled a certain Captain Maddox of the American Department of Military Intelligence. He could not take his oath on it, but he was certain. Anyway, I was the same man who ran away from him at the baile flamenco in Matamoras last April.

A soldier named Murtha, confronted with Bandara and Frank Haslett, could not swear that he ever had seen either of them—muttering to himself in English that all goddam Mexicans were yellow-skinned and looked alike to him. A corporal, Dineen, identified Silver Knees, saying she was a well known Gypsy prostitute.

" You lie," said the girl good-humoredly—" ma xoxaves!"

" What do you say?" demanded López, his hot eyes fastened upon her.

" Dilo si?—is this soldier crazy, señor? I am as virginal as is God's Mother—and he says I am a prostitute!"

LÓPEZ moistened his thick lips with his tongue. He spoke a moment with the two other officers. One of them smiled.

" Take that girl to the Virgin's Church and tell the nuns of the Incarnation to take charge of her," said López.

Silver Knees seated herself and slid along the wooden bench toward me. " No," she said, " I prefer to remain here with my brother."

The major of lancers motioned her away.

" Go," he said; " there is nothing against you." . . . And, to the soldiers of the guard: " Take her to the Incarnation!"

She struggled for a moment—pulled up her skirts to snatch at her knife. But her arms were instantly pinioned. As they forced her out of the room she gave me a heartbreaking look and would have spoken, but a soldier closed her mouth with his big brown hand.

The young hussar captain looked at Bandara. " A poor Indian peon," he said. " Is there anything against him?"

" Let him go," said López.

" And that sulky fellow yonder?"—nodding toward Frank.

López said: " It is safer to shoot him, I think."

All three officers looked at me and at Peep.

" When in doubt, shoot," remarked López.

PEEP stood up. " Señors," he said, " I protest, in God's holy name, against the sentence which condemns my brother to a squad of execution."

" Is that all you have to say?" asked López.

" I say to you solemnly, and call God to witness my words, that this man is loyal, patriotic, and incapable of betraying his native land."

" Very well. Sit down."

Peep sank down beside me, trembling a little.

" And you?" demanded López.

I got up. " Señors," I said, " if this is the proceeding of a civilized military court, I am astonished. Because no real evidence has been brought against us—"

" Sit down!"

" Señors—"

" Sit down!" repeated López. He nodded to Frank, who got up, glaring out of bloodshot eyes.

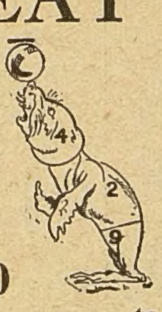
" All I got to say to you three yellow dogs," he said, " is this!"—and he spat a stream of tobacco juice straight at them.

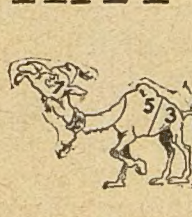
There was a horrified silence; then the soldiers had him. Fighting, kicking, biting like a mad wolf, he was dragged out into the corridor, where his yells and curses and the noise of the struggle receded until a distant door clanged. The Yucatan soldiers escorted us into a small room with barred windows. Here we were locked in. We sat down on the stone floor and, in silence, strove to adjust ourselves to our impending fate.

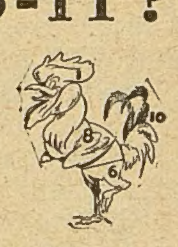
In next week's installment of the story you'll learn how Captain Maddox and Peep met the greatest crisis of their lives.

$500 IN PRIZES for the Game of THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT?

HERE is the group of winners who share in the awards for putting together, naming, and writing rhymes about the Seal-Camel-Rooster pictures (shown herewith, correctly assembled) which appeared in our January 10 issue:







FIRST PRIZE—$100

to J. Witt Wilson, Chevy Chase, Maryland, who sent in the following rhyme:

SEAL
He's not much to look at,
The Lord only knows,
But he has his flappers
Wherever he goes.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

to Howard G. Kelley, Box 685, Westmont, Illinois, whose rhyme was:

CAMEL
He goes for days without a drink,
This thirst-defying mammal;
He finds it pays, but I don't think
I'd want to be a camel.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

to Grace Reiniger, 262 South Arden Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, whose rhyme was:

SEAL
This seal tends strictly to the ball;
A very clever chap.
But he'll attend some other balls
When he's an evening wrap.

Cross-Word Puzzle Answers

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M	E	T	E	D		B	R	A	N	D		T	H	E	S	E
A	R	O	S	E		E	E	L	E	R		H	E	A	T	S
N	O	■	E	L	I	T	E	■	M	E	T	E	R	■	E	N
O	D	D	■	A	R	A	■	L	E	W	E	S	■	S	E	E
R	E	R	A	T	E	■	M	I	S	■	E	I	D	E	R	S
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A	S	K	S	■	H	O	N	E	S	T	Y	■	G	O	D	S
S	T	E	A	L	I	N	G	S	■	A	I	M	■	N	U	T
S	E	■	M	O	R	A	Y	■	P	L	E	A	D	■	N	I
E	A	T	■	G	E	T	■	D	A	L	L	I	A	N	C	E
S	L	E	W	■	D	E	D	U	C	E	D	■	T	I	E	S
		N	O	T	■	S	I	D	E	D	■	W	E	N		
S	T	O	N	E	S	■	R	E	D	■	R	I	S	E	R	S
T	A	R	■	S	I	R	E	S	■	W	A	D	■	S	I	P
O	R	■	A	T	T	I	C	■	A	R	M	E	D	■	P	A
L	E	A	V	E		S	T	A	R	E		N	O	T	E	D
E	S	T	E	R		E	S	S	E	N		S	E	I	N	E

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C	H	A	T		A	R	E	A	N		E	D	A	R
H	O	P	E		P	U	R	S	E		R	A	P	E
I	B	E	X		P	E	R	I	S		I	M	P	S
			A	R	E	■	S	A	T	E	■	E	R	
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A	L	A	■	E	D	I	T	■	R	E	L	I	V	E
C	E	B	U	■	I	N	E	E	■	C	A	N	E	D
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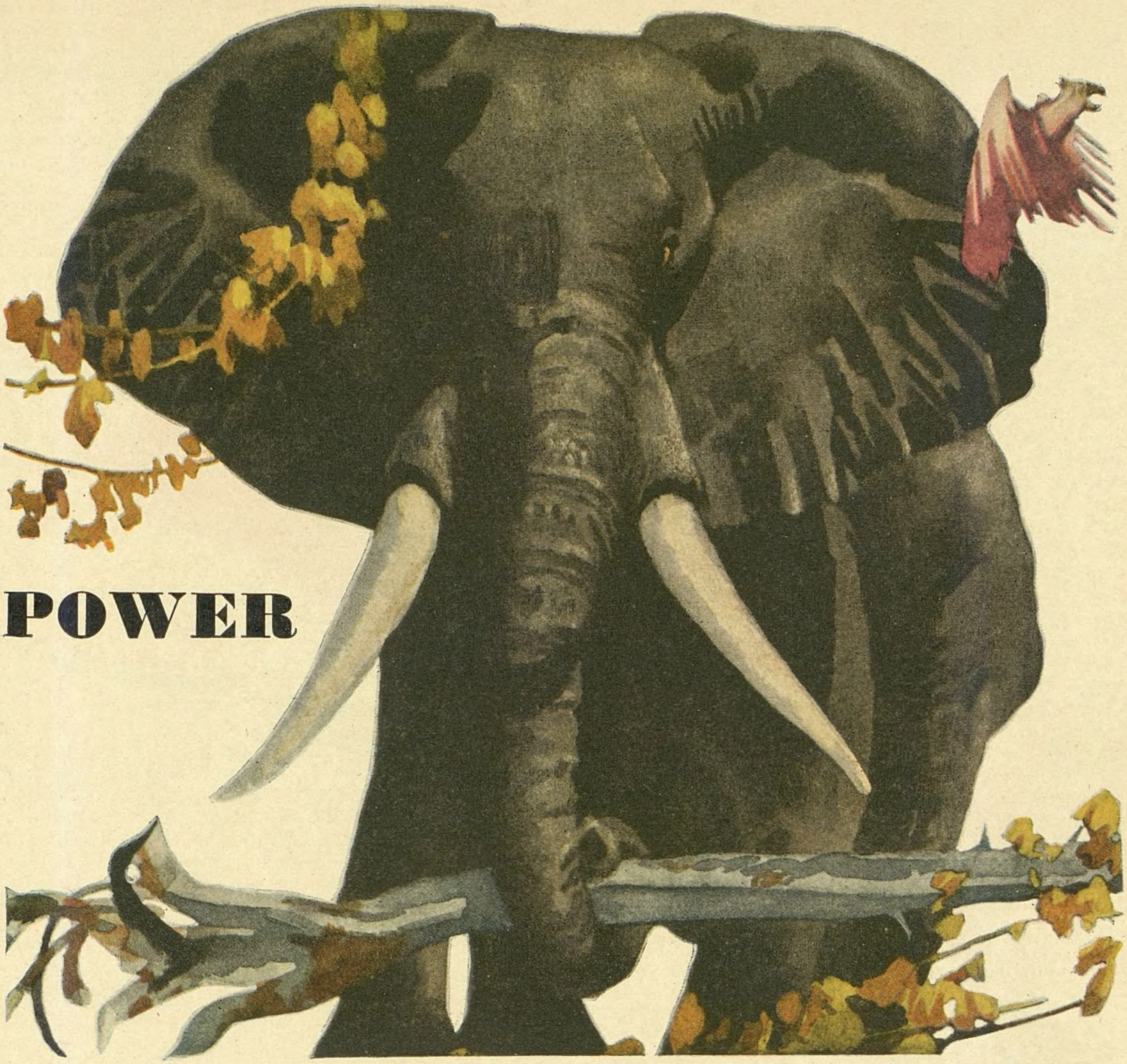
S	T	E	E	R	■	S	T	A	R	■	S	I	D	E
P	U	N	D	I	T	■	S	T	O	P	■	N	U	N
A	M	■	■	E	R	A	■	E	Q	U	I	N	E	S
	B	E	■	S	O	L	A	■	U	R	N			
E	R	A	L		P	O	N	G	O		T	A	K	E
W	I	R	E		E	N	N	U	I		E	V	E	N
E	L	S	E		S	E	E	M	S		R	E	N	D

$10 PRIZES to June Armstrong, Spokane, Wash.; Kathleen M. Arnold, Montreal, Que.; Mrs. S. O. Austin, Flint, Mich.; Frank P. Beacham, Greensboro, N. C.; Mrs. Frank L. Bruno, Los Angeles, Calif.; E. B. Clausen, Omaha, Neb.; William Collier, Charleston, W. Va.; Della L. Cowell, Tampa, Fla.; Charles A. Duryea, Indianapolis, Ind.; Robert E. Gibson, Emporia, Kan.; Marjorie V. Grove, Chelsea, Mass.; E. V. King, Sacramento, Calif.; Vernon L. Kissig, Los Angeles, Calif.; R. E. McBride, Fayetteville, N. C.; Julie Melancon, New Orleans, La.; Nelly E. Myers, Chicago, Ill.; William Nathan, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. A. H. Shattuck, Grand Island, Neb.; L. E. Swatts, Lakeland, Fla.; Bert Tuft, West Los Angeles, Calif.

$5 PRIZES to Mrs. Victor E. Bjork, Worcester, Mass.; F. E. Bossard, Jr., Tulsa, Okla.; Evelyn Bradley, Watertown, S. D.; Edgel R. Brown, Tulsa, Okla.; Herbert J. Capps, Jacksonville, Ill.; Charles P. Field, Derby, Me.; Judy Halsted, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Helene A. Hyland, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Rose Johnson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Joe Lacy, Wascom, Tex.; Mildred Linthwaite, Evansville, Ind.; Frank J. Maiden, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. W. D. Names, Willits, Calif.; L. M. O'Neill, Grand Blanc, Mich.; Mrs. P. B. Pew, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Mrs. W. A. Post, Syracuse, N. Y.; Dora J. Reimann, Angelica, N. Y.; Charles M. Schnitker, Baltimore, Md.; Greta V. Shelhammer, Wauwatosa, Wis.; Charles W. Storms, St. Paul, Minn.; George T. Tomlinson, Syracuse, N. Y.; Beth Walker, New York, N. Y.; John L. Wallace, Bethany, Okla.; Mrs. W. A. Williams, Walworth, Wis.; Maud Zern Medford, Okla.



Under a guiding hand, an elephant will pick up a peanut with dexterity, or move a ton of teak. Gasoline also needs a guiding hand to develop *all* your motor's power. That is why 96 leading oil companies now add Ethyl fluid to good gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline. The fluid *governs* combustion, preventing power-waste, "knock" and over-heating. It is so effective that 1 pump in 5 now bears the Ethyl emblem. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York.

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Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL GASOLINE

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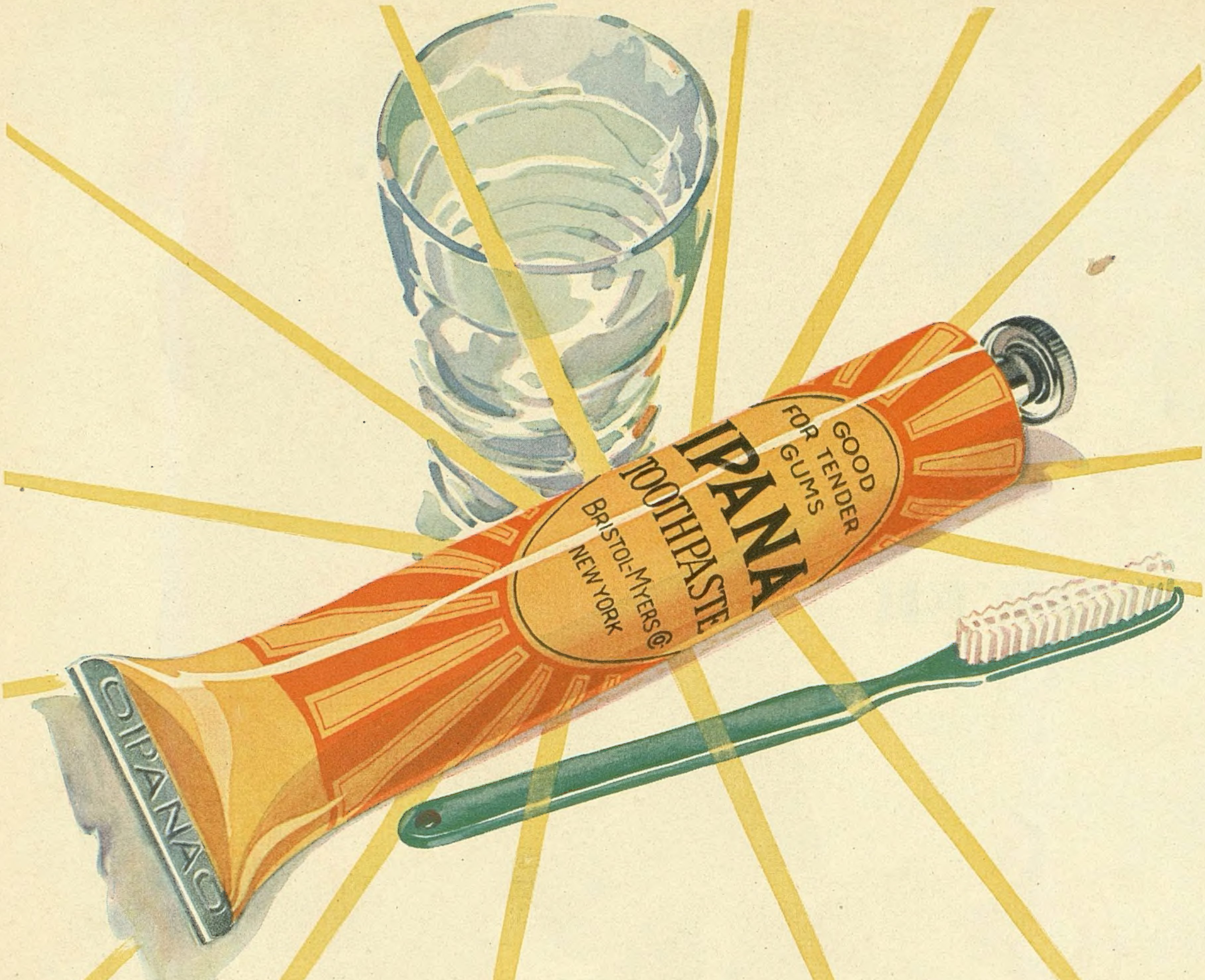

Clean teeth – firm gums – and no more "Pink tooth brush!"

TODAY there is no such thing as taking care of your teeth if you neglect your gums—if you fail to keep them firm, hard and healthy. Otherwise you run the risk of gingivitis, trench mouth or even pyorrhea. You risk the possible loss of even the soundest, whitest teeth through infection at the roots!

In these modern days we eat almost no coarse foods, and lacking natural stimulation, our gums grow lazy, flabby, and tender. Soon they begin to bleed—and we have "pink tooth brush"!

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Ipana Tooth Paste is a scientific modern tooth paste. It keeps the teeth *clean*, and sparkling white. Moreover, if you will rub Ipana lightly into your gums each time you clean your teeth, it will bring a healthy glow to the gums, and keep them firm and hard. Ipana and massage—that's today's answer to today's most common oral health trouble: "pink tooth brush".

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